★April 3, 1937

THE NEW YORKER

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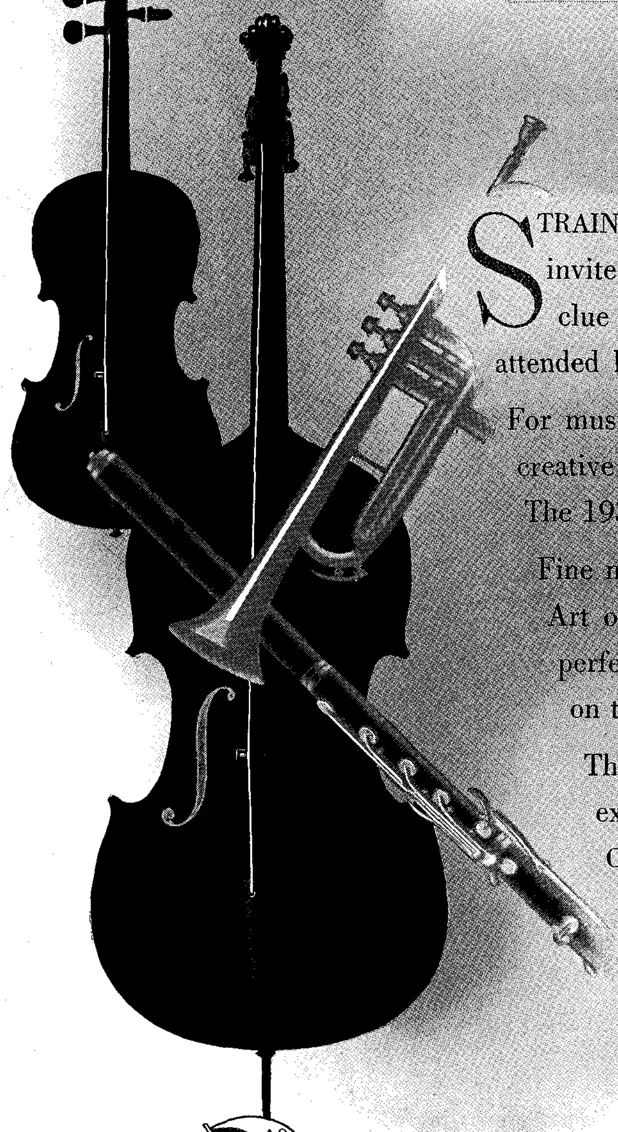

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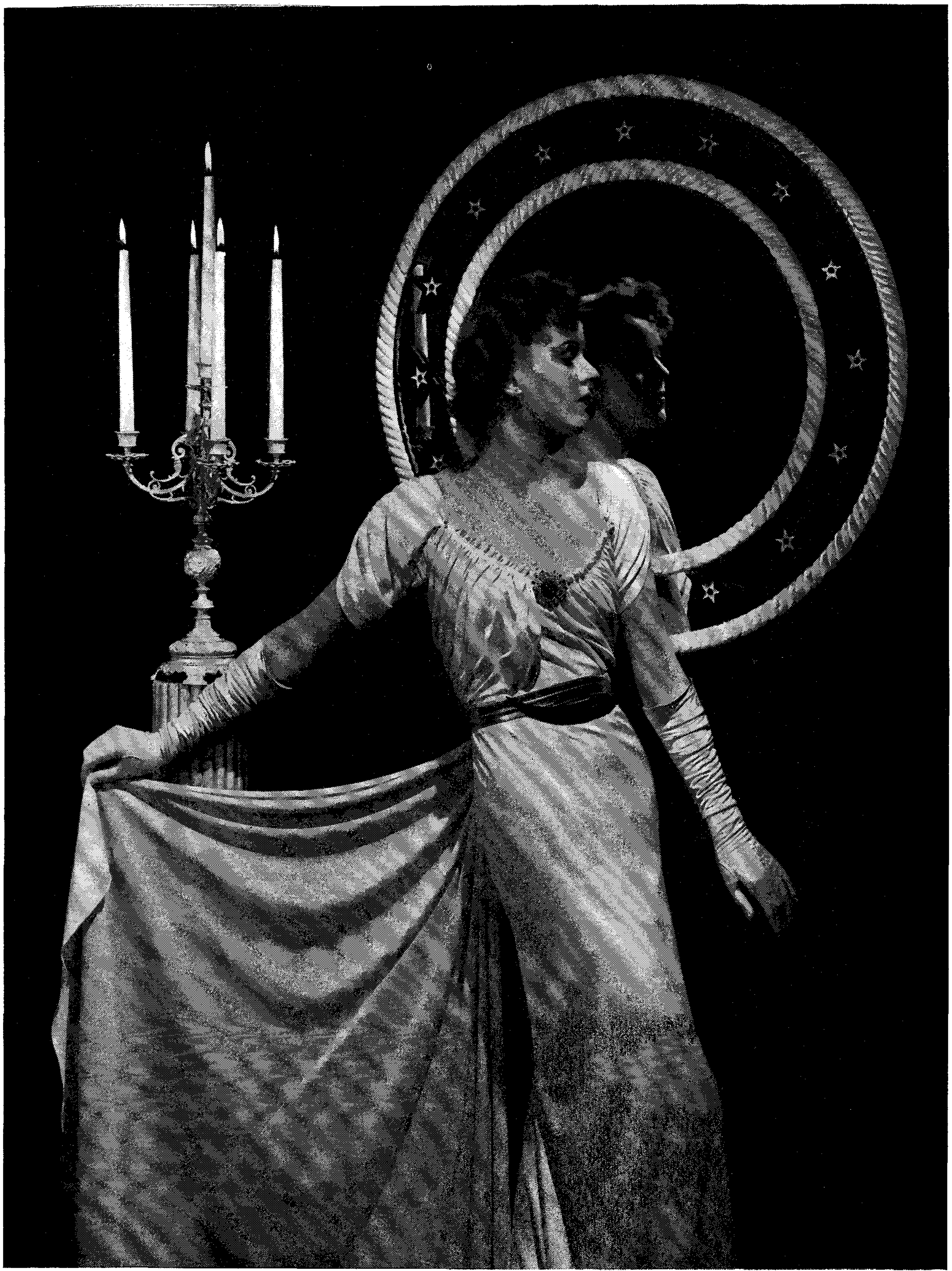

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 10.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse—Well, this doctor has a slight kleptomania, which he excuses on the grounds of scientific experiment. From there on, it gets better. Sir Cedric Hardwicke heads the cast. (Hudson, 44, E. BRyant 9-5582. Mat. Thurs.)

Boy Meets Girl—This is about two writers who raise hell with the movie business in Hollywood, but you don't have to know about Hollywood to get a lot of laughs out of it. Second year. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:50 P.M.)

Brother Rat—If you take the word of two graduates of Virginia Military Institute, life at that institution is just chockablock full of fun and baseball. Frank Albertson, Jose Ferrer, Eddie Albert, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Candida—Katharine Cornell's revival of the Shaw play, with Robert Harris, Kent Smith, and Mildred Natwick. Performances Thurs. Mat. (Apr. 1); Sat., Mon., and Tues. Eves.; and Wed. Mat. (Apr. 7), only. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541. Closes Sat. Eve., Apr. 10.)

Dead End—Startlingly realistic drama of life in the city streets, where boys will be boys until they become gunmen. Second year. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100.)

The Eternal Road—About as impressive a spectacle as you will ever see, devised by Max Reinhardt and Norman Bel Geddes, bringing the Jewish saga of the Old Testament to life. (Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave. WIsconsin 7-4294. Extra performances Sun. Aft. and Eve.; no performance Mon. Eve.)

Having Wonderful Time—One of the nicest plays imaginable, dealing with honest kids in love and on vacation in a Berkshire camp. Katherine Locke, Jules Garfield, and others. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

High Tor—Maxwell Anderson goes in for fantasy, with his usual attention to the fine points of the language but an extraordinary amount of horseplay. It is all about modern bank robbers and ghosts of Dutch sailors, and has just about everything in it. Burgess Meredith, Peggy Ashcroft, Charles D. Brown, and others. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100.)

King Richard II—A comparatively unknown Shakespearean drama which is rapidly becoming a favorite, owing to the fine performance of Maurice Evans. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

Marching Song—Automobile strikers who might almost *be* automobile strikers, so well is this Theatre Union propaganda play put on. (Bayes, 44, W. BRyant 9-3648.)

The Masque of Kings—Elegant romance among titled Austrians, warming to the cockles of the bourgeois heart and exalted by Maxwell Anderson's writing. Dudley Digges, Pauline Frederick, Henry Hull, and Margo. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175. Mat. Thurs.)

Storm Over Patsy—A dog happens to be the *casus belli* of this slight, but at times amusing, comedy of Scottish small-town life. Sara Allgood, Ian McLean, Roger Livesey, Claudia Morgan, and Leo G. Carroll. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. Mat. Thurs.)

Tobacco Road—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. LAckawanna 4-6890.)

Tovarich—Backstairs life among the Russian émigrés in Paris, very amusing, and something you should see to be *au courant*. John Halliday and Marta Abba. (Plymouth, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-6720.)

Victoria Regina—Helen Hayes superb in a series of vignettes from the life of Queen Victoria. With Vincent Price as Prince Albert. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. No performance Mon. Eve.; Mats. Tues. and Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

The Wingless Victory—Katharine Cornell in a play by Maxwell Anderson, dealing with the reactions of Salem, Massachusetts, to the presence of a Malay princess who married a local boy. Performances Wed., Thurs., and Fri. Eves., and Sat. Mat., only. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541. Closes Sat. Aft., Apr. 10.)

The Women—Smart, bitchy, and generally amusing dialogue indulged in by thirty-five women, all of whom hate each other. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, Betty Lawford, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 2.)

Yes, My Darling Daughter—As nice a little comedy of mother love in the face of modern sex problems as you will find. Highly recommended. Lucile Watson, Peggy Conklin, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. Extra Mat. Thurs., Apr. 1.)

You Can't Take It with You—A family who don't know whether they are coming or going, and don't care so long as they have their hobbies. Very funny. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, Paula Trueman, George Tobias, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CHickering 4-8168. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Apr. 11, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

WITH MUSIC

Frederika—What with the Lehár score and the pretty costumes, and the general air of old-time operetta, you may forget that it isn't very exciting to hear about Goethe's love life. Dennis King, Helen Gleason, and Ernest Truex. (Imperial, 45, W. CHickering 4-0360.)

Red, Hot and Blue!—If you are a Jimmy Durante fan, here is your dish. Even if you are not, here is Ethel Merman, with Cole Porter music, and Bob Hope. And a beautiful chorus thrown in. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114. Closes Sat., Apr. 10.)

The Show Is On—Anyone who needs more than Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr at their respective bests, with Reginald Gardiner at their elbows, is hard to please. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

White Horse Inn—Local appearance of a great foreign success, dealing with enormous, beautiful, and faintly tiresome goings-on in the Tyrol. With William Gaxton, Kitty Carlisle, and Robert Halliday. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. COlumbus 5-6535. May close Sat., Apr. 3.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the dates; managers often change their minds.)

Excursion—A fantastic comedy by Victor Wolfson, with Whitford Kane, Shirley Booth, Frances Fuller, and others. Opens Tues., Apr. 6. (Vanderbilt, 48 E. BRyant 9-0134. 8:40 P.M.)

Miss Quis—A play by Ward Morehouse, with Peggy Wood, James Rennie, Jessie Royce Landis, and others. Opens Wed., Apr. 7. (Henry Miller, 43 E. BRyant 9-3970. 8:40 P.M.)

Hitch Your Wagon—A comedy by Bernard C. Schoenfeld, with George Curzon, Dennie Moore, Joseph Greenwald, and others. Opens Thurs., Apr. 8. (48th Street, 48, E. BRyant 9-0178. 8:40 P.M.)

The following were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Farewell Summer—A play by North Bigbee and Walter Holbrook, with Lois Wilson and Walter Gilbert. (Fulton, 46, W. PEnnsylvania 6-0577. 8:40 P.M.)

Red Harvest—A play by Walter Charles Roberts, with Frederic Tozere, Leona Powers, Elizabeth Love, and John Alexander. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8225. 8:40 P.M.)

Young Madame Conti—Adapted by Benn W. Levy and Hubert Griffith from the German of Bruno Frank, with Constance Cummings. (Music Box, 45, W. CHickering 4-6160. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

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Cornelia Otis Skinner—Last two performances. "The Wives of Henry VIII": Fri. Aft., Apr. 2. "Mansion on the Hudson": Sun. Eve., Apr. 4. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

Naughty-Naught—Murder on the Old Yale Fence, or something like that. Anyway, a good time at tables. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-2106. Nightly at 9:15.)

WPA Productions—"Power," the story of electric light and power and their abuse, made much more exciting than it sounds by the WPA Living Newspaper. (Ritz, 48, W. MEdallion 3-0912. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in an excellent production. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5714. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . "Native Ground," a play by Virgil Geddes. (Venice, 7 Ave. at 59. COlumbus 5-8942. Weekdays at 8:30 P.M.) . . . "The Sun and I," a play by Barrie and Leona Stavis. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. Weekdays at 8:30 P.M.)

Dance Recitals—Miriam Marmein and her group: Sun. Aft., Apr. 4, at 2:45. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.) . . . Arthur Mahoney and Thalia Mara: Sat. Eve., Apr. 10, at 8:30. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave.)

For Children—Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Peter Rabbit": Sat. Aft., Apr. 3, at 2:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music.) . . . Remo Bufano's Marionettes in "Alice in Wonderland," benefit performance for children in Spain: Sat. Aft., Apr. 10, at 2:30. (A.W.A. Clubhouse, 353 W. 57.)

BALLETS

Mordkin Ballet—"Giselle" and "The Goldfish": Sun. Eve., Apr. 4, at 8:30 (Majestic, 44, W. CHickering 4-3141.)

Ballet Russe—De Basil's distinguished troupe returns for a short engagement. "Scuola di Ballo," "Symphonie Fantastique," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Beau Danube": Fri. Eve., Apr. 9, at 8:30. "A Hundred Kisses," "Petrouchka," and "Prince Igor": Sat. Aft., Apr. 10, at 2:30. "Cimarosiana," "Choreartium," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Gypsy Dances": Sat. Eve., Apr. 10, at 8:30. (Metropolitan Opera House, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-1200.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Dick Gasparre's orchestra, Hildegarde Halliday, Robert Bard, and other entertainment. Dress preferred.

Bali, 161 E. 54 (WIckersham 2-6480)—Jim Moriarty's place, with Roger Steele's orchestra and entertainment by Gene Archer, Dan Hardin and Elizabeth Huston, and Vanda Mara.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers provide the dance music and entertainment in the Bowman Room.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Hugo de Paul's orchestra plays in the Mirror Room. There's also Tisdale's Trio.

Essex Casino-on-the-Park, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play in this room that looks out on Central Park.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers music by Eddie Davis's orchestra, songs by Lita Lope, and magic by Paul Duke. Dress preferred.

Merry-Go-Round and Maisonnette Russe de Paris, 49 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-7262)—Tony Sarg has decorated the bar, and, in the main room, there's music by Harry Rosenthal's orchestra (starting Apr. 3).

Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800)—Gene Fosdick's dance music and songs by Marion Pierce, Arnold and Hawkins, and Ann Stuart.

Montparnasse, 50 E. 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—Joseph C. Smith's orchestra plays for dancing in this attractive uptown spot. Dress preferred.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—The perennial East Side favorite offers music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for dancing in the Corinthian Room until 12:30 A.M. only. Dress preferred.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra play for dancing in the Persian Room. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The bill here includes Alec Templeton, a remarkable pianist, and Jack Holland and June Hart, dancers. Ruby New-

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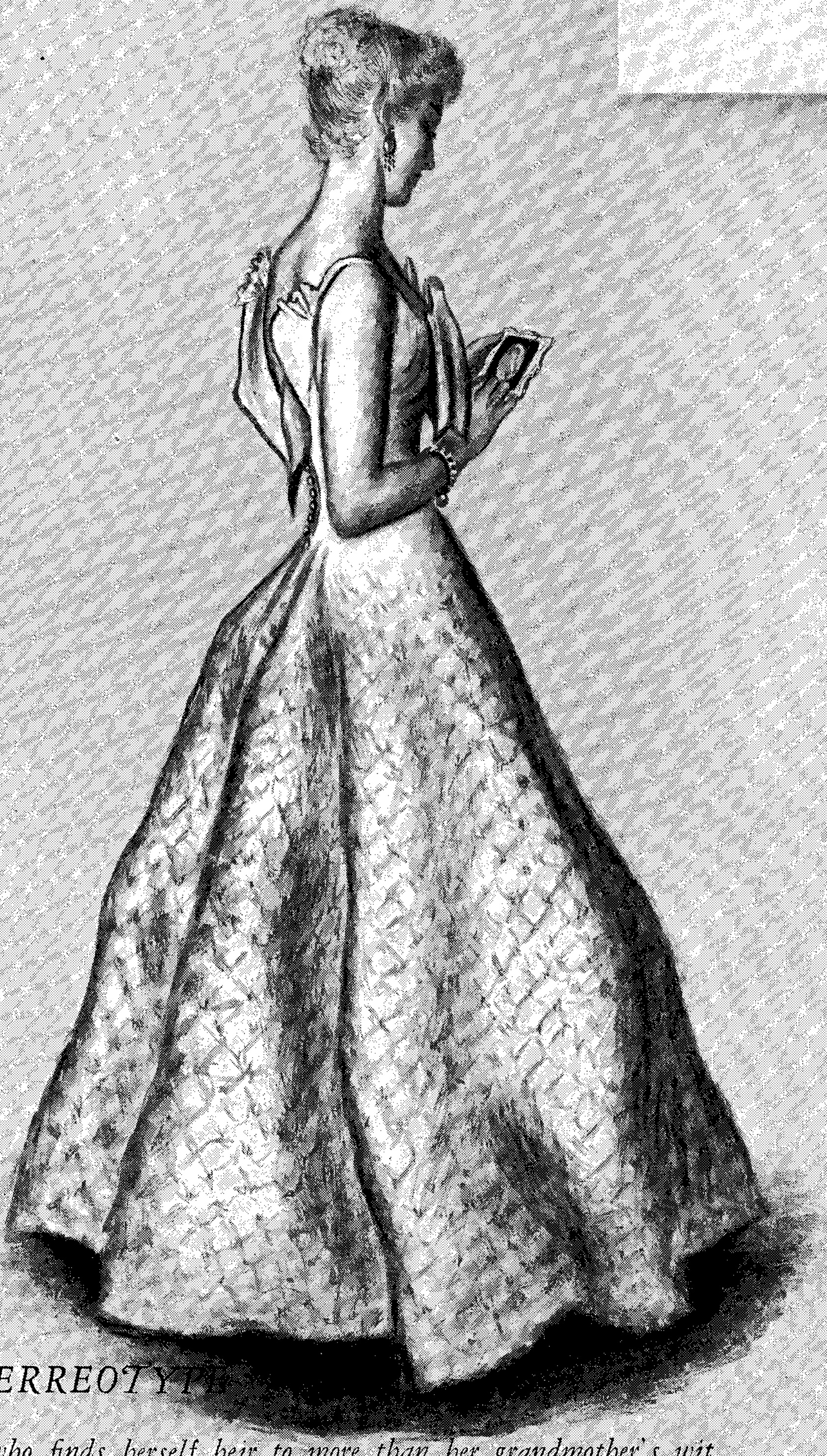
The New Yorker, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising manager. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XIII, No. 7, April 3, 1937. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CHICAGO



DAGUERREOTYPE *of a lovely lady who finds herself heir to more than her grandmother's wit and carriage. The period dress sweeps graciously in to an opulent, luxurious season, full of the rich beauty and grace typifying this imaginative spring—frankly stolen from that deep-framed daguerreotype on the mantel. Quilted taffeta, over an underskirt stiffly banded with horsehair. Fifth Floor. 115.00*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 10.]

man's and Eddie Le Baron's orchestras play for dancing. Must dress.... Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays in the adjoining Rainbow Grill; songs by Carl and Leone Bonner.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600)—The Crystal Garden has Basil Fomeen's excellent dance music and a new group of entertainers. Must dress.

St. Moritz, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—The Restaurant de la Paix has Jack Sherr's orchestra, Evelyn Case, singer, and Walter Walters, ventriloquist.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—Emil Coleman's orchestra plays in the Iridium Room. Entertainment by the Merriel Abbott Dancers and Boy-Foy. Must dress.... The Maisonette Russe offers Cornelius Codolban's music and Hungarian entertainment. Dress preferred.

Sapphire Room, 151 E. 57 (ELdorado 5-7860)—Guido's attractive place, with Barry Winton's and Don Alfredo's orchestras. Dress preferred.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Dwight Fiske is back again, with three new songs as well as the old favorites.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis and Gus Martel.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. The Condos Brothers, Josephine Huston, and others entertain; music by the Meadowbrook Boys and a tango band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The Sert Room offers Leo Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras, Eve Symington, Georges and Jalna, and Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist. Must dress.... The Empire Room is open for supper dancing Sat. only; Michael Zarin's orchestra.

Zelli's Royal Box, 130 E. 58 (ELdorado 5-7932)—Decorated to represent a square in Montmartre, with Joe Zelli as master of ceremonies, and a show featuring Rachel Carlay. Music by Ellis Thomson's and Danny's orchestras.

Dance Orchestras Here and There—Eddie Lane: Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (AShland 4-4000).... Vincent Lopez: Astor Grill, B'way at 44 (BRyant 9-2100).... Benny Goodman: Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000).... Guy Lombardo: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200).... Leon Belasco: Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000).... Jerry Blaine: Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56 (CIrcle 7-8000).... Enoch Light: McAlpin, B'way at 34.... Joseph Zatour: Shelton, Lexington at 49.... Isham Jones: Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44.... Hal Hope: Montclair Casino, Lexington at 49.... Ozzie Nelson: Lexington, Lexington at 48.... Tommy Dorsey: Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42.... Ray O'Hara: Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31.... Bill McCune: "61" Room of the Bossert, 61 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights.

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Notes—Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might drop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Netherland Bar, 5 Ave. at 59; Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Lombardy Bar, 111 E. 56; Beverly Bar, Lexington at 50; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Red Bar, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52.

Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has Harry Horton's and Cookie Williams' orchestras, the Yanyego Voodoo Dancers, and others.

Barney's attractive new place, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), offers songs by Carl Kent and Jimmy Ringer, and other entertainment.

The Raleigh Room, new cocktail room in the Warwick, 65 W. 54, opens Thurs., Apr. 1.... There's also a new bar in the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44.

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Broadway Atmosphere—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has a sumptuous show, "French Casino Folies," Rudolf Friml, Jr.'s, and Vincent Travers' orchestras play for dancing.... Other places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080), with a new revue; and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CHickering 4-2572), with Benny Fields.... Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra.... Jack White heads the entertainment at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).... Mario's Mirador, 201 W. 52 (COlumbus 5-0897), has a show that's not at all refined, with Vic Hyde, Alma Bray, Chiquita Venezia, and others; music by Buddy Wagner's orchestra.

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (LAckawanna 4-7300), has Duke Ellington's orchestra and a new revue featuring Ethel Waters, the Nicholas Brothers, and others.... The Harlem Uproar House, 209 W. 51 (CIrcle 7-4074), also has a lively black-and-tan show; music by Erskine Hawkins and his 'Bama State Collegians.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with Stuff Smith; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala and his Chicagoans.... The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8271), offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

Greenwich Village—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite. Music by Eddie Roy's orchestra.... Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 3-9417), has a lively show.... The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-9033), has a colored show.... Pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8.... Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

Harlem—The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (TIllinghast 5-9366), has a show featuring Gladys Bentley.... Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TIllinghast 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

Foreign Atmosphere—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52; and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644).... Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (TOmpkins Square 6-9784), and the Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8072).... Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251).... Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646), with a lively show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833), with dancing by Dimitri and Virgil.

MOTION PICTURES

Elephant Boy—Robert Flaherty's sketch of an elephant hunt in India. Less stirring than his other films, yet effective. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; continuous from 9 A.M.)

Fire Over England—Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, and Laurence Olivier in a fine show about Elizabethan England, the Armada, and all that. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Tues. and Wed., Apr. 6 and 7; continuous from 1 P.M., 11:30 A.M., 1 P.M., and noon, respectively.)

The Good Earth—Pearl Buck's North China, its farmers, rich and poor, its wars, famines, and locusts. A beautiful film, with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (Astor, B'way at 45; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

Lost Horizon—Handsome Himalayas, a modish lamasery, and the strange adventures that befell a plane, according to James Hilton. With Ronald Colman and Margo. (Globe, B'way at 46; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

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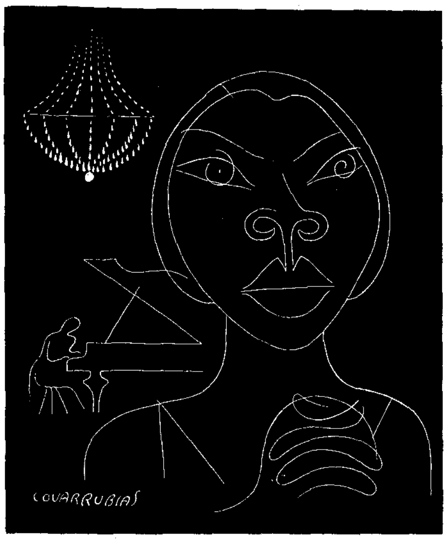


MARIAN ANDERSON, *who sings at Carnegie Hall this Friday. We have Toscanini's word for it that a voice like hers is heard once in a hundred years. This season she made a tour of Europe. The Russians tried to persuade her to stay and sing Carmen at the Moscow Art Theatre, but she said no. The little man in the background is her accompanist, Kosti Vehanen.*

Maytime—The old operetta made young again and very prettily dressed up. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sing, and John Barrymore glowers in the corner. (Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 10 A.M.)

Quality Street—Miss Katharine Hepburn, together with the Misses Witherspoon, Bainter, and Winwood, receives in the quaint, polite Sir James Barrie comedy. Among those received: Franchot Tone. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; scheduled to open Thurs., Apr. 8; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

Seventh Heaven—For very, very romantic souls. Simone Simon and James Stewart are the lovers this time. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Apr. 7; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

Waikiki Wedding—Absurdities in Hawaii, and the island actually seems funny for once, with Bing Crosby. (Paramount, B'way at 43; daily through Tues., Apr. 6; continuous from 11 A.M.)

You Only Live Once—Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda in the best underworld thriller of the year. Picturesque and exciting. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 1-5; continuous from noon.)

Revivals—At the Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57—"These Three," Thurs. and Fri. Apr. 1 and 2; Garbo's "Camille," Sat. through Mon., Apr. 3-5; continuous from noon.... At the 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8—"Carnival in Flanders" ("La Kermesse Héroïque"), Tues. through Thurs., Apr. 6-8; continuous from 12:30 P.M.

Note—Films suitable for young people, at the Lenox Picture House, 52 E. 78, Fri., Sat., and Sun.; continuous from 2:20 to 11 P.M.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Maid of Salem," the witch *Putsch* of the dear old Puritan days, with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray; "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," Alexander Korda's production of H. G. Wells' parable about social reform, with Roland Young; "On the Avenue," for the Berlin score and the pleasant moments it provides, but not for the comic interludes, with Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell; "The Woman Alone," Sylvia Sidney's minor English thriller, about anarchist plots and the like.

ART

Abstract—First show of a new American group devoted to abstract art: Squibb Art Galleries, 745 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Mon., Apr. 5.

Academy—Parade of the dodoes and those who got in by mistake: National Academy of Design, 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

African Negro Sculpture—Primitive art from the Frank Crowninshield collection: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Berman—Neo-romantic painting thumbing a Surrealist nose: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Apr. 5.

Cadmus—First one-man show of a painter well known through the controversies some of his lowbrow subjects have awakened: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

Corbino—New paintings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Apr. 12.

Degas—Really stunning collection of Degas' paintings and pastels, including a splendid early portrait. Don't miss: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10. (Admission fifty cents, for charity.)

Dove—One of the most imaginative of the American moderns: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

Etting—First showing in New York of a promising young Pennsylvania artist: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

Fantin-Latour—Lithographs woven around ideal poetic and musical themes by a nineteenth-century master. Pure beauty: Room 316, N. Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

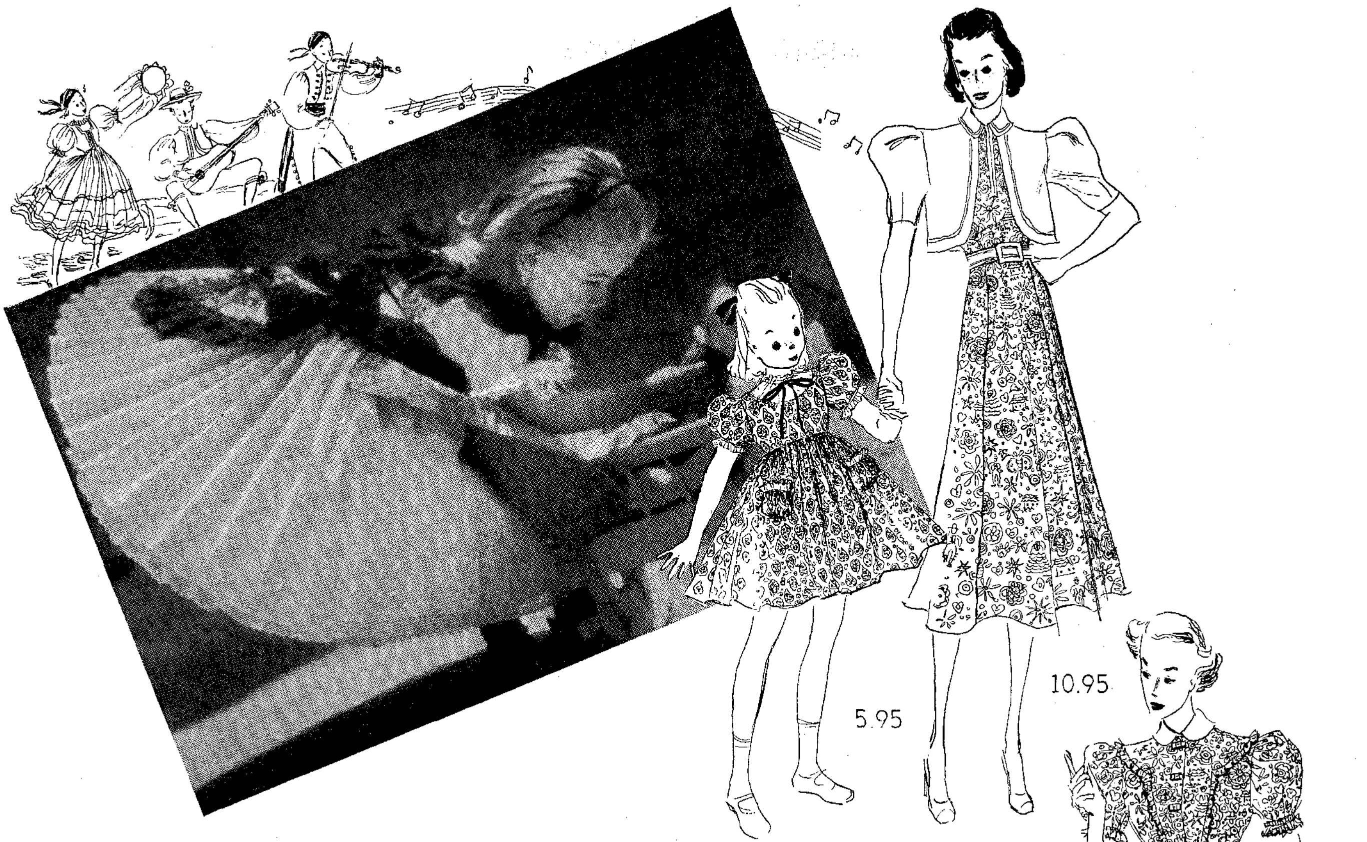
French—Some important paintings by Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.... From Boudin to Vuillard: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.... From Courbet to Seurat: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.... Figure pieces by Géricault, Delacroix, Corot, Courbet, Monet, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, Picasso, and others: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

Ganso—Sensitive landscapes and luscious nudes: Weyhe, 794 Lexington. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

Independents—Grand annual show: 4th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.; starting Sat., Apr. 3.

Kopman—Fifth one-man show by a master of the vigorous uncouth: New Art Circle, Room 606, 509 Madison. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 3.

Loughney—Another promising young painter: Artists Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M.



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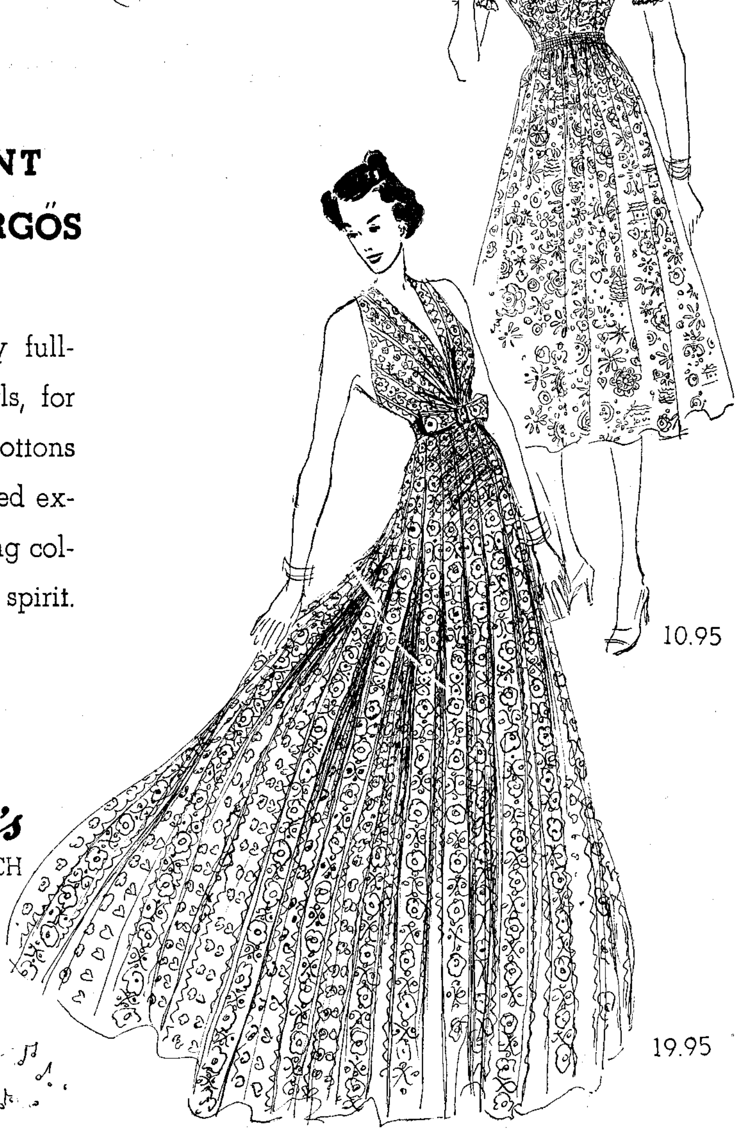

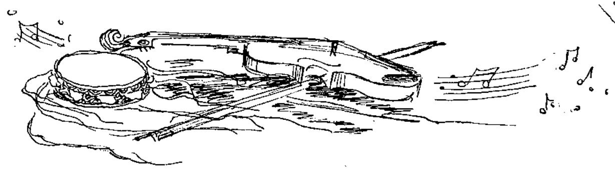

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 10.]

to 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 10 P.M.; through Apr. 11.

Manet—Important retrospective exhibition of one of the first of the moderns; best chance to see Manet since the Paris show of 1932: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (Admission fifty cents, for charity.)

Municipal—Twentieth exhibition of contemporary New York artists: Temporary Galleries of the Municipal Art Committee, 62 W. 53. Open daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Apr. 4.

Nineteenth Century—American classics, from Blakelock to Eilshemius: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

Photography—Vast and fascinating procession of photographs from Daguerre onward: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Physicians—Art by the profession that gave the painter and sculptor his first lessons in anatomy: Academy of Medicine, 5 Ave. at 103. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; starting Sat., Apr. 3.

Regional—Paintings and prints by Cleveland artists: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M. . . . Canadian folk art: National Committee on Folk Arts, 673 5 Ave., entrance on E. 53. Open weekdays 11:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (Admission twenty-five cents.)

Rembrandt—Four famous paintings: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Social Scene—Paintings and sculptures by the more radical and social-minded artists: American Artists School, 131 W. 14. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.

Sheets—Recent water colors by a capable and usually dashing Western artist: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 3.

Sport—Prints and paintings: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6.

Young America Paints—Second annual exhibition of work by school children: International Bldg., 630 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Fri. until 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 10.

Miscellaneous—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Oils by Ary Stillman: Guild Art Gallery, 37 W. 57; through Apr. 3. . . . Early American, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century drawings: Associated American Artists, 3rd floor, 420 Madison; through Apr. 6. . . . Paintings by Ethel Fordham: British Empire Exhibition, 620 5 Ave.; through Apr. 3. . . . Recent fine prints: WPA Federal Art Project Gallery, 7 E. 38 (open weekdays 12 noon to 5 P.M.) . . . Paintings by Nicolas S. Macsoud: Babcock, 38 E. 57. . . . Sculpture by Willy Levin: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Apr. 3. . . . Paintings by Gershon Benjamin: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54; through Apr. 10 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) . . . National Society of Mural Painters: 115 E. 40; through Apr. 3. . . . Group show: Uptown, 249 West End Ave., at 72; through Apr. 9. . . . Paintings and drawings by Jean Oberle: Marie Harriman, 61-63 E. 57; through Apr. 3.

New Galleries—The Buchholz Gallery (Curt Valentin) has just opened at 3 W. 46. It shows the work of important German artists, such as Barlach, Kolbe, and Lehmbruck.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

Marian Anderson—One of the greatest voices: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 2.

Gordon String Quartet—Continuing their spring series of chamber-music concerts, with Gertrude Bonime, pianist: Concert League, 846 7 Ave., Fri. Eves., Apr. 2 and 9, at 8:45.

Arthur Loesser—An afternoon of fine pianism. Entertaining, too: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 3.

Myra Hess—Still another chance to hear her: McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Eve., Apr. 3.

League of Composers—Program of contemporary chamber music and dance, by the Pro Arte Quartet, Frank Sheridan, Simeon Bellison, and Humphrey and Weidman and their dance group: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Apr. 4, at 8:45.

Manuel Quiroga and José Iturbi—Mr. Iturbi is "at the piano" for the visiting Spanish violinist: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Apr. 5.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 1, at 8:45; and Sat. Aft., Apr. 3, at 2:30. At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., Apr. 2.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Apr. 2, at 2:30 (soloist, Myra Hess); Sat. Eve., Apr. 3, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Apr. 4; Thurs. Eve., Apr. 8, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Apr. 9, at 2:30.

Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society—Woodworth conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 3, at 8:45.

Oratorio Society—Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Stoessel conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 6.

Dessoff Choirs—Benefit concert, Boepple conducting: Church of the Incarnation, Madison at 35, Wed. Eve., Apr. 7, at 8:45.

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 10, at 2:30.

WPA Music—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—Mozart-Haydn Chamber Orchestra series: Fri. Eves., Apr. 2 and 9. . . . Related Forms in Music and Dance series: Sun. Aft., Apr. 4, at 4. . . . Federal Symphony, Thiede conducting: Sun. Eve., Apr. 4. . . . Composers' Forum Laboratory: Wed. Eve., Apr. 7.

OPERA

Blue Hill Troupe—Three benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Grand Duke": Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, Wed. through Fri. Eves., Apr. 7-9.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Lou Ambers vs. Pedro Montanez, Mon. Eve., Apr. 5; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

Indoor Polo—Championship playoffs.

At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Thurs. Eve., Apr. 1: McDonogh vs. Lawrenceville, at 8; Princeton vs. winner Yale-Cornell, at 9; West Point vs. Harvard, at 10. . . . Sat. Eve., Apr. 3: Interscholastic final, at 8; Intercollegiate final, at 9; Grannis Cup final, at 10. . . . Wed. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 7 and 10: Sherman Memorial, East vs. West, at 8; Junior Championship, East vs. West, at 9; Senior Championship, East vs. West, at 10.

At Squadron C Armory, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn—Sat. Eve., Apr. 3: Exhibition game, at 8:30; Sherman Memorial final, at 9:30.

Rugby Football—At Randall's Island Stadium: French Rugby Club vs. New York Rugby Club, Sun. Aft., Apr. 4, at 3; Nassau College vs. New York Rugby Club, Sat. Aft., Apr. 10, at 3. (Take Triborough Bridge from E. 125 St.)

Wrestling—At the 71st Regt. Armory, Park at 34, Mon. Eve., Apr. 5, at 8:30.

Winter Sports Notes—For latest information about snow trains and snow conditions phone: New Haven R. R. Ski Bureau, MUrray Hill 2-3600; and New York Central Travel Bureau, MUrray Hill 2-8000. . . . The Skating Pond in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center is open daily 10 A.M. to noon; 1 to 4 P.M.; 5 to 7:30 P.M.; and 8:30 to 11 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Circuses—The Cole Brothers-Clyde Beatty Circus: Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43; performances daily at 2 and 8 P.M.; through Sun., Apr. 11: extra performances Apr. 1, 2, and 3, at 10:30 A.M. . . . The Ringling, Barnum & Bailey Circus: Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49; performances daily at 2 and 8 P.M.; starting Thurs., Apr. 8.

Women's Exposition—Sixteenth annual Women's National Exposition of Arts and Industries: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open daily 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 3.

Hasty Pudding Show—Annual performance of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club. This year it's called "Come Across": Mecca Temple, 55, E. of 7 Ave., Fri. Eve., Apr. 9, at 8:30.

Public Balls—New York Newspaper Women's Club's annual Front Page Ball: Astor Roof, B'way at 44, Fri. Eve., Apr. 2. . . . The Art Student's League Scholarship Ball: Central Opera House, 205 E. 67, Sat. Eve., Apr. 3. . . . The Butterfly Ball, for the benefit of the House of Rest: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Apr. 9.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The J. Horace Harding collection of Chinese porcelains: Thurs. Aft., Apr. 1, at 2. . . . Books and autographs: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 1, at 8:15. . . . The Leonard L. Stein collection of engravings and etchings by old and modern masters: Fri. Eve., Apr. 2, at 8:15. . . . American furniture, paintings, silver, miniatures, glass, and ceramics, from the collection of Herbert Lawton: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 2 and 3, at 2. . . . A silver monteith by John Coney: Sat. Aft., Apr. 3, at 3:15. . . . Americana Rara, English and American first editions, collected by William D. Breaker: Wed. Eve., Apr. 7, at 8:15. . . . Paintings by Turner, Constable, Corot, Blakelock, and others: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 8, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

Metropolitan Opera—"Das Rheingold," broadcast from Boston: Sat. Aft., Apr. 3, at 1:50, WEAF.

Lily Pons and John Brownlee—Singing on the first of a new series of General Motors Concerts: Sun. Eve., Apr. 4, at 8, WJZ.

Dusolina Giannini—Soloist with the Ford Symphony and Chorus: Sun. Eve., Apr. 4, at 9, WABC.

Clark Gable—In the Radio Theatre's version of Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms": Mon. Eve., Apr. 5, at 9, WABC.

Some Weekly Features (Listing is chronological)—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. at 2, WJZ; Tues. at 2:30, WJZ. . . . Westminster Choir: Thurs. at 4, WABC. . . . Alexander Woollcott: Thurs. and Tues. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Thurs. at 8:45, WJZ. . . . Lanny Ross and Al Goodman: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. . . . America's Town Meeting: Thurs. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Bing Crosby's Music Hall: Thurs. at 10, WEAF. . . . March of Time: Thurs. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Pro Arte String Quartet: Fri. at 8:30, WQXR. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Deems Taylor: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting: Fri. at 10, WABC. . . . Chicago Symphonic Hour, Shield directing: Fri. at 11, WJZ. . . . Abram Chasins: Sat. at 12 noon, WEAF. . . . WPA Composers Forum Laboratory Concert: Sat. at 5:30, WQXR. . . . Ed Wynn: Sat. at 8, WJZ. . . . Grace Moore: Sat. at 9, WABC. . . . Joe Cook: Sat. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Oxford String Quartet: Sun. at 7, WQXR. . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WEAF. . . . Phil Baker: Sun. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Victor Moore and Helen Broderick: Sun. at 8, WABC. . . . Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Gladys Swarthout: Sun. at 10, WEAF. . . . Al Jolson: Tues. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Fred Astaire, Charles Butterworth, and Johnny Green: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta: Tues. at 10, WOR. . . . Beatrice Lillie: Wed. at 8, WJZ. . . . Ethel Barrymore: Wed. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Nino Martini and André Kostelanetz: Wed. at 9, WABC. (Times are P.M.)

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

Art—Architectural League of New York Exhibition, 215 W. 57, Apr. 22-May 15.

Ballet—Ballet Russe, Metropolitan Opera House, Apr. 9-13. . . . The American Ballet, all-Stravinsky program, Metropolitan Opera House, Apr. 27-28.

Boxing—Lou Ambers vs. Tony Canzoneri, lightweight championship, Madison Square Garden, May 7.

Baseball—Local season opens at Yankee Stadium, vs. Washington, Apr. 20. At Polo Grounds, Giants vs. Boston, Apr. 23.

Crew—Navy-Columbia, Annapolis, Apr. 24. . . . Compton Cup, Princeton-Harvard-M.I.T., Princeton, Apr. 24. . . . Blackwell Cup, Yale-Pennsylvania-Columbia, Harlem River, May 1. . . . Princeton-Navy-Syracuse, Princeton, May 1. . . . Harvard-M.I.T.-Columbia, Cambridge, May 8. . . . Childs Cup, Princeton-Pennsylvania-Columbia, Philadelphia, May 15. . . . Cornell-Syracuse-M.I.T.-Harvard, Cambridge, May 15. . . . Lightweight Championships, Princeton, May 15. . . . Carnegie Cup, Princeton-Yale-Cornell, Derby, May 22.

Fencing—National Championships, New York Athletic Club, Apr. 25-28.

Golf—North & South Amateur, Pinehurst, N. C., Apr. 5-10. . . . British Amateur, Royal St. George's, Sandwich, Eng., May 24-28. . . . Metropolitan Open, Bloomfield, N. J., May 27-29.

Horse Shows—Round Hill Club Spring Show, Greenwich, Conn., Apr. 10. . . . Squadron A Horse Show, Squadron A Armory, Apr. 16 and 17. . . . Riding & Polo Club Spring Show, New York City, Apr. 22-24. . . . Newark, N. J., Apr. 28-May 1. . . . New Haven, Conn., May 5-8. . . . Saxon Woods Hunt Club, White Plains, May 8. . . . Lawridge, Port Chester, May 9. . . . Atlantic City, N. J., May 11-15.

Hunt Races—Middleburg, Va., Apr. 10 and 14. . . . Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford, Md., Apr. 17. . . . Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, Md., Apr. 24. . . . Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, Va., May 1. . . . Radnor Hunt, Berwyn, Pa., May 5 and 8. . . . Rockaway Steeplechase Association, Cedarhurst, L. I., May. 8.

Music—At Carnegie Hall: Philharmonic-Symphony, Rodzinski conducting, through Apr. 18; Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Apr. 13. . . . Hippodrome Opera Season opens Apr. 16. . . . Metropolitan Opera Popular Spring Season opens May 3.

Racing—Bowie, Md., through Apr. 10. . . . Havre de Grace, Md., Apr. 12-27. . . . Jamaica, L. I., Apr. 15-May 8. . . . Pimlico, Md., Apr. 29-May 15. . . . Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Louisville, May 8. . . . Belmont Park, L. I., May 10-June 5.

Tennis—United North & South Tournament, Pinehurst, N.C., Apr. 12-17. . . . Mason & Dixon Championships, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., Apr. 19-24. . . . Davis Cup: U.S. vs. Japan, San Francisco, Apr. 30-May 2; Mexico vs. Australia, Mexico City, Apr. 30-May 2; North American Zone Final, Forest Hills, L.I., May 29-31.

Other Dates—New York State income-tax returns for 1936 are due Apr. 15. . . . Greenwich Village Revel, Webster Hall, Apr. 16. . . . Mad Arts Ball, Webster Hall, Apr. 17. . . . Lambs Gambol, Waldorf-Astoria, Apr. 17. . . . Daylight Saving starts Apr. 25. . . . International Exposition of Arts and Techniques, Paris, opens about May 1. . . . Albany-New York Speedboat Marathon, May 9. . . . Coronation of George VI and Queen Elizabeth, Westminster Abbey, London, May 12.

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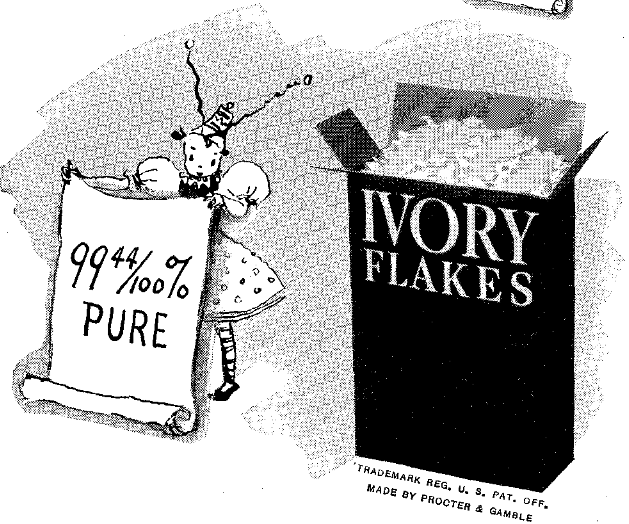
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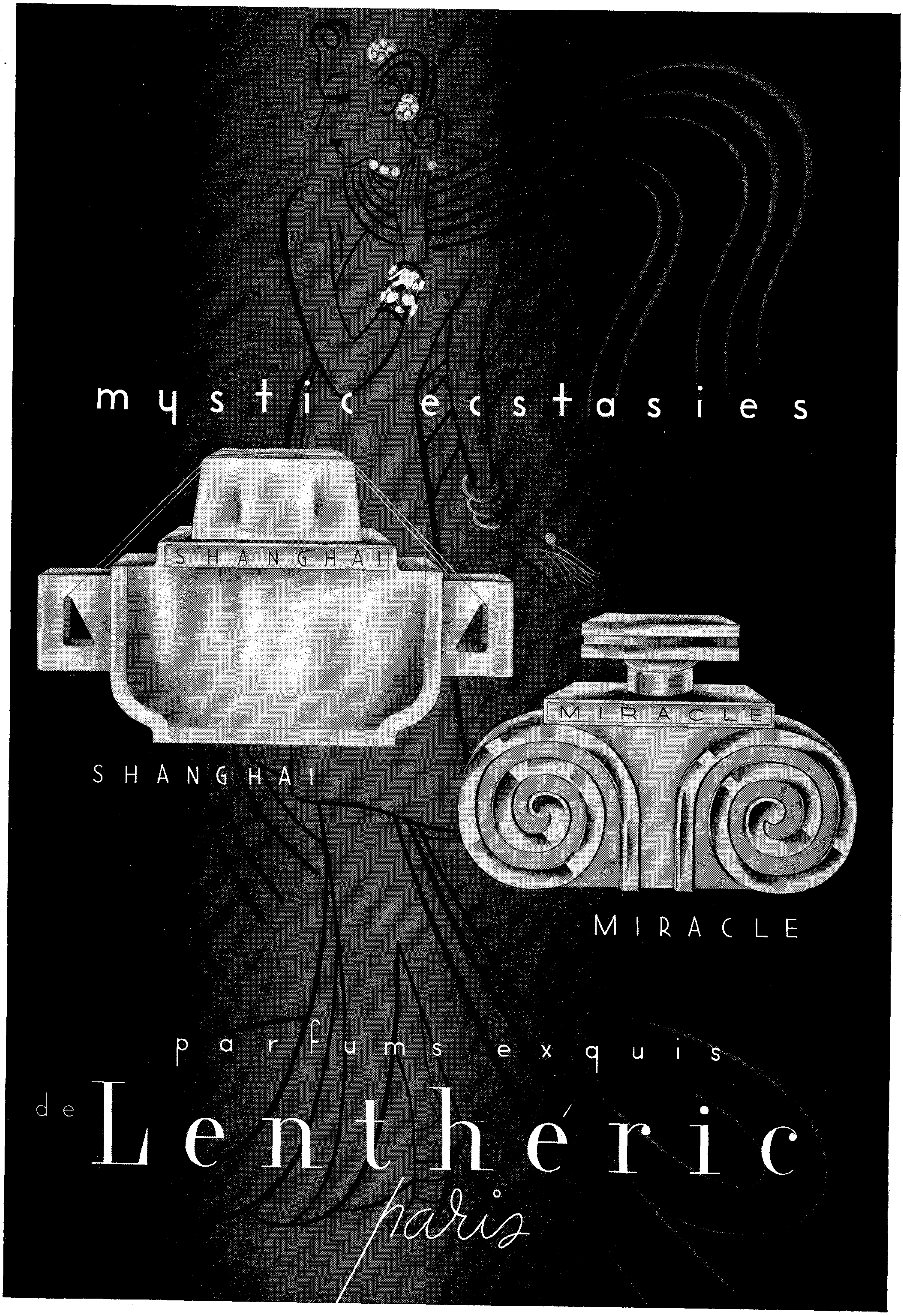
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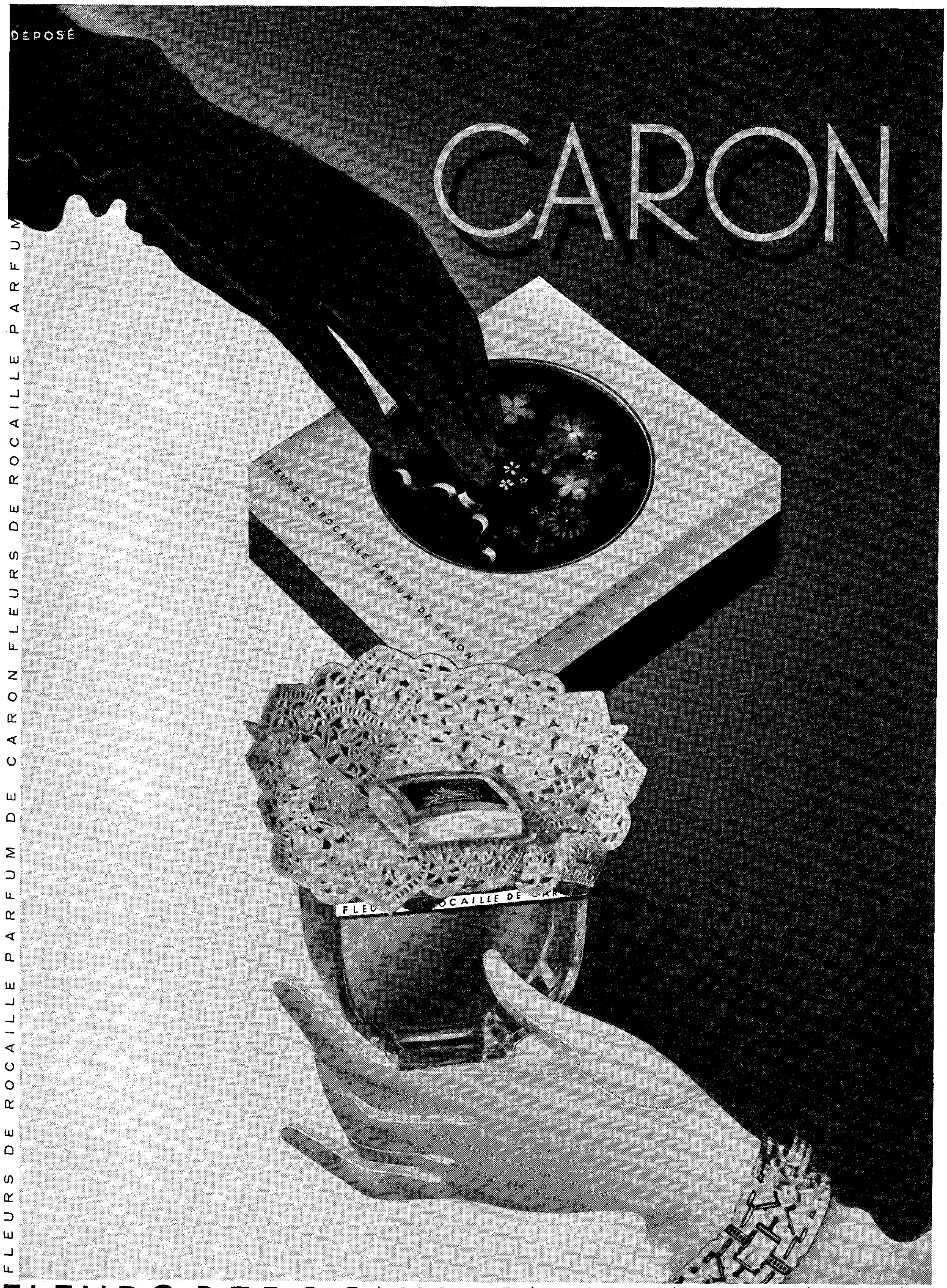
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THE NEW YORKER

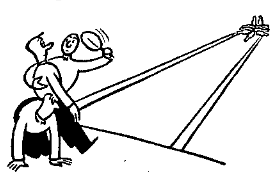
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

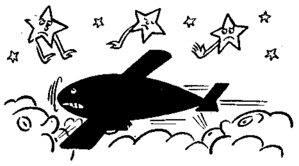
A MEMBER of the Racquet Club, who also knows us, performed a Caesarean operation on one of his dead tropical fish recently, rescuing fifteen babies, eight of which lived. He talks about it all the time now. To us the incident proves that Racquet Club men are resourceful and kind—which we had no reason to doubt anyway.

WE played at bowls with some merry-andrews the other night in the great tenpin congress on Columbus Avenue. Our participation in this, the greatest sporting event of all time, was a happy milestone in our life. It was not so much the action itself that mattered—the thunder of balls, the crash of pins, the tumultuous plaudits of the spectators; it was having one's scores methodically published in the summaries next day in the paper. All our life we have been diligently reading summaries on the sports page, the vital statistics of remote athletic realms, the endless stream of inconsequential tallies by which men live. Here at last we added our own tiny set of digits, for the ages.

WE like the story, which we heard at the congress, of the kegler in another tourney who rolled eleven strikes and then fainted dead away. They had to revive him quickly and prop him up so he could throw his twelfth and last ball. "Well," we asked, "did he make it?" "Naw," replied our disgusted informer, "he felt around and got eight."



IT seems as though no laws, not even fairly old ones, can safely be regarded as unassailable. The force of gravity, which we have always ascribed to the "pull of the earth," was reinterpreted the other day by a scientist who says that when we fall it is not earth pulling us, it is heaven pushing us. This blasts the rock on which we sit. If science can do a rightabout-face on a thing as fundamental as gravity, maybe Newton was a sucker not to have just eaten the apple.

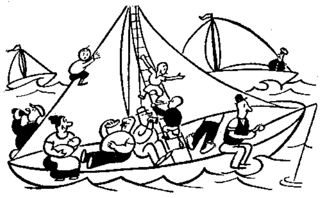


There's one thing about this new gravitational theory, though: it explains the fierce, frenzied noise that big airplanes make, fighting their way through the inhospitable sky. We now know that a plane, roaring through the air, is not straining against the attraction of one friendly earth, but is sneering loudly at the repulsion of innumerable stars.

IN a cosmos like ours, the laws to cling to, really, are the ones that govern the advertising world—such as that the sun never sets on Martini & Rossi vermouth. Such laws can neither be proved nor disproved, and hence have a permanent, satisfying quality which natural laws, because of their vulnerability, lack.

OLD, dead automobiles, moldering in roadside graveyards, have long been a worrisome sight in this country. We peer into glade and glen, and find bodies decomposing there, stripped of tires and batteries. Foreigners, visiting us, are appalled at the spectacle, and write letters home to their papers about American wealth and waste. But today these carcasses lie uneasily in their burial grounds, preyed upon by grave robbers of a new sort. The price of scrap iron and steel has risen tremendously—it seems there is a European demand: iron is wanted for the wars, and the stealthy junkman arrives to pluck the ancient Overland from the caress of raspberry vine and nettle. At his approach, field mice flee their nest in the cushions. Iron for the wars! Somewhere a peasant saves his broken spade for the government collector; somewhere a bride melts down her wedding ring for God and country; somewhere someone's old family sedan goes to its great adventure. The iron we could not quite destroy will serve destruction yet. Scrap iron, scrap steel, scrap gold. Scrap life.

IT costs about $500,000 to build and race a Class J sloop like Ranger. This puts Cup defence in the hands of persons of extreme wealth; but we see by the papers that this may all be changed—there is a strong movement to drop the J boats and adopt Class L sloops, which cost only $125,000, and which would throw Cup racing right into the lap of the common people.



THE theory, new to us, that the locale of a marriage may be a determining factor in its success or failure was advanced the other day by Jack Doyle, the Irish singer, actor, and pugilist, whose varied experience should give him a mature outlook on things. Mr. Doyle's marriage to Judith Allen, which took place in 1935 in Mexico, is being annulled by mutual consent, and the two plan to remarry in London next month. "Our marriage was not a success," Mr. Doyle is quoted as saying, "and we want to make a fresh start." This change-of-scene theory is very likely as sound as anything you read in books on Marriage. Not all of us are fixed so we can travel around with such ease, but couples who have been unhappily married from St. Thomas's by Dr. Roelif Brooks, with a reception at the Colony Club, can at least drive uptown and make a fresh start from the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, with Bishop Manning officiating, a brand-new set of ushers, and a reception at Jack & Charlie's. And if that doesn't take, possibly a ferryboat ceremony, complete with sea breezes and a view of Staten Island, will be found to supply that fillip so essential in third marriages involving the same old seasoned parties.

Avis

ONE of the plays now running has in its cast a good many English actors. A member of the cast has just told us that ever since the first of February, the following notice, signed by the company manager, has been on the backstage bulletin board:

> Would those English members of the company who have not played in America before be careful, should they go away for weekends, to allow themselves plenty of time for the return journey, as the weather is very variable at this time of year.

Fair Enough

THE offices of the World's Fair are located in the Empire State Building (Fifth Avenue at Thirty-fourth Street) in order that the people who are planning the event may go up on the observation tower, gaze at the distant plains of Flushing, and dream. Or maybe that isn't the explanation at all; how should we know? We do know that the Fair offices take up five floors, because we went around and visited, beginning with a publicity man named Perley Boone, and ending with Grover Whalen. Mr. Boone explained the layout to us: on the twenty-second floor, hundreds of stenographers; on the twenty-third, the Engineering and Draughting Department, the Concession and Exhibits Department, and the Press and Promotion Department; on the twenty-fourth, the Board of Directors' room, and the offices of the President, General Manager, and Administrative Assistant; on the twenty-eighth, the Department of Foreign Participation, the Department of State Participation, and the Women's Division; and on the eightieth, the workshops of architects, designers, sculptors, mural painters, and others of that kidney. People on all five floors are working like mad, because the Fair is only two years off. There are five hundred and thirteen of them, not counting Mr. Whalen.

Down at the Empire State offices, abstract nouns are tossed about like medicine balls. "Science and Art will permeate the Fair," Mr. Boone told us, "and we shall present a clear idea of the mesh of interdependence in which all peoples are caught." Then he handed us a leaflet which explained the Trylon and the Perisphere, the two structures that will dominate the Fair grounds. "Architecturally, the Perisphere, a globe, with no beginning and no end, stands for the Infinite," it said. "The Trylon, rising out of the Earth and following a straight line to a point, represents the Finite." Just what will be inside the Infinite Pylon and the Finite Trylon seems not to have been decided as yet; Ripley's Odditorium, possibly. There will be eight thousand comfort stations scattered about the Fair, also representing the Finite.

Mr. Boone showed us the Board of Directors' room, which is the kind of room directors dream about. The decoration is moderne, with chromium fittings, cushiony, mouse-colored rugs, and an enormous table accommodating thirty-five directors. Each seat-holder's name is lettered on his desk pad: Alfred E. Smith, David Sarnoff, Fiorello LaGuardia, Sol Bloom, and all the rest. Even more impressive than the directors' room, however, is the office of Mr. Whalen, which is just as big, and contains an enormous flat-topped desk, a radio, a couch, a globe, and all sorts of World's Fair maps and plans. It also contained, when we peeked in, Mr. Whalen himself, in a dark-blue suit and a light-blue shirt. He was the soul of affability, and remarked that he thought the Fair would result in international peace. "What if war comes before 1939?" we asked. "I don't believe it will," he said, looking out the window. At the moment, Mr. Whalen seems to be principally engaged in keeping up-to-date an insanely complicated "progress chart," which shows exactly how everything is getting along in Flushing, as of just a little while ago. "I like it," Mr. Whalen said, speaking of his World's Fair job in general. "It makes use of all the experience I have had in manufacturing, retailing, finance, diplomacy, and public service."

Out of Stock

AFTER a strenuous half-hour of shopping in Kress's Fifth Avenue store, a young lady stopped off in the cafeteria for a cup of tea. She had been admiring the murals, and took this opportunity to ask her waitress who had done them. The girl said she really didn't know. "And anyway," she added, "they are the property of Kress's, and are not for sale."

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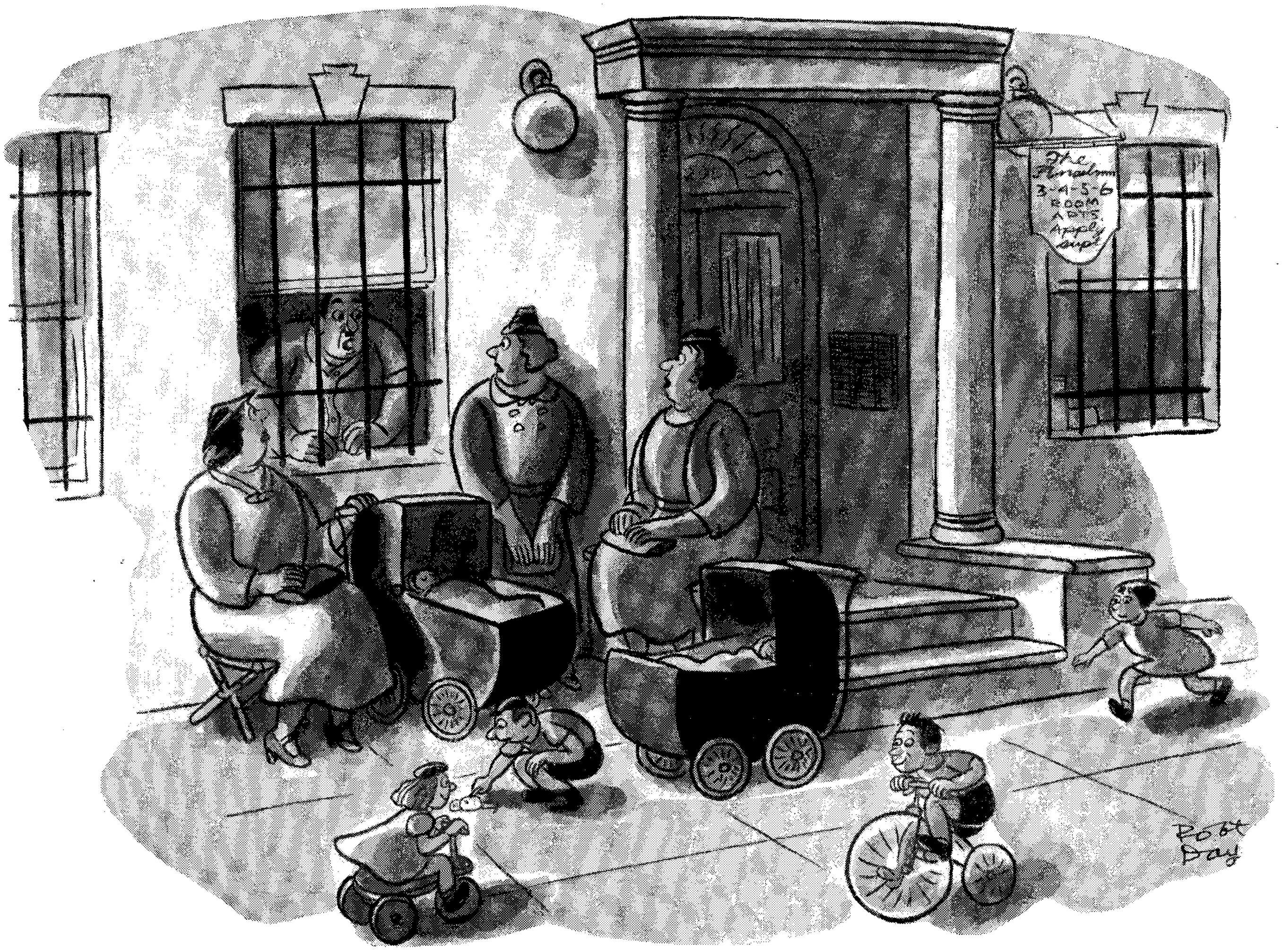
LITERARY NOTES: If any of our readers should want to write a short-short story, we can offer a lead for it. Down near the United Fruit pier, there is a lunchwagon called Bryn Mawr Kastle. And if anyone wants to write a gloomy article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, about education in the United States, we have a lead for that, too. In the window of a pawnshop in Hollywood, there is a tray of fraternity pins, with a sign reading "Wear a Fraternity Pin—A Sign of Intelligence."

Old Master

OUR life seems to be just one encounter after another with surprising people. This week it's a gusty old lady of eighty, Mrs. G. Tyler Dresser, who, in spite of the fact that she took to painting only twelve years ago, has won quite a name for herself in artistic circles. Fourteen of her paintings were exhibited in February at the Argent Galleries, winning considerable critical approval. She has also had successful shows in Cleveland and Hartford, and has sold some thirty-five paintings (she won't say to whom) at very respectable prices. She lives at 146 East Forty-ninth Street, where she shares an apartment with her eldest son, a commercial artist. He has a studio, but Mrs. Dresser can't be bothered with one—just pulls back the curtains in the living room and



"Ladies, I don't give a damn what you think of Mussolini's love life!"

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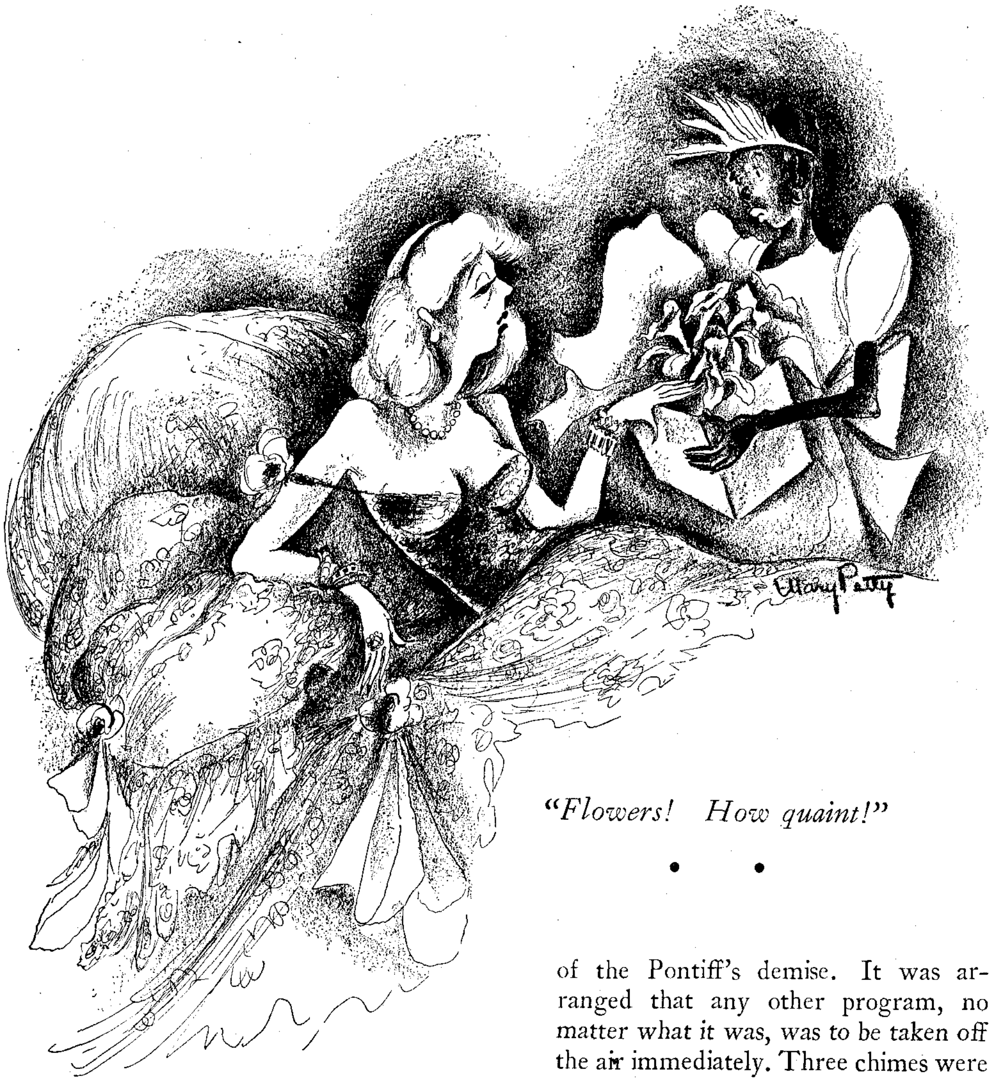
starts to work, usually putting in three to five hours a day. She feels that her career is just getting nicely started, and doesn't want any special consideration on account of her age. "My painting has got to stand up for itself, young man," she told us, sternly.

Another surprising thing about Mrs. Dresser is that she has five children, seven grandchildren, and a mother who, at the age of a hundred and two, is one of the pillars of the D.A.R. in San Diego and regularly writes her daughter long letters full of advice. Mrs. Dresser is a seventh-generation descendant of Job Tyler, who founded Andover, Massachusetts. Her father and uncle also were pioneers: operated the first department store in the Middle West, in Burr Oak, Michigan, where Mrs. Dresser was born. One of her childhood memories is of naming her St. Bernard puppy Grant, after the hero of Vicksburg. As a girl, she dabbled in painting for just a few months, trying to copy prints of Old Masters; from this, she turned to singing. When she was twenty-five, she married the Reverend Elliott Dresser, and went with him to do missionary work among the Indians in South Dakota. The couple moved eastward as their family increased; when Mr. Dresser died, Mrs. Dresser came to New York. Their children and grandchildren are scattered all over; one son, "the greatest two-miler Cornell ever had"—take his mother's word for it—is now working in Mexico City for General Motors.

Mrs. Dresser's painting, starting with still-lifes, has branched out to include landscapes. She thinks that soon she will start on nudes. "One ought to keep expanding," she says. She's very critical of her own work, and remarked to us, of a painting that had been hung in her Argent show, "It's very tacky—the sky is reprehensible." But then she showed us a couple of things with flowers in them, and granted that they were better. "I *can* do flowers, if I do say it," she told us. Frans Hals and Cézanne are her idols, but she thinks the world of van Gogh, too. "His work stirs me profoundly, the poor, tortured soul." She admires the Cubists, because she shares their liking for brilliant color. She's terribly sorry that she was too busy with her own show to see the Surrealist exhibition; thinks she would have learned a lot. From being a Republican, she has changed to a militant Democrat, and, after due consideration, approves of Roosevelt's Supreme Court plan. Goes to the movies several times a week, keeps up with the output of mystery stories, and never goes to bed before midnight. It's a pace we'd find it hard to keep up with, and we're much too young to remember the fall of Vicksburg.

Crackup

THERE was an elderly gentleman on one of the early-morning trains to Philadelphia last week. "Is there a connection for Atlantic City?" he asked when the conductor came through. The conductor said no, there was a wait of



"Flowers! How quaint!"

an hour and a half. "But they told me in the station that it would only be five minutes!" the old gentleman cried. "Sorry," said the conductor. "They were wrong." The old gentleman quivered, and looked the conductor coldly in the eye. "Sir," he said, "this railroad is going to seed."

Deathwatch

BROADCASTING studios fret a good deal about death. After all, there is nothing to stop a king from dying in the middle of a Jack Benny program, and this puts a dangerous strain on the studio. When King George V died, many listeners heard the announcement over the air, and the next words they heard were "Ha, ha, ha, this is Singin' Sam, folks, the Barbasol man." The Columbia people were not satisfied with this as a pattern of wireless.

When the Pope was very ill, N.B.C. vowed they would forestall any such unseemly occurrence. By December 18th they had worked out a complete program to be used when word came of the Pontiff's demise. It was arranged that any other program, no matter what it was, was to be taken off the air immediately. Three chimes were to be struck, followed by ten seconds of organ music. Then a brief news dispatch was to be read. After this, the organ was to continue softly while a thousand-word obituary was read, the voice droning along piously against the background of religious music. Everything was prepared in advance: the obituary was composed, the hymns were selected ("O Paradise! O Paradise!" and "My God, My Father"), the organists were lined up. All that remained was the news dispatch, which happily never came.

It was also arranged that if the reading of the obituary terminated before the end of the radio period, the period was to be filled out with other appropriate music—"Adagio Pathétique," by Godard, and "Andante Religioso," by Thomé. The plan, of course, meant that an organist must always be on duty. From December 18th to January 25th (with the exception of a day or two when the Pope rallied appreciably), four organists, one announcer, and one engineer kept the deathwatch from seven-thirty in the morning till past midnight. The organists were regular staff musicians at N.B.C.—William Meeder, John Winters, George Crook, and Arthur Gutow—and they divided the time up generally in two-hour shifts. Accustomed to filling out programs that fall short of the allotted time, they simply regarded the vigil as a special assignment, and occupied themselves in the usual manner in the musicians' room, talking, reading, playing ping-pong. Their union wage scale is complicated, but the pay comes to something like five dollars an hour, with three dollars for every fifteen minutes' overtime. Much of the deathwatch was overtime.

With the Pope's returning health, the studio has laid aside its gloomy schedule and is resolving brighter matters.

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Station WQXR, which broadcasts music instead of Buck Rogers and Eddie Cantor, took its microphone around to the Public Library last Thursday evening and broadcast a program of chamber music. Everybody had a fine time, except the announcer, who got bogged down introducing a piece by a modern composer named David Stanley Smith. First he said that the piece was called "Quartet No. 2." Then, during the lull after the completion of the first movement, he came back with word that, according to the program, it was really "Quartet No. 5." After the second movement, his unhappy voice was heard again: "Professor Smith made an announcement to the audience before the playing of his piece, which unfortunately I was not able to hear. It seems that since the printing of the program, he has found among his papers a quartet which he had forgotten about. That makes the work being played tonight Quartet No. 6, instead of No. 5."

"Neotrist" and Mr. Funk

THE New York *Evening Journal* has been announcing in a series of full-page advertisements the birth of a new word, "neotrist," immaculately conceived by Mr. Charles E. Funk, associate editor of Funk & Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary. Its purpose is to define, since all other single words seemed insufficient, a reader of the *Journal*. The word, by definition given in the *Journal*, means "ever young, quickly responsive, highly sensitive to new ideas." Mr. Funk was in when we called at his office, 354 Fourth Avenue. (When editors of dictionaries start coining words, we think it time we investigate.) Mr. Funk told us he got into the thing when somebody from the *Journal* phoned him. Next a little man called and asked if he'd like to devise a new word, describing readers of the *Journal.* Mr. Funk said sure. Mr. Funk said the only thing was he wouldn't make the new word from Latin, as most good things from Latin had already been taken into the language; or German—too awkward; or French—too difficult; or Italian—too apt to be misunderstood. That left Greek as the logical language, which was all right with the man from the *Journal.*

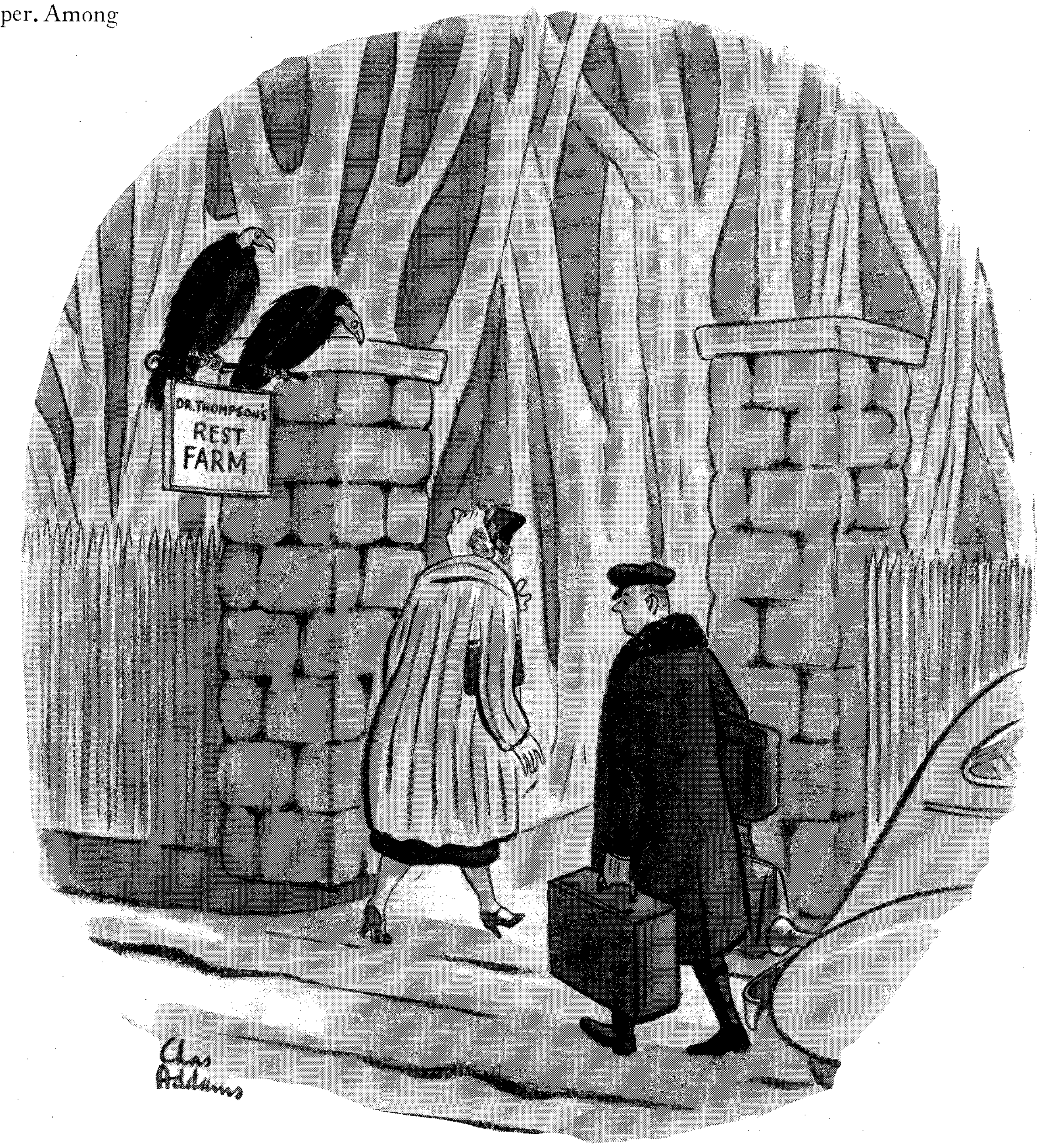
Mr. Funk, who has coined words before, but never as a commercial endorser, went right to work. He had a lot of fun at it. He sat down with a Greek dictionary, a pencil, and a piece of paper, and contemplated, keeping firmly in mind the people who read the *Journal.* As he thought, he put down new words on the piece of paper. Among them were "ideoplast"—molder of public opinion; "neotheist"—worshipper of modern things; "neoterian," formed like "Presbyterian" but meaning the reverse—newer instead of elder. Most of them he discarded after a while because they were awkward, or contained double meanings, such as the promising one which meant "lover of youth," but which, by a twist, could also mean "lover of youths." Mr. Funk finally hit upon the comparative of *"neos,"* "new," which he discovered the Greeks used in a substantive sense in an expression meaning "the moderns." The expression, transliterated, is *"hoi neoteroi."* That, by the addition of an English suffix, gave Mr. Funk his word "neotrist." It won't get into the dictionary, Mr. Funk says, unless it gets universal usage.

Mr. Funk has coined lots of words, including a word for New Dealer, "neomerist." He gets requests from people who wish new words, and honors those that he thinks worthy, but the only word he ever coined that got into a dictionary was for a new kind of bas-relief map at the Chicago World's Fair. An official out there asked him to do it, and, as an edition of his own dictionary was just going to press, Mr. Funk, for fun, stuck the word in. Mr. Funk doesn't remember what it was now, except that it had the letters "geo" in it, but if he ever finds it again, Mr. Funk is going to strike it out of the dictionary. Whimsy, he feels, shouldn't stand up long with a dictionary editor. They never used the bas-relief map at Chicago.

Recently, after Mr. Funk had been interviewed about word coinages over the air by Neotrist Gilbert Seldes, of the *Journal,* a trumpet player in the band stopped him on his way out and asked him about the meaning of the word "seccotine," which he had come across in Aldous Huxley's "Eyeless in Gaza." "Ain't in your dictionary," said the trumpet player. "Ain't in the other fellow's," meaning Webster's. Mr. Funk said he didn't know, and he still isn't sure. The closest he can come to it, after looking through eight dictionaries at his office, is the trade name of a British product—a kind of liquid glue, Mr. Funk believes.

Salesmanship

LAST Thursday evening, just as the rush hour was setting in, a girl standing at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and the Avenue hailed a southbound cab. It pulled in ahead of a bus, and she ran to catch it. As she passed the platform of the bus, the conductor said chidingly, "Here, here! Don't be so extravagant. We'll have you downtown in no time." The girl stopped running, thought it over, and boarded the bus.



OUR OWN PREVIEWS OF HOLLYWOOD ATTRACTIONS

Charles Laughton in "The Great Dane"

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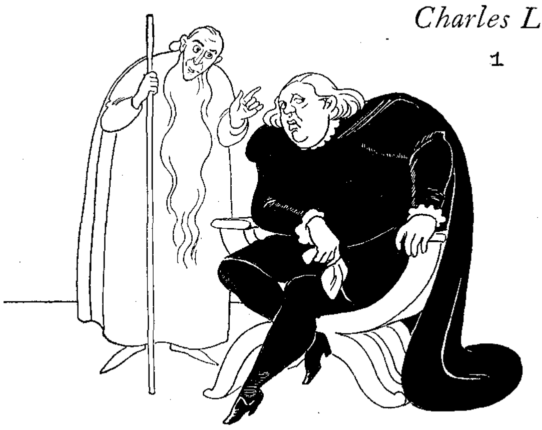
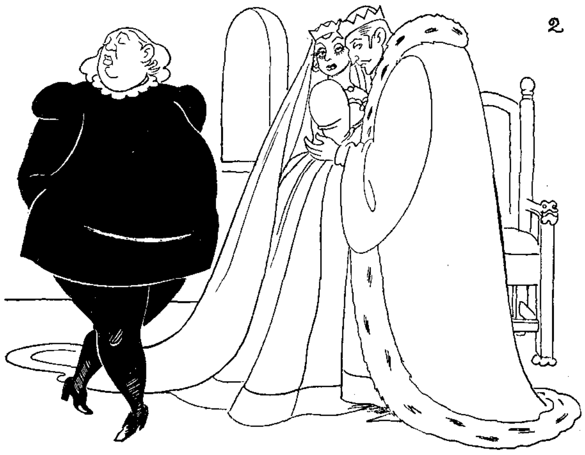


Hamlet, Prince of Denmark (Charles Laughton), is in quite a pet.

2



He is hardly civil to the Queen, his mother (Bette Davis), or to his uncle, the King (Warren William), and

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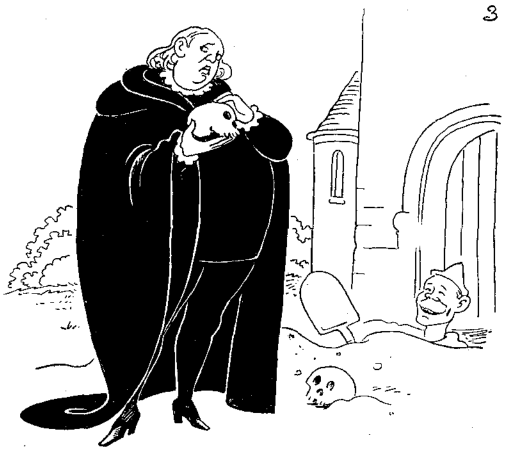

prefers to spend his time among the skulls in the graveyard.

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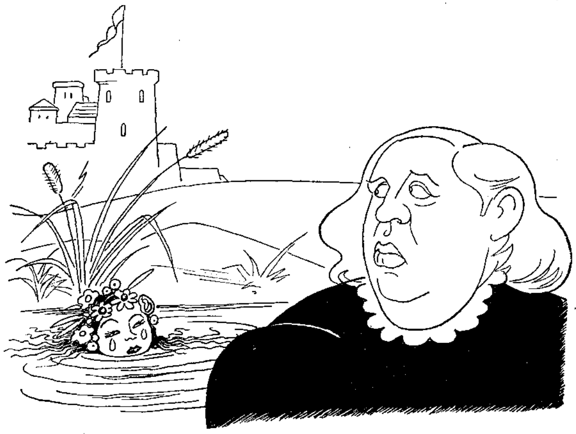

He is rude even to the lady of his choice, the fair Ophelia (Myrna Loy), who throws herself in the lake.

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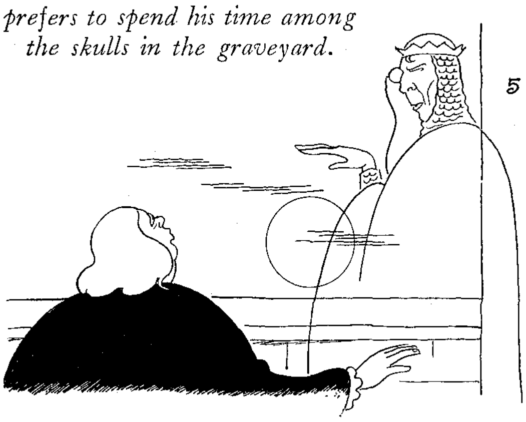

In the course of a conversation with the ghost of his father (George Arliss), he learns that the former king was murdered by his uncle.

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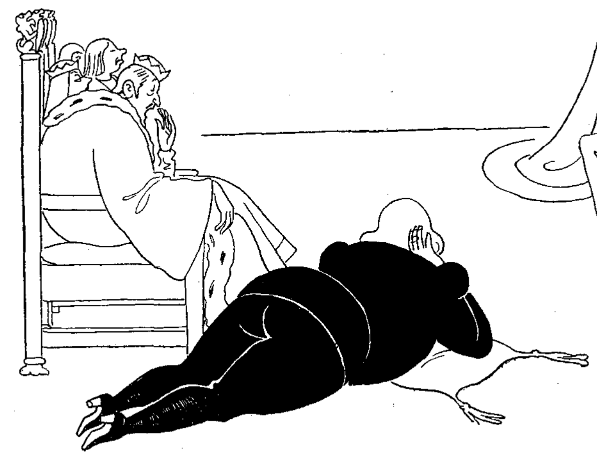
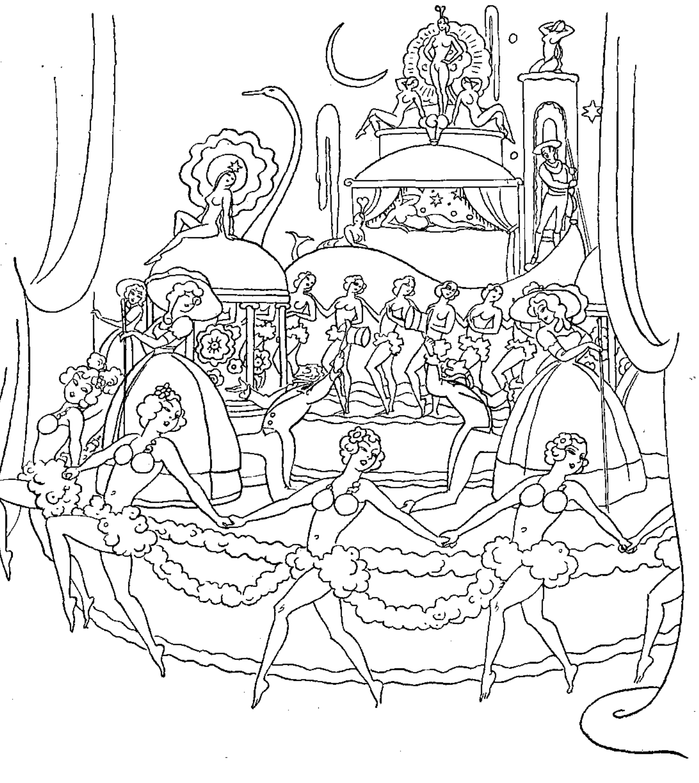
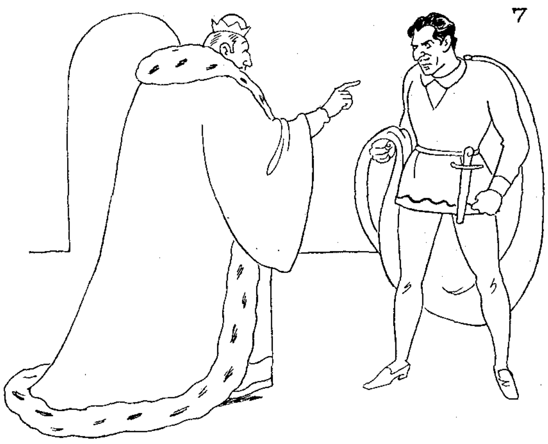
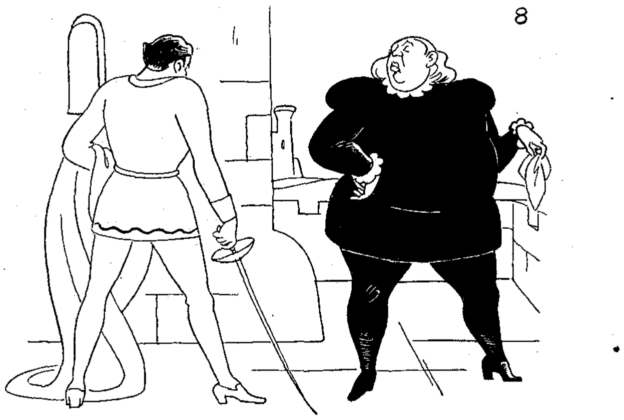




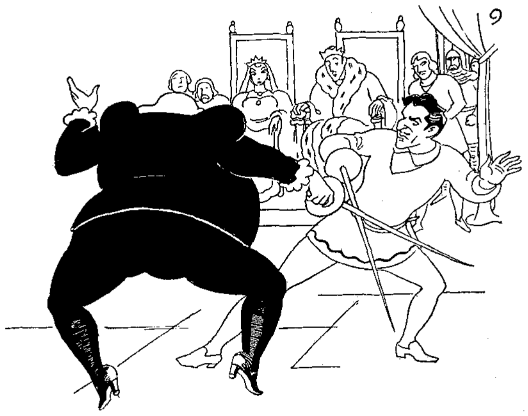
He swears revenge and puts on a show.



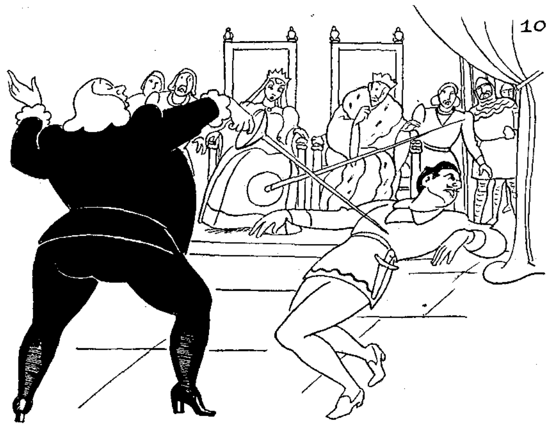
The King is annoyed and plots with Laertes (Warner Baxter) to kill Hamlet.



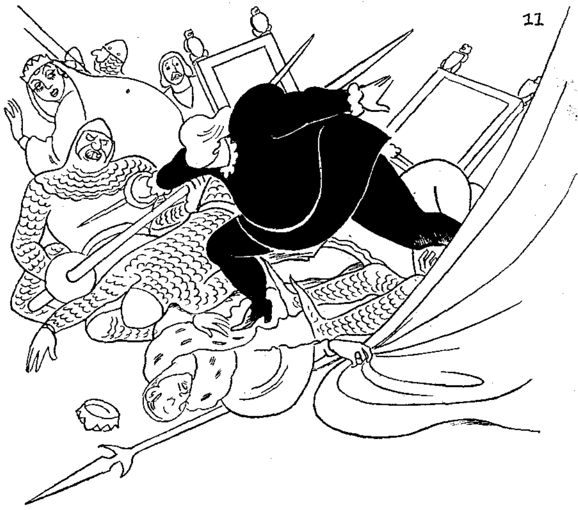
Laertes, who has a poisoned sword, challenges Hamlet to a duel.



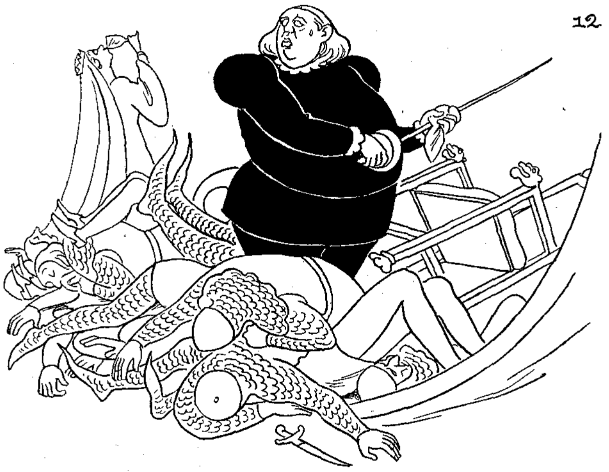
They engage and



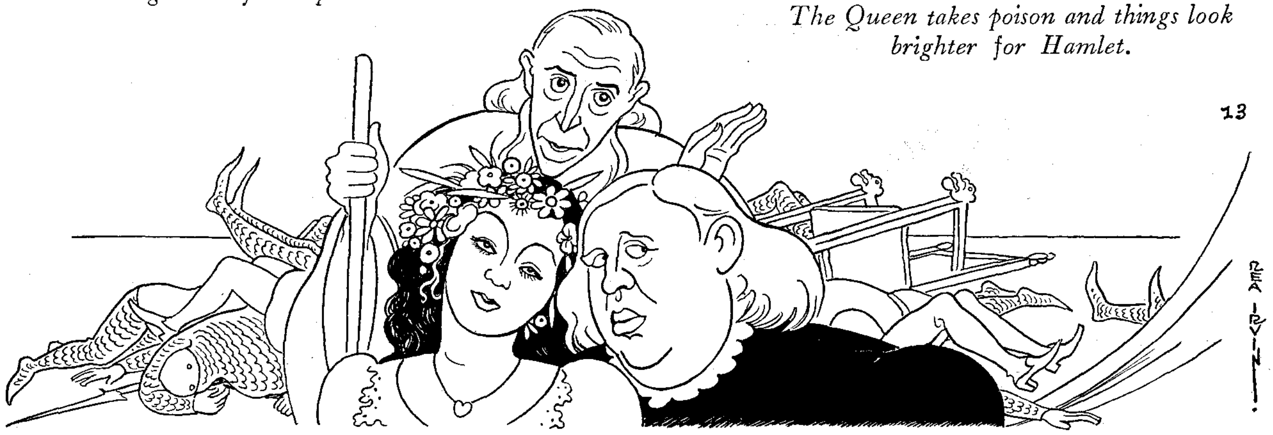
Hamlet is such a superlative swordsman that he dispatches Laertes in spite of the poisoned sword, and also



the King and a few supernumeraries.



The Queen takes poison and things look brighter for Hamlet.



In the meantime, Ophelia has been rescued by her father, Polonius (Charles Butterworth), who gives the happy pair his blessing.

LUNCH TUESDAY

It was one of those good, characterless restaurants in the East Fifties, run by a former speakeasy proprietor. It was 1:25 and there was a fair-sized crowd for luncheon. Mrs. Flintridge was lighting a denicotinized cigarette—her second in twenty minutes. She was looking down at the flame when she heard a voice say, "Darling, I'm terribly sorry." Mrs. Flintridge shook the match and put it in the ashtray, heedless of the fact that the match burned on. "Have you been here long?" the newcomer asked.

"Well, I had nothing to do, so I was on time for a change," said Mrs. Flintridge.

"I'm terribly sorry, but I came in on the tube and had to stop at Macy's, and traffic really was something. What are you drinking? Is that a Daiquiri?" Mrs. Walton sat down.

"No, a Side Car," said Mrs. Flintridge.

"Oh, brandy." Then, "Are you drinking *brandy?*"

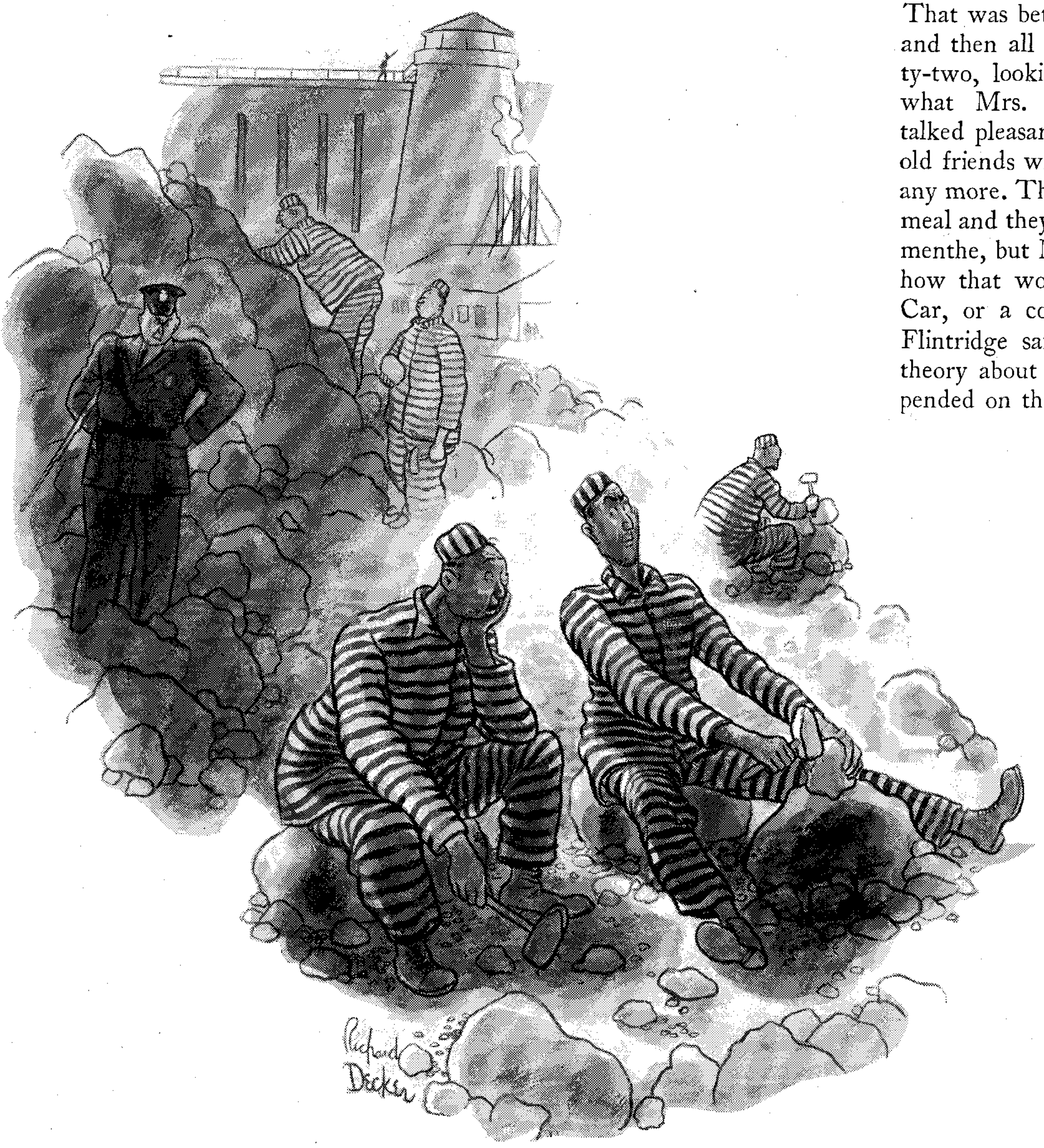
"This is my second. I got home at four this morning, or at least I think it was four. It might have been later. We went to one of those parties at the club. Every time we do it, either Bud or I swears we'll never do it again during the week, but he's been pretty good lately and I thought a little binge—"

"I'll have a Side Car, please. Two Side Cars. You're ready for another, aren't you?"

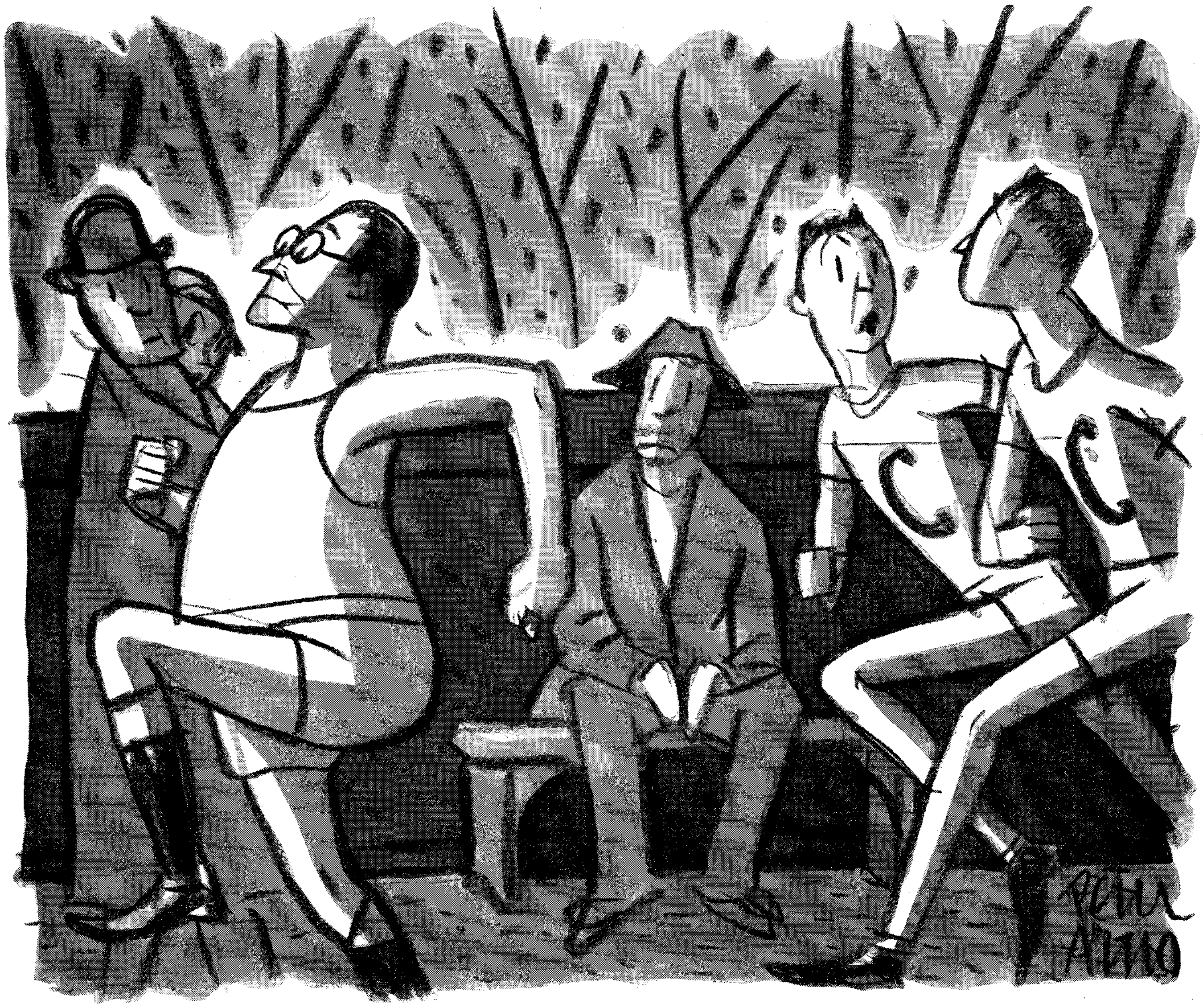
"Oh—all right," said Mrs. Flintridge.

"Well," said Mrs. Walton, a little like a crier opening court. For the next few minutes the women talked about traffic and shopping and what they wanted to eat, and Mrs. Walton was persuaded to catch up with Mrs. Flintridge's quantity of Side Cars. They thought a little white wine with their luncheon, and then, because each had half a Side Car left, they thought no, no wine. Mrs. Flintridge said frankly no, she didn't like Mrs. Walton's hat. The hat was all right, but she thought the ribbons in the back were a little on the long side. Mrs. Walton said that was what she was afraid of, but she couldn't be sure. She'd have them shortened. Maybe taken off altogether. Mrs. Flintridge said not to take them off altogether, just shorten them. She also said she wished she could wear a hat like that, but that Mrs. Walton didn't look thirty, whereas she, Mrs. Flintridge, looked her thirty and probably more. Mrs. Walton told Mrs. Flintridge that she looked about twenty-eight, but had looked twenty-eight five years ago and would go on looking twenty-eight till after she was forty. That was better than looking younger and then all of a sudden, around thirty-two, looking older. At least that's what Mrs. Walton thought. They talked pleasantly that way, the talk of old friends who seldom saw each other any more. They came to the end of the meal and they thought a little crème de menthe, but Mrs. Walton didn't know how that would go on top of a Side Car, or a couple of Side Cars. Mrs. Flintridge said that was an exploded theory about mixing drinks. It all depended on the condition of your stomach. But of course she conceded that her own stomach wasn't in any too good condition today, what with last night, and she added, "And I'll bet Bud—"

"Well, then a brandy. A brandy'd be all right. Waiter, two brandies, please. I mean two Courvoisiers." Then, "What are your plans for this afternoon? Is there one of those Actors' Fund matinées, do you suppose? That's the trouble with Tuesday. We can't go to a matinée unless they're having one of those Actors' Fund matinées. I wish I'd have thought of it when I called you. Then we could have made it Wednesday or



"I never got a chance to return to the scene of the crime."



"I dunno. He came out of Essex House and he's been setting the pace ever since."

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Thursday. Shall I get a paper and see if there's a matinée?"

"All right," said Mrs. Flintridge. "But it wasn't you that called me. I called *you*. You *never* call *me*."

"Oh, I *do*, Peggy, I do too. I called you the last time."

"No, I called you," said Mrs. Flintridge.

"Well, the time before."

"The time before you didn't call me. That was when Bud and I met you and Harry on the train going to New Haven."

"Oh well, what difference does it make who calls who? Whom."

THE waiter brought the newspaper, and not only was there no matinée, but the feature picture at Radio City Music Hall wouldn't be going on again till nearly four o'clock, and there was nothing else they wanted to see. Then a man came in and stood at the bar, where they could see him. He was soaking wet. His derby hat was soaking wet; his light overcoat was soaking wet, and as he spoke to the proprietor, whom he obviously knew, he was laughing in the way people do when they have been caught in a sudden downpour. "Look at that man," said Mrs Walton. "It must be teeming. And me with a new hat, naturally. We might as well wait here as anywhere."

"All right, let's," said Mrs. Flintridge. "I could do with another drink."

"If I have another, I'll be tight. Oh, well."

"We can ask the waiter to let us know when it stops raining," said Mrs. Flintridge. "I think I'll switch to Scotch. Brandy depresses me, and the rain." She switched to Scotch, but Mrs. Walton stuck to brandy and soda. She said, "I think I'll just have a little brandy and soda." Their drinks were brought to them and they received them in different ways: Mrs. Walton looked at hers, not touching it right away, as though it were a surprise birthday cake in a night club; and Mrs. Flintridge, the moment the waiter combined the highball, picked it up and narrowed her eyes and took a good, long drink out of it. By this time they had reached the stage where a drink could interrupt any conversation. During the silence the proprietor came over to them. "*Mesdames*," he said, and then, addressing Peggy Walton, "Mrs. Walton, the gentleman at the bar, he asks if he may buy a drink. He sess he is a friend of Mr. Walton and has met you."

"You're being picked up. I guess the hat's all right," said Mrs. Flintridge.

"I'm sorry. I'll tell the gentleman. Please forgive me," said the proprietor.

"Oh—he looks all right," said Mrs.

Walton. Somehow, in the shuffle, the man came over.

"Mrs. Walton, I didn't mean to be fresh, but I'm Arthur Luddy and I do know Harry very well, and I met you one night at the Stork Club. You were with—I forget his name."

Peggy Walton interrupted his loss of memory to introduce Mrs. Flintridge.

"Oh," said Mr. Luddy. "How do you do?" He really made it a question. He sat down and had his drink brought from the bar.

"Is the Stork Club fun?" said Mrs. Flintridge. "I've never been there, and even Bud, he's only been there once."

"I hardly ever go," said Peggy Walton. "I don't like night clubs."

"I don't as a rule, but I like the Stork," said Mr. Luddy. "You seemed to be having a good time that night. Don't you remember at all? There's no reason why you should, but a fellow called Merle Stafford brought me over to your table to meet his partner."

"Merle Stafford?" said Mrs. Flintridge.

"Yeah. Do you know him?"

Mrs. Flintridge picked up her drink and looked down into it and slowly raised her eyes to the terrified eyes of Peggy Walton. "As a matter of fact, he's my husband's partner," said Mrs. Flintridge.

"Well, then, huh huh, I guess you know him," said Mr. Luddy, with right good humor. "I don't know him very well. I just happened to run into him, and he was a little tight, and you know—"

"Mr. Luddy," said Peggy Walton. "Do you mind if would you mind getting the hell out of here?"

"Yes, please, Mr. Luddy, will you get the hell out of here?" said Mrs. Flintridge.

"Weh-heh-hell. Notta tall. You *asked* me to sit down. Sure I'll go," said Mr. Luddy. He got up and looked from one woman to the other and went back to the bar, talking to himself. The women watched him paying his check and leaving with one more backward glance, and they watched the proprietor, who had not missed any of it, coming toward them.

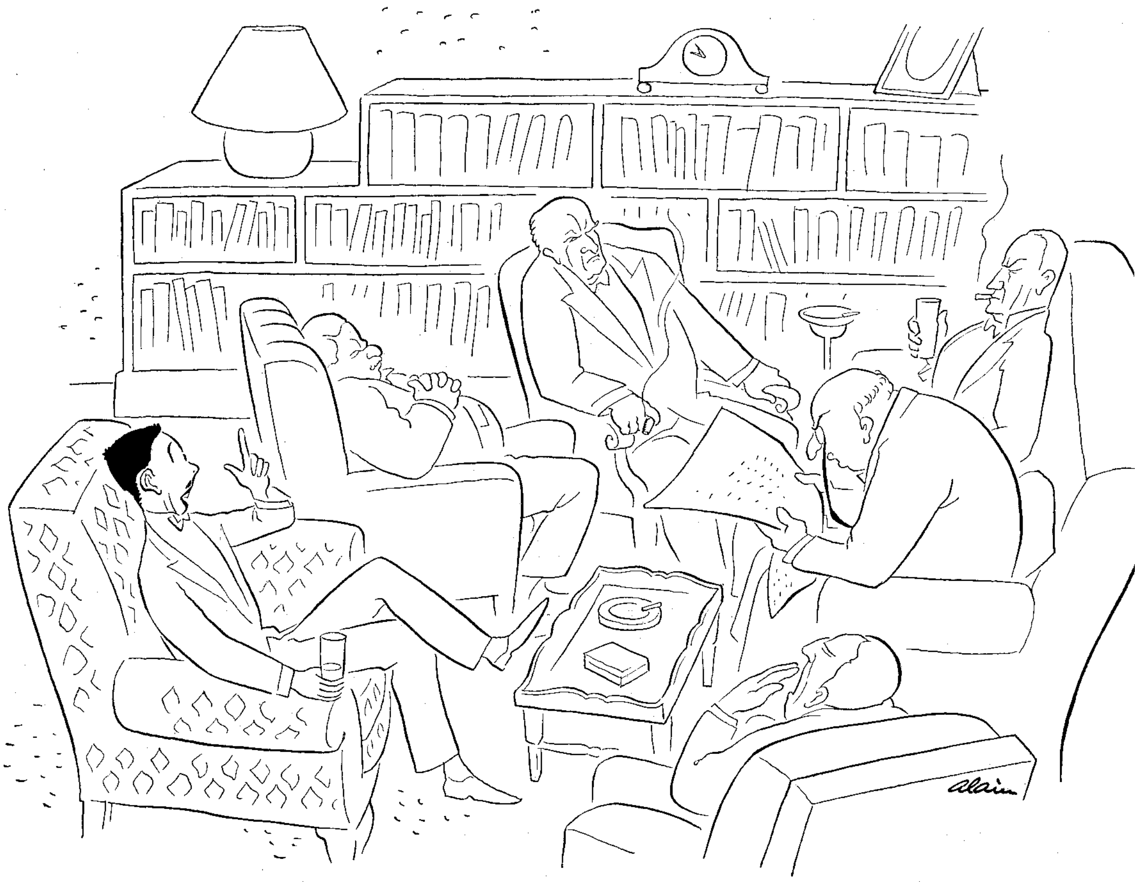
"Ladies, I am very sorry. Was there something wrong?"

"It's all right. Please go away," said Mrs. Flintridge.

THEY looked at each other, and Peggy Walton was suffering first of all the acute discomfort of being a little the drunker and knowing it, and wishing that of all times in her life this time she wasn't. She took a gulp of her drink and watched her hand as she put the glass down on the table.

"I tell you how it happened," she said. "Please let me. You were away somewhere and I was in town and I happened to run into Bud one afternoon. *You* know. And we—"

"Ah, what's the *use*, Peggy? I knew it was somebody. I just didn't know it was *you*, that's all." —JOHN O'HARA



"... but you mustn't quote me, gentlemen."

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MANHATTAN SÉANCE

They watched her, worshipful. The medium sat,
Carefully practical, too curly, fat.
Small yelps came; came King George, Lord Kitchener
(Less elegant, less English, than they were),
Dante, quite clubby; Harding, gone well-bred;
A yogi, very earnest about diet;
Anne Bullen, fretful still about her head;
A baby whose high laughter would not quiet
While babbling of her heavenly Bible classes...
Till, watching the queer men in country collars
And stout, neat women, tearful in gold glasses,
I wriggled in my blue plush chair and thought
Of all the handsome things I could have bought
With my five dollars. —MARGARET WIDDEMER

LET YOUR MIND ALONE!

VIII. SAMPLE INTELLIGENCE TEST

THE fuzziness that creeps into the thought processes of those inspirationalists who seek to clarify the human scene reaches an interesting point in Chapter XIV of "How to Develop Your Personality," by Sadie Myers Shellow, Ph.D. Dr. Shellow was formerly psychologist with the Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Company. These things happen in a world of endless permutations. I myself was once connected with the Central Ohio Optical Company. I was hired because I had a bicycle, although why an optical company would want a bicycle might appear on the face of it as inexplicable as why a railway-and-light company would want a psychologist. My experience of motormen leads me to believe that they are inarticulate to the point of never saying anything at all, and I doubt if there is a motorman in all Wisconsin who would reveal the story of his early childhood to a psychologist. Dr. Shellow, of course, may have proceeded along some other line, but most psychologists start with your childhood. Or with your sex life. I somehow have never thought of motormen as having sex lives, but this doesn't mean that they don't have them. I feel that this speculation is not getting us anywhere.

Let us return to Dr. Shellow's book. It was first published five years ago, but her publishers have just brought out a dollar edition, which puts the confusion in Chapter XIV within reach of everyone. In 1932, the book went into six printings. The present edition was printed from the original plates, which means that the mistakes which appear in it have gone on and on through the years. The book begins with a prefatory note by Albert Edward Wiggam, a foreword by Morris S. Viteles, and an introduction by Dr. Shellow herself. In Chapter I, first paragraph, Dr. Shellow gives the dictionary definition of "personality" as follows: "The sum total of traits necessary to describe what is to be a person." Unless I have gone crazy reading all these books, and I think I have, that sentence defines personality as the sum total of traits necessary to describe an unborn child. If Dr. Shellow's error here is typographical, it looms especially large in a book containing a chapter that tells how to acquire reading skill and gives tests for efficiency in reading. Dr. Shellow tells of a young woman who "was able to take in a whole page at a glance, and through concentrated attention relate in detail what she had read as the words flashed by." If Dr. Shellow used this system in reading the proofs of her book, the system is apparently no good. It certainly *sounds* as if it were no good. I have started out with an admittedly minor confusion—the definition of personality—but let us go on to something so mixed up that it becomes almost magnificent.

Chapter XIV is called "Intelligence Tests," and under the heading "Sample Intelligence Test" twelve problems are posed. There are some pretty fuzzy goings-on in the explanation of No. 11, but it is No. 12 that interests me most; what the Milwaukee motormen made of it I can't imagine. No. 12 is stated as follows: "Cross out the *one* word which makes this sentence absurd and substitute one that is correct: A pound of feathers is lighter than a pound of lead." Let us now proceed to Dr. Shellow's explanation of how to arrive at the solution of this toughy. She writes, "In 12 we get at the critical ability of the mind. Our first impulse is to agree that a pound of feathers is lighter than a pound of lead, since feathers are lighter than lead, but if we look back, we will see that a *pound* of feathers could be no lighter than a *pound* of lead since a pound is always the same. What one word, then, makes the whole sentence absurd? We might cross out the second pound and substitute ounce, in which case we would have: A pound of feathers is heavier than an ounce of lead, and that would be correct. Or we might cross out the word heavier and substitute bulkier, in which case we would have eliminated the absurdity."

We have here what I can only call a paradise of errors. I find, in Dr. Shellow's presentation of the problem and her solution of it, Transference, Wishful Thinking, Unconscious Substitution, Psychological Dissociation, Gordian Knot Cutting, Cursory Enumeration, Distortion of Focus, Abandonment of Specific Gravity, Falsification of Premise, Divergence from Consistency, Overemphasis on Italics, Rhetorical Escapism, and Disregard of the Indefinite Article. Her major error—the conjuring up of the word "heavier" out of nowhere—is enough to gum up any problem beyond repair, but there are other interesting pieces of woolly reasoning in No. 12. Dr. Shellow gets off on the wrong foot in her very presentation of the problem. She begins, "Cross out the *one* word which makes this sentence absurd." That means there is *only* one word which can be changed and restricts the person taking the test to that one word, but Dr. Shellow goes on, in her explanation, to change first one and then another. As a matter of fact, there are five words in the sentence any one of which can be changed to give the sentence meaning. Thus we are all balled up at the start. If Dr. Shellow had written, "Cross out one word which makes this sentence absurd," that would have been all right. I think I know how she got into trouble. I imagine that she originally began, "Cross out one of the words," and found herself face to face

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with that ancient stumbling block in English composition, whether to say "which *makes* this sentence absurd" or "which *make* this sentence absurd." (I don't like to go into italics, but to straighten Dr. Shellow out you got to go into italics.) I have a notion that Dr. Shellow decided that "make" was right, which of course it is, but that she was dissatisfied with "Cross out one of the words which make this sentence absurd" because here "words" dominates "one." Since she wanted to emphasize "one," she italicized it and then, for good measure, put the definite article "the" in front of it. That would have given her "Cross out the *one* of the words which make this sentence absurd." From there she finally arrived at what she arrived at, and the problem began slowly to close in on her.

I wouldn't dwell on this at such length if Dr. Shellow's publishers had not set her up as a paragon of lucidity, precision, and logical thought. (Come to think that over, I believe I would dwell on it at the same length even if they hadn't.) Some poor fellows may have got inferiority complexes out of being unable to see through Dr. Shellow's authoritative explanation of No. 12, and I would like to restore their confidence in their own minds. You can't just go batting off any old sort of answer to an intelligence test in this day, when every third person who reads these books has a pretty firm idea that his mind is cracking up.

Let us go on to another interesting fuzziness in the Doctor's explanation. Take her immortal sentence: "We might cross out the second pound and substitute ounce," etc. What anybody who followed those instructions would arrive at is: "A pound of feathers is lighter than *a* ounce of lead." Even leaving the matter of weight out of it (which I am reluctant to do, since weight is the main point), you can't substitute "ounce" for "pound" without substituting "an" for "a," thus changing two words. If "an" and "a" are the same word, then things have come to a pretty pass, indeed. If such slipshoddery were allowed, you could solve the problem with "A pound of feathers is lighter than two pound of lead." My own way out was to change "is" to "ain't," if anybody is interested.

Let us close this excursion into the wonderland of psychology with a paragraph of Dr. Shellow's which immediately follows her explanation of No. 12: "If the reader went through this test quickly before reading the explanation, he may have discovered some things about himself. A more detailed test would be even more revealing. Everyone should at some time or other take a good comprehensive intelligence test and analyze his own defects so that he may know into what errors his reasoning takes him and of what faulty habits of thought he must be aware." I want everybody to file out quietly, now, without any wisecracks.

—James Thurber

• •

TIME, GENTLEMEN, TIME!

O would not Life be charming
Could we get rid of clocks,
The still ones and alarming
That break on sleep with shocks.

Then it would be respected
And worthier more of Man
Than when by springs directed
From gold, or a tin can.

Why should our lives be reckoned
By anything so queer
As that which splits the second
Yet cannot tell the year?

If we got rid of watches
The trains would cease to run,
We could not fight a battleship
Or aim a battle gun,

Or tune the little engines
Which fill the towns with fumes
And send men with a vengeance
(Quite rightly) to their tombs.

If we got rid of watches
And wanted to approach
The pallid-peopled cities
We'd have to hire a coach

And guard, who, to arouse us,
So hardy in the morn,
Outside the licenced houses
Would blow a long bright horn.

Our stars know naught of watches,
There's not a wind that wists
Of all the woe Time hatches
When handcuffed to our wrists.

No wonder stars are winking,
No wonder Heaven mocks
At men who cease from drinking
Good drink because of clocks!

It makes me wonder whether
In this grim pantomime
Did fiend or man first blether,
"Time, Gentlemen, Time!"

'Twould make a devil chortle
To see how all the clean
Free souls God made immortal
Now march to a machine.

We must throw out the timing
Which turns men into gnomes,
Of piecework and of mining
That fills the mental homes,

We must get rid of errors
And tallies and time checks
And all the slavish terrors
That turn men into wrecks.

They have not squared the circle,
They have not cubed the sphere,
Their calendars all work ill
Corrected by leap year,

But we should all be leaping
As high as hollyhocks
Did we desist from keeping
Our trysts with slaves of clocks.

How should we tell the seconds?
The time a blackbird takes
To screech across a laneway
And dive into the brakes.

How should we tell the minutes?
The time it takes to swipe
A lonely pint of Guinness
Or load a friendly pipe.

So make the heart Time's measure
Because the more it beats,
The more Life fills with pleasure
With songs or sturdy feats;

Our clocks our lives are cheating,
They go, and ground we give;
The higher the heart's beating,
'Tis then the more we live.

—Oliver St. John Gogarty

THE THEATRE

OTHER BUSINESS

IT is never safe to quibble about authenticity in a play, because authenticity itself is pretty deceiving. If I had walked into "Chalked Out" right from the street, without looking at a program, this review would have been given over to a slyly humorous attack on the author's idea of what goes on in Sing Sing. I have saved myself that embarrassment by noting, with a true reporter's eye, that one of the authors of "Chalked Out" is Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing. He ought to know.

There is no reason that I can see for not taking Warden Lawes' word for it that life in a well-run prison is just about the same as life outside, except that your meals are paid for. Certainly the prison library shown in "Chalked Out," with its friendly old librarian who retires to his own cell each night when the last library card has been stamped, is rather tempting. I am not so sure that Warden Lawes' (and Jonathan Finn's) play is very good propaganda for crime prevention. A couple of times I found myself wondering how I could get into Sing Sing without getting my name in the papers.

"Chalked Out" is interesting as a study of prison life from a new angle, although it is not in a class with "The Last Mile" and "The Criminal Code" as drama. This is not to say that it hasn't got its moments of surefire theatre. A jailbreak is exciting, no matter how blasé you are, and the jailbreak in "Chalked Out" is handled with an expert hand. The only question is "Why break out?"

The cast is good, but the characters' being named Johnny Stone, Fred Burke, Frank Wilson, and such makes it difficult to assign any awards. This is Brock Pemberton's second play of the season, and I didn't even see him in the lobby on opening night. I can, however, wish him good luck with "Chalked Out" with much better grace than in the case of "Now You've Done It." You wouldn't know that it was the same producer.

WE are going to have to relax a little in our enthusiasm for the Federal Theatre's experiments, with the advent of "Native Ground," by Virgil Geddes. Aside from Howard Bay's settings, this rather lumbering excursion into incest and soil erosion is nothing to excite even the most federal-minded. I cannot pretend that I stayed through it to the bitter end, but I got the general idea, I am sure, and it is easy to see why the Theatre Guild, a few seasons ago, lost interest in the script of "Native Ground," precipitating a picket line of zealots in front of one of the Guild's theatres. The wonder is that the Guild kept it as long as they did.

POSSIBLY during this week a play called "Driftwood" has finally opened. It was postponed eight times, the last time being on Saturday night, leaving the reviewers who were conscientious enough to give up their holiday weekend holding the bag. Whether "Driftwood" opened or not, the hell with it now. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

●

ANSWERS TO FAMOUS QUESTIONS

I

What should they know of England
Who only England know? —*Kipling.*

Though insular their birth and training,
They're pretty dumb if unaware
That nearly always it is raining,
And verdant vegetables are rare.

II

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
—*Pope.*

A specialist who's summoned by
The medicos in trouble,
And should the patient live or die,
His fee is always double.

III

Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious
court? —*Shakespeare.*

Free from envy, yes, and care,
Free from scandal, greed, and Cupid;
But I wish you'd tell me where
There is any spot more stupid.

IV

Who can understand his errors?
—*Old Testament.*

Those citizens are rare indeed
Who know their failings and abhor
them,
But of such vision they've small need—
Kind friends will do the sleuthing for
them. —BAIRD LEONARD

PROFILES

UP FROM AMHERST

BACK in 1930, a clerk in some forgotten casting office discovered that she could sum up the qualifications of an actor whose full name was Oliver Burgess Meredith in exactly five words. On his card applying for any job at all, under the brief list of his performances up to that time, she noted: "Young. Homely. Large Head. Blond." This dispassionate entry remains one of the few unflattering comments made about Meredith during his seven years on the stage. It is true that Guthrie McClintic, while he was directing John van Druten's "Flowers of the Forest," felt obliged to complain that his young star played the part of a man suffering from cerebral hemorrhage as though he were rowing a boat, and certainly there must have been an empty moment when Meredith picked up the first paper on the morning after the opening of "Winterset" and found that although he had learned a part almost as long as Hamlet, the late Percy Hammond had neglected even to comment on his performance.

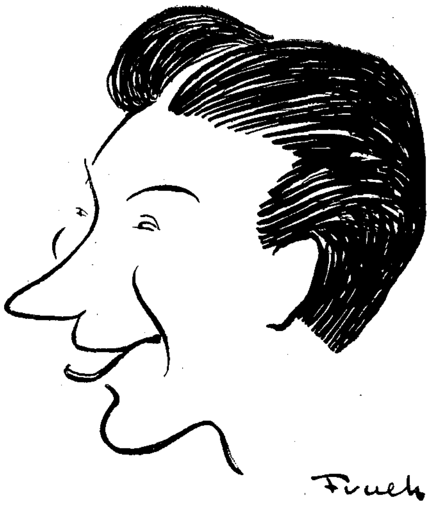
Opposed to these negligible brickbats, however, there has been a general ovation certainly remarkable when applied to an actor still under thirty. The newspaper critics, who obviously can't be expected to think up any new adjectives, have been profuse with the old ones. They have described Meredith's performances as "brilliant," "impressive," "heartbreaking," "vibrant," "eloquent," "sinewy," and, most often and most inevitably, "sensitive." A gentleman who, by what the cynical might have regarded as a fortunate coincidence, also happened at the time to be press agent for "Flowers of the Forest" hailed him in practically every paper of appetizing circulation as the "Hamlet of 1940." So often, indeed, has this modest estimate been printed that Meredith sometimes feels as if he ought to wear "Hamlet '40" on his sweater, like a quarterback. Probably the gaudiest tribute, however, came from a critic on the White Plains *Reporter*. This lady—from the evidence, it seems permissible to deduce a lady, and a frantic one—wrote in June, 1930:

> A young man of remarkable genius walked out on the stage last night, and began creating a Marchbanks that became one of the most beautiful and poetic things seen in the theatre anywhere and anytime. So great was the flame of his creation that he fired into being the greatest production of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida" that this writer has ever seen. Burgess Meredith rose to the highest achievement in the theatre last night.

After adding that "the immortal Bernhardt never did a more perfect piece of work" than Miss Vera Allen, who played Candida, the writer closed with a rather peremptory suggestion that if Mr. Shaw had any sense, he would get right over to White Plains and see what was up before the miracle rolled on.

To anyone who has never seen Meredith on the stage, meeting him casually for the first time, this clamor is apt to seem more or less incomprehensible. The "young man of remarkable genius" is twenty-eight, five feet seven inches tall, weighs a hundred and thirty-five pounds, and his pointed face might more reasonably belong to a jockey. His clothes, especially his hats, have a crumpled, offhand air, and at the moment it has seemed to him suitable to let his ginger-colored hair grow long on top, so that in dimmer lights he looks rather like a chrysanthemum. His friends call him Buzz, or Bugs, and either of these in some vague way seems descriptive.

What he says might also seem misleading. Currently, Meredith has two tremendous enthusiasms: Ezra Pound, whose expatriate rhythms seem to him the most enduring thing in contemporary pöetry, and Maxwell Anderson, the author of some fourteen plays, ranging from "What Price Glory?" to those successive prizewinners, "Winterset" and "High Tor." Meredith's regard for Pound is strong, but presumably temporary; his admiration for Anderson has been one of the most important things in his life. To a great extent, Anderson is both his literary guide and his social conscience, and this leads him into an eager defence of many strange propositions. He will tell you, for instance, that blank verse is the only rational dramatic form because it is permanent, holding whatever story is to be told in solution for posterity. You are invited in this connection to consider the Elizabethans. He will also tell you that the only possible cure for the world is the complete absence of formal government, although



Burgess Meredith

as to just what this means and why it is so, I'm afraid he's inclined to be a little vague.

In any case, Meredith's extraordinary success on the stage has practically nothing to do with what he looks like or with his momentary literary notions. In addition to his original talent, which I have no intention of trying to define, he has in the first place an acute sense of his own limitations. Once, in talking about a production in which he succeeded a famous, and certainly more robust, actor, he apologized for the lower key of his own performance.

"There was no use my trying to play it the way he did," he said. "When I go after power, I just sound boyish."

It has been a good thing for him to know, giving his work taste and reticence, and keeping it conspicuously free from overacting.

He also has the utmost faith in good direction, claiming that the less creative an actor is, or thinks he is, the better. He believes that the director's control should be absolute. Whether that is true or not, and it is at least debatable, he has been singularly fortunate in his own directors. A young actor could scarcely hope for better supervision than Meredith got from the very beginning—from Eva Le Gallienne, Howard Lindsay, and, most helpful of all, Guthrie McClintic, who has directed him in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Flowers of the Forest," "Winterset," and "High Tor."

Strangely enough, however, it seems to me that almost as important as either of these qualities has been the effect of what one of his pre-theatre employers, with a restraint that must have brought him very close to apoplexy, has called "a somewhat disorganized life."

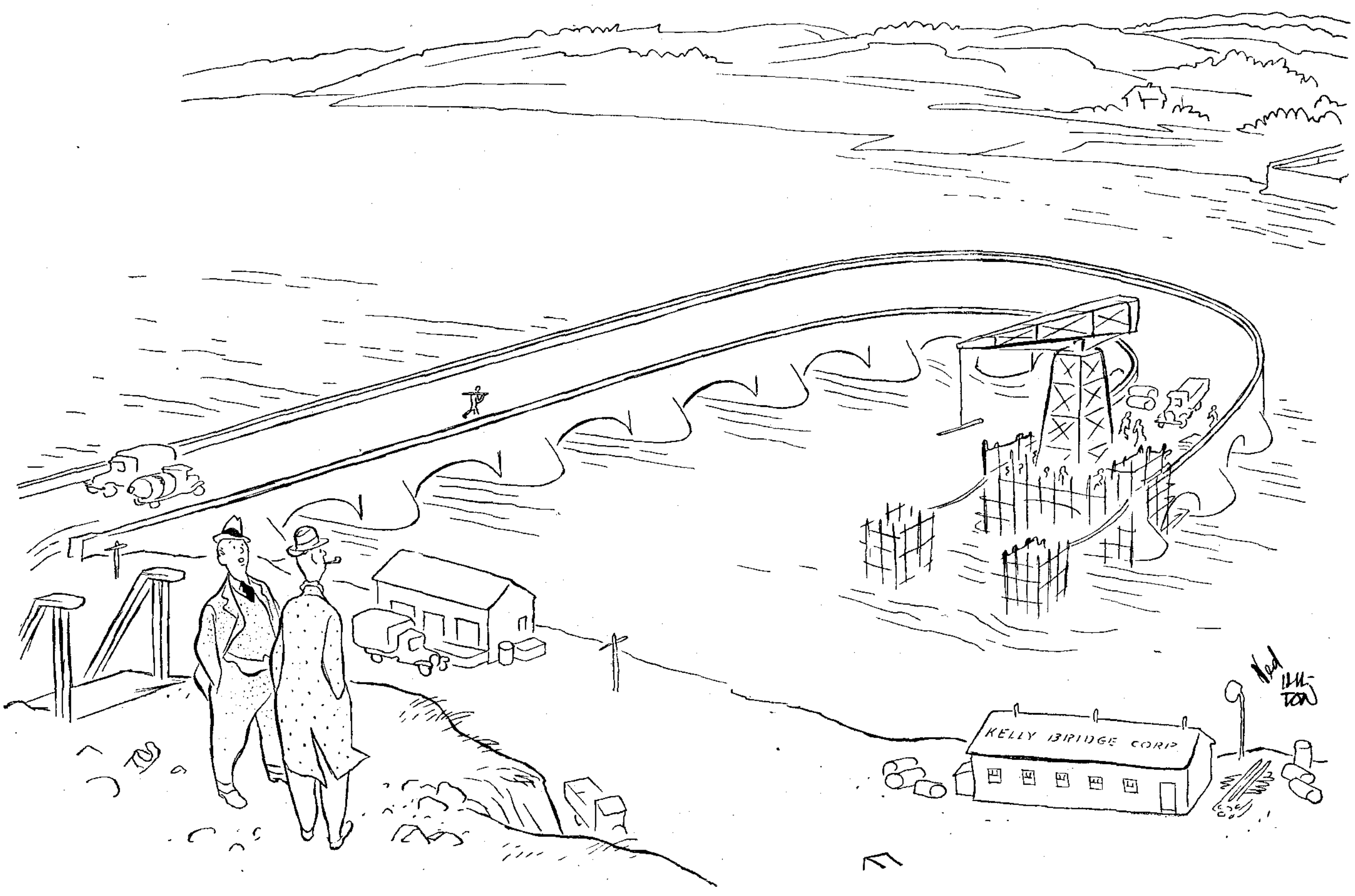
There wasn't so much disorganization in the beginning. Meredith was born in Lakewood, a suburb of Cleveland, on November 16th, 1908. His father was a doctor. His grandfather was a revivalist who, after spending half a lifetime shedding the chilly light of Methodism over the Middle West, settled down to a pastorate in Cleveland. There was, of course, an Uncle Jay Burgess in vaudeville, and an older brother, George, had had from time to time some casual connection with a jazz band. Also, after his mother's death, Meredith was astonished to learn from an old scrapbook that once, as a girl, *she* had run away from home and played ten months in stock. At the most, however, these were minor vagaries, noteworthy only in the light of the Methodist tradition.

Very early it developed that the boy had a remarkably true soprano, and before he was ten he was singing solos in a Methodist church. At eleven, against seventy-five other Cleveland competitors, he won a scholarship in vocal training at the Paulist Choir School in New York. At this point Methodism again took a hand in his career. Mrs. Meredith had apparently no objection to her son's winning a Catholic competition, but she certainly had no intention of letting him sing in a Catholic church. Instead, he came to New York to live with his married sister and enter the choir in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

In 1923, when he was fifteen and no longer a plausible soprano, he was sent to the Hoosac School, which for some obscure purposes of confusion is located at Hoos*ick*, near Albany. Little is remembered of this period except that in his senior year he was editor of a school paper called the *Owl*, which, under his casual regime, ran so far into debt that for several years after he had gone it survived only haggardly. In fact, so anemic were these subsequent issues that the embarrassed editors changed their paper's name to the *Owlet.*

By 1926, his father had been obliged to retire and there was no more money to be expected from Lakewood. An uncle, however, sent him to Amherst, and there he began a period of tremendous confusion. His tuition and a room in one of the dormitories had been paid for, but he had no money for food or books. He had come so late in the term that there were no jobs on the campus. For two weeks he lived on $25 which he had managed to borrow from what must have been a singularly gullible bank, and then he went to the dean and confessed that he couldn't go on. The dean was sympathetic, but obviously there was no provision at Amherst for such cases. He gave the boy a letter of recommendation and advised him to work for a year, save his money, and then come back. A month later Meredith was a reporter on the Stamford *Advocate*, where the legend persists that he was once sent out to investigate a suicide and came back with all the essential facts except the name of the victim.

Whether this story is true or not, performances very like it seem to have been typical, and in a little while the ex-reporter was on his way to Cleveland in a second-hand Star roadster that he had picked up for $50. Here he opened a haberdashery store with his brother, by that time divorced from the jazz band. It is reasonable to suppose that potential customers felt that nobody who dressed as negligently as these partners could conceivably have anything of interest for sale. At any rate, the customers remained potential and the venture collapsed. Brother George, who seems to have been versatile, took up the study of veterinary surgery. Still driving the Star, and with $50 in his



"They changed their mind."

pocket, all that remained after the bankruptcy sale, Meredith headed back for Amherst. It was the beginning of another year, and this time he was able to get a job taking care of a furnace, in return for which he was given a room, and a job washing dishes in a hotel, which accounted for his meals. On Sundays he got $4 for singing in a choir, which he optimistically imagined would cover books, and clothes, and "recreation." It wasn't life exactly, but it was possible to live.

From the beginning, Amherst seems to have had very little use for Meredith. If the college thought about him at all, which is doubtful, it must have considered him queer and rebellious, certainly incapable of conforming with rational campus and fraternity standards. It was probably right. Meredith's feeling about Amherst, on the other hand, was fiercely resentful. As late as 1935, he wrote an account of his year there, which astonishingly was published in the *Graduates' Quarterly*. In one place he spoke of the fraternity system:

> Then the rushing season began. I went from house to house. They looked at me. They talked at me. The Psi Upsilons bought my car for $40 cash! (What a wealthy crew that was!) I did not receive a single bid. Neither did the Negro boys. Nor the Jewish boys. I don't know why, but none of us did. It appalled me . . . that fierce indestructible social barrier, especially to youngsters full of hope, which was set up by the fraternity problem.

There was clearly no companionship for him on the campus, but there were speakeasies in Northampton, and he went there, the $4 from the choir just enough for carfare and gin and ginger ale. His marks went down, and the greasy dishes he had to wash in the hotel made him sick.

> One day an exponent of the Oxford religious movement came to town. A "Buchmanite." He was impressed, he said, by my understanding, and would like to talk to me sometime. I agreed.

The ensuing conversation was remarkable, however you look at it.

> He said, "Tell me your sins."
>
> I said, "I've sinned in heart and mind and deed. . . ."
>
> He said, "Have you sinned with your roommate?"
>
> "I have no roommate."
>
> "Well—with another man?"
>
> "No, by God!" I said.
>
> "Don't swear," he admonished. "Are you sure?"
>
> "Absolutely."

This was alarming, and so were the righteous and gleaming eyeglasses, but the lonely boy was hysterically grateful at being noticed, even so embarrassingly as this. In the end he began to cry.

> "*Now*," the "Buchmanite" said triumphantly, "you are ready for God."
>
> "What will I do?"
>
> "God will reveal," he advised.
>
> My next thought was to ask whether God would get me into a fraternity . . . and this struck me as so funny—what with me on my knees and everything, confessing what must have been mild iniquities to an Oxford man—that I burst into laughter.

The Oxford man, however, must have been accustomed to levity and hard to discourage, because in a little while the mail brought Meredith a check for $7. The Buchmanites wanted him to go to Boston to testify at a meeting. He cashed the check and bought a ticket to his first prom.

For a while he felt better, but soon things were just as bad as ever. He tried for the dramatic club and was chosen at once.

> That could have been my triumph, my change of heart. But the office declared I was ineligible for extra-curriculum activities because of my studies.

Determined to act, he went over to Northampton to play Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night" with the Smith Dramatic Club, and was nearly dismissed when the dean heard about it. The debts mounted, and the loneliness, and "the continuous blundering sadness" of his undergraduate life. When the end of the year came, there wasn't even money for carfare to get away. Providentially—a last-minute Providence seems to have operated for him as usual—he heard about an annual declamation prize of $50. With only one day to prepare, he memorized the last scene of "Cyrano de Bergerac," bellowed it at the judges, and won.

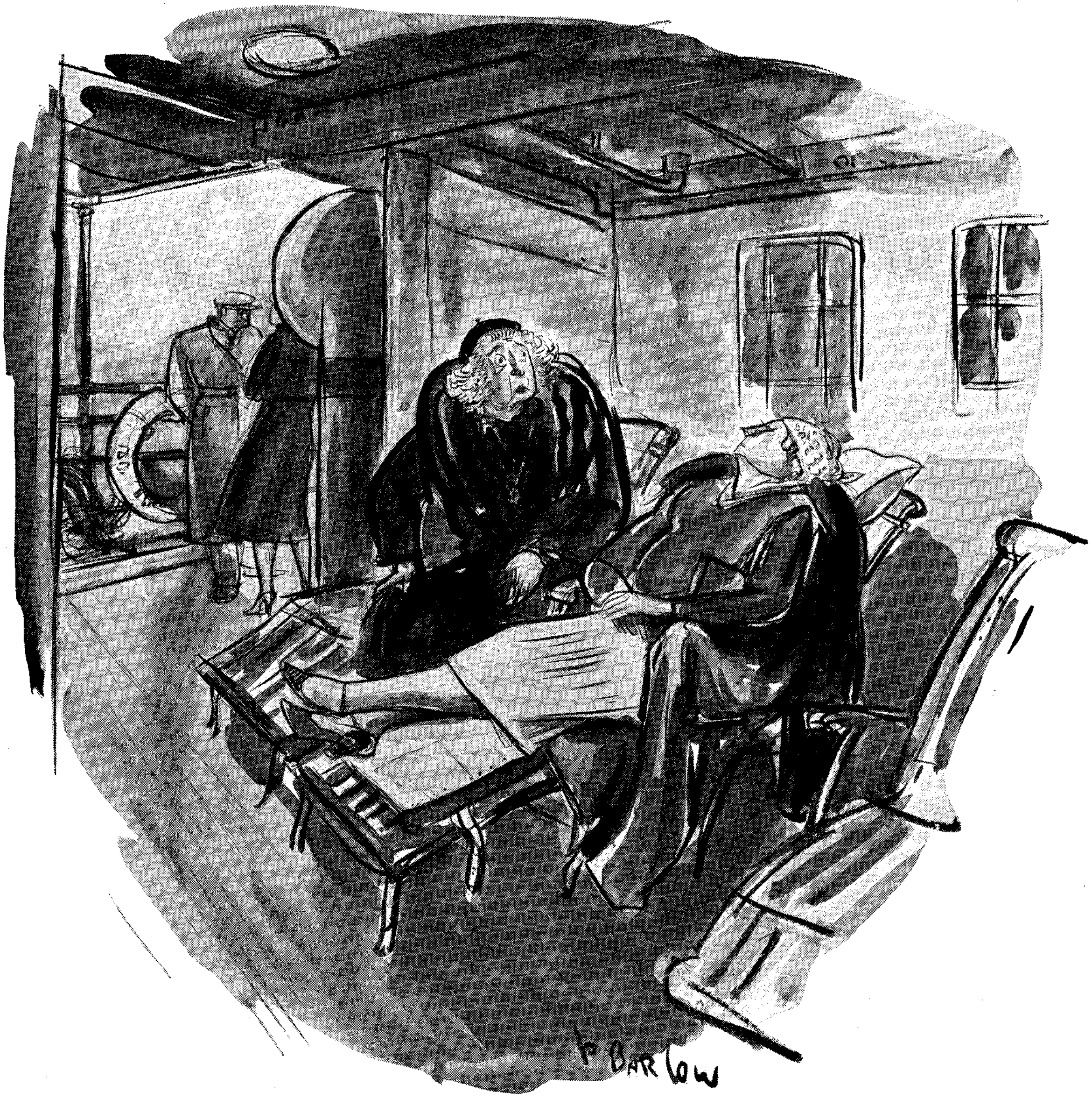
The last words on Meredith's Amherst days come from the editor of the *Quarterly*, who added a deprecating postscript to his contributor's narrative:

> I do not think that this story should be taken as an indictment of Amherst College . . . though there are certain implied criticisms of the fraternity system that will not go unnoticed . . . but if he [Meredith] fulfills the promise of his youth, we must be a bit hesitant about taking full credit for his success.

It seems something of an understatement.

IF Amherst had been sad and blundering, what came next was bedlam. With no money, no especial ties, and certainly no purpose whatever, Meredith joined that strange army of young men, between twenty and thirty, who wander from town to town, doing odd jobs, getting fired, wandering on again. Once, during the Christmas rush, he turned up at Macy's, selling eighty-nine-cent neckties, and made there an occasional, unexpected profit through the very circumstance that his merchandise was so eccentrically priced. One day, in a desperate attempt to keep up with the rush of last-minute shoppers, he gave a hurried lady her eleven cents' change out of his own pocket, and absentmindedly pocketed her dollar. There was, of course, no official record of the transaction, and Macy's never missed the tie. Forgetting to turn the dollar in to the cashier was a mistake that anybody might make, especially a temporary clerk who had been hungry almost as long as he could remember. Thereafter he made it often. Again, he found himself at the complaint desk in the fur department at Saks-Fifth Avenue, which was mysterious because he knew nothing whatever about furs. That experience ended when he told a protesting customer that caracul was naturally expensive because it had been a cold winter, and the little things had retired shyly under the ice. In various cities he sold roofing, vacuum cleaners, and toilet articles, and for two months he was a runner in Wall Street. Once, to his considerable mystification, he found himself back in college, at a place called St. Stephen's in Annandale-on-Hudson, and another time he lived for a week on the free samples that the Shredded Wheat Company gives to visitors to its plant in Niagara Falls. A man, he says, can get very tired of Shredded Wheat. He lived for a while in Brooklyn with a genial salesman of pornography, and after that up on West End Avenue with three young men whose income depended on their dealings with dubious pawnbrokers. Most of the time, though, he lived with another persistent bankrupt over a plumbing shop on Hudson Street. When the electric-light company discontinued the service in their apartment, they tapped the current from a hall light with a long extension cord, but the rent, of course, had to be paid, and that they accomplished by giving "rent parties," at which, for $3 each, the fortunate guests were provided with a lethal punch (one part alcohol, one part red wine, one part water) and entertainment of sorts. After three glasses of the punch, as a matter of fact, it didn't especially matter about the entertainment.

All this had to end, of course, and for Meredith it ended, curiously enough, with an ocean voyage. He had shipped with the Munson Line as a common seaman on a tramp. He made one trip uneventfully, but on the second the lights of some South American port seemed full of promise and he overstayed his shore leave to investigate them. He was brought back to America under arrest, which on a tramp steamer can be a condition of singular tedium. He relieved it as far as possible by reciting out loud everything he could remember, to the deep mystification of members of the crew who happened to be passing the brig. The prisoner himself, however, was pleased with the sound, and although it had never seriously occurred to him up to that moment, he decided to be an actor.



"I shall never forget my second wedding—forty-six people felled by ptomaine."

• •

As any number of sad young men will tell you, it is almost impossible to get on the stage unless you've been on it before, but Meredith was not discouraged for long. From a kindly man in the theatre he got a letter of introduction to Eva Le Gallienne. This letter warmly praised his qualifications as an actor, although it was careful not to say just exactly what they were, and in December, 1929, Meredith became a member of the Civic Repertory Company. He was engaged as an apprentice, without pay, but at any rate he was on the stage. During that winter he lived with his married sister in East Orange and hoped for the best. His first part was that of a servant to Juliet's nurse, and he had one line to say. The parts after that were a little better, though, and by the spring he was getting $20 a week.

For the next two years he alternated between Miss Le Gallienne's company and summer stock. (It was during his first summer in stock, incidentally, that he drove the critic in White Plains so nearly out of her wits.) In the fall of 1931, Miss Le Gallienne left the stage for a year and, except for his appearance in a slightly misguided production of "People on the Hill," Meredith had no rôles. With his roommate, he spent his time organizing something called the Stage Society. This was a coöperative venture in which the two directors and an acting company of unemployed players worked without salary, with an expectation of sharing in the profits. The general idea was that for a $5 fee, subscribers would be entitled to see five plays in the course of the winter. Everybody happily expected this scheme to revolutionize the American theatre, and indeed it might have if it hadn't been for the highly capricious judgment of the play-readers. Nobody now seems to be able to remember the plays that were put on, but among those that were turned down were "One Sunday Afternoon," "Another Language," and "Men in White." The Society dissolved in March still owing its fifteen hundred subscribers one play, which, incidentally, it still owes them and undoubtedly always will.

Twice more Meredith tried to arrange permanent acting companies, operating on a profit-sharing basis, and both collapsed from what seems to have been general inertia. In spite of these discouragements, he still believes the idea is practicable, and hopes to do something about it one of these days.

In the spring of 1932, he went back

to stock, and in a casual interval between performances married Mrs. Helen Berrien Derby, on the stage of the summer theatre at Cape May, N. J. Mrs. Derby was also a member of the company; to be exact, she took the tickets. They were divorced in September, 1935, just as "Winterset" began its run.

Miss Le Gallienne reopened the Civic Repertory Theatre in the fall, and Meredith went back to Fourteenth Street. After playing small parts in "Liliom" and "Peter Pan" (in which J. Edward Bromberg, to his profound disgust, was cast as a Newfoundland), he reached his greatest New York triumph by playing three parts at once in "Alice in Wonderland." For being the Duck, the Dormouse, and Tweedledee, each of which involved elaborate and rather painful makeup, he was paid $30 a week.

The discomfort of pushing himself around the stage with roller skates strapped to his knees, as the Duck, combined with the indignity of wearing an enormous papier-mâché head, as Tweedledee, seems to have been too much, and in March Meredith left repertory (leaving Miss Le Gallienne, incidentally, with three expensive costumes that wouldn't fit anybody else) and entered his first Broadway production. This was "The 3-Penny Opera," and it was so clearly a mistake that, after a week, he signed a contract to appear in Albert Bein's "Little Ol' Boy."

He was paid $75 a week for the "Opera," but "Little Ol' Boy" brought him the stupefying sum of $225. It was undoubtedly more money than he'd ever expected to make legitimately in his life.

"Little Ol' Boy," the tragic, biting story of a reform-school waif, was a critical success, and Meredith's own notices were remarkable. Stark Young, whose prose can also be tart, wrote in the *New Republic* that his performance was "as near perfection as could be imagined;" that what he achieved "was worth a hundred performances up and down the town." Even Mr. Nathan seemed to be pleased. The play lasted nine days.

This personal triumph, however, had its inevitable consequences. After another summer in stock, on November 20th, 1933, he opened in Howard Lindsay's "She Loves Me Not."

The play was a prodigious success, and Meredith, tap-dancing to the balanced periods of a Walter Lippmann editorial, proved his versatility, if nothing else. When "She Loves Me Not" finally closed, however, he got mixed up in another project that must still trouble his dreams. In October, 1934, he signed a contract to broadcast a program called "Red Davis," sponsored by Beech-Nut Gum, for the National Broadcasting Company. Red Davis was described as "radio's typical American boy." He was an athlete and a woman-hater and he spoke with a homely, nasal drawl which his sponsors insisted was characteristic of adolescent America. "Hey, Maw, kin I go out an' play ball" may not have been an actual line in any script, but it was typical of all of them.

Meredith got $350 a week for this repellent performance. In his innocence, he imagined that he had signed to broadcast three times a week; actually, his contract stipulated that he was to appear three *nights* a week, which is something quite different. To his horror, he learned that there was a regular Eastern broadcast at 7:30, a rebroadcast for the states west of the Mississippi at 11:30; and after that a phonograph recording for smaller stations not on the regular network. Each ghastly episode, it seemed, had to be run through three times. As if this weren't enough, almost throughout the series he was appearing on the stage—in "Hipper's Holiday" and "Battleship Gertie" (neither of which can have been much solace to his outraged spirit) and finally in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." In order to get from the theatre to the station in time for the rebroadcast, he hired a private ambulance for $15 a night and went clanging magnificently through the streets. In a way, however, this outlandish double life was a protection. As long as he was acting between 8:30 and 11, he didn't have much time to brood about Red Davis. Disaster came only when one of the plays closed and he was temporarily without a part. Leaving the studios one night, after an especially wholesome Eastern broadcast, he wandered into a Sixth Avenue bar and sat down. While he thought darkly of the Typical American Boy, he availed himself of the hospitality of the house, and when he happened to look at the clock, it was long after midnight.

When Meredith appeared apprehensively at the studios the next day, however, he found the broadcasting executives almost too shocked to be outraged. It was possible that Mr. Meredith didn't realize the magnitude of the calamity. Not only had five million kiddies been deprived of their usual inspira-

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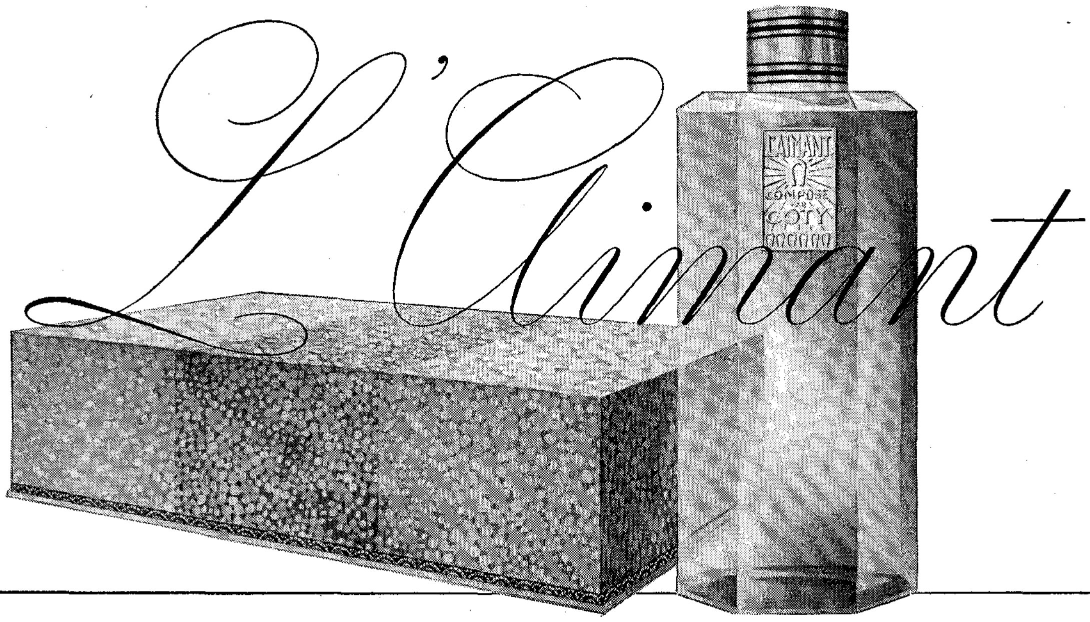
Garrett Price

MAGNETISM IN *Golden* DROPS

When you want to be the heroine of the story, wear L'Aimant, "The Magnet." It knows more about feminine fascination than any fragrance has a right to know! It is a star in Coty's world-famous series of Dramatic Perfumes. In sizes ranging from De Luxe flacon at $55, to the "Purser" at $1. And since every smart woman demands "harmonized beauty," Coty also offers you other creations in the same fragrance... "*Air-Spun*" Face Powder, Eau de Toilette, Dusting Powder, Bath Salts.



L'Aimant

A DRAMATIC PERFUME BY COTY

tion, but his defection, to put the thing as charitably as possible, had cost the studio just exactly $62,000. They had been obliged to put a paid advertisement in every newspaper west of the Mississippi, explaining that Red Davis had been suddenly taken ill. It was a national disaster. It was more than that. There was no predicting the effect this announcement might have on the immature mind; it was even possible that some skeptical infants might think he got that way from chewing Beech-Nut Gum.

Later this preposterous experience gave Meredith a queer, uncomfortable sense of power, but at the moment he simply waited dully for the words that would dismiss him in disgrace from the air. Incredibly, they never came. There can be no question that the executives would have *liked* to fire Meredith, but it seemed they couldn't. So firmly was his special version of the Davis accent fixed in the juvenile mind that any substitute would have been detected instantly. Regardless of its personal feelings, which were strong, the Beech-Nut Company couldn't quite bring itself to break so many childish hearts. Upon his promise to be more careful after that, Meredith was pardoned, and the program dragged uneventfully out to its conclusion. He was Red Davis for forty weeks. It is hard to believe that any actor has ever loathed his creation quite so much.

In comparison with Red, in fact, even his experience in making "Winterset" for the movies must have seemed almost a pleasure. But, in spite of the fact that he was paid $1,500 a week, it was bad enough. On his first day on the lot, he was puzzled when an assistant director gave him a suit of rubber underwear and told him to put it on under his costume. Its purpose was soon only too clear. For ten weeks he wore the rubber underwear while from perforated pipes overhead a thin, synthetic rain drifted over the set. Even this didn't satisfy the Hollywood realists, and from time to time a property man stepped forward and sprayed his face with Nujol from a Flit gun. These things were irritating, and so was the set of porcelain caps which a studio dentist slipped over his own teeth and which almost invariably fell out at the height of his most emotional scenes. The worst thing of all, though, was that the studio wouldn't let him fly an airplane in his spare time, but this somehow seems reasonable enough. Meredith is a student pilot, and neatly typed at the bottom of his licence is a peculiar sentence. "The student," it says, "has a tendency to see double."

In spite of those ten weeks, which might be expected to turn an actor against any play in the world, Mio, in "Winterset," remains his favorite part.

"It was the hardest, pleasantest, and most rewarding thing I ever played," he says. "Hard, because I had to overcome the immense technical hazard of presenting a great and poetic line spoken by a lowly person. Each line, each performance, was a challenge. Pleasant, because the play lifted people up. You felt that all the time you were on the stage."

"Winterset," of course, was also his greatest success. It was the first time he had been starred in any production—he took a picture of his name in lights the first night it went up—and when the play won the drama critics' award, it seemed somehow to guarantee him stature and permanence. Beyond that, it had an important effect on his personal life. Although he had been a featured player for some time, with an income ranging around $12,000 a year, his living arrangements had remained more or less haphazard. He had had an apartment in the Village, but most of the time he stayed at hotels, any hotel that was convenient. The grateful restaurateurs along Fifty-second Street knew him as a regular and prodigal customer. A month after "Winterset" opened, Maxwell Anderson, who seems to have been watching this gaiety with some misgivings, persuaded him to leave New York and take a house in Sneden's Landing, twenty miles up the Hudson. Here he met Margaret Perry, whose mother, Antoinette Perry, has been associated with Brock Pemberton in producing several plays, including "Strictly Dishonorable" and "Ceiling Zero." Her daughter had appeared in both these productions, but she had agitated New York even more fiercely when she married Winsor French of Cleveland in a ceremony which cost $18,000 and involved entertaining two thousand people at a reception at the Park Lane. By this time both Miss Perry and Meredith had been divorced, and they were married at Piermont, New York, on January 10th, 1936. After that, they went to live in a remodelled farmhouse at Mount Ivy, which is near Nyack, and not far from Maxwell Anderson's own house. They live there still. It is a pleasant, casual place, designed apparently by a humorous architect, because no two rooms are on the same level, or even approximately the same level, and the unwary guest going from one to another takes his life in his hands.

Every night, or *almost* every night, after the curtain comes down on "High Tor," Meredith drives out to Mount Ivy in a Packard operated by an Englishman called Wood, who transforms himself from a dressing-room valet into a chauffeur instantaneously by the simple device of putting on a chauffeur's cap. It was Wood, incidentally, who paid his employer one of the most peculiar compliments of his career. Once, at an early performance of "Winterset," a suburban lady fainted from sheer rapture, and was removed. Wood dutifully reported this to the star, and added, "Congratulations, sir. I don't believe that's happened in a New York theatre since Mr. Valentino died."

Meredith's life at present must seem to him very nearly ideal. The Andersons, the McClintics, and practically all the other people he has known in the theatre come to Mount Ivy and talk until morning about the abstractions that fascinate him. His wife is amiably disposed to accept the fact that his conduct is, and always will be, a little unpredictable. For the second time he is in the play that won the critics' award. This summer he will make another picture; next winter he would like to go to London and play at the Old Vic, or else to do a play of Pirandello's called "One Does Not Know How" in New York. His forty-two-page contract with R.K.O. calls for one picture a year, any time he wants to make it, for eight years, and for the final picture his salary will have risen to $3,500 a week. In "Winterset," on the stage, he was paid $750 a week, and in "High Tor" he gets the same thing, plus five per cent of the box-office gross. Professionally and financially (his wife, incidentally, inherited a little over $600,000 from her father, who was Henry L. Doherty's partner), it would hardly seem that he has much to worry about, but Amherst and Macy's and most especially the diet of Shredded Wheat have left him with a mild pessimism.

"When I didn't have a dime for a cup of coffee," he says, "I didn't think *that* was going to last, and sometimes I'm not so sure that this is going to last, either." —WOLCOTT GIBBS

●

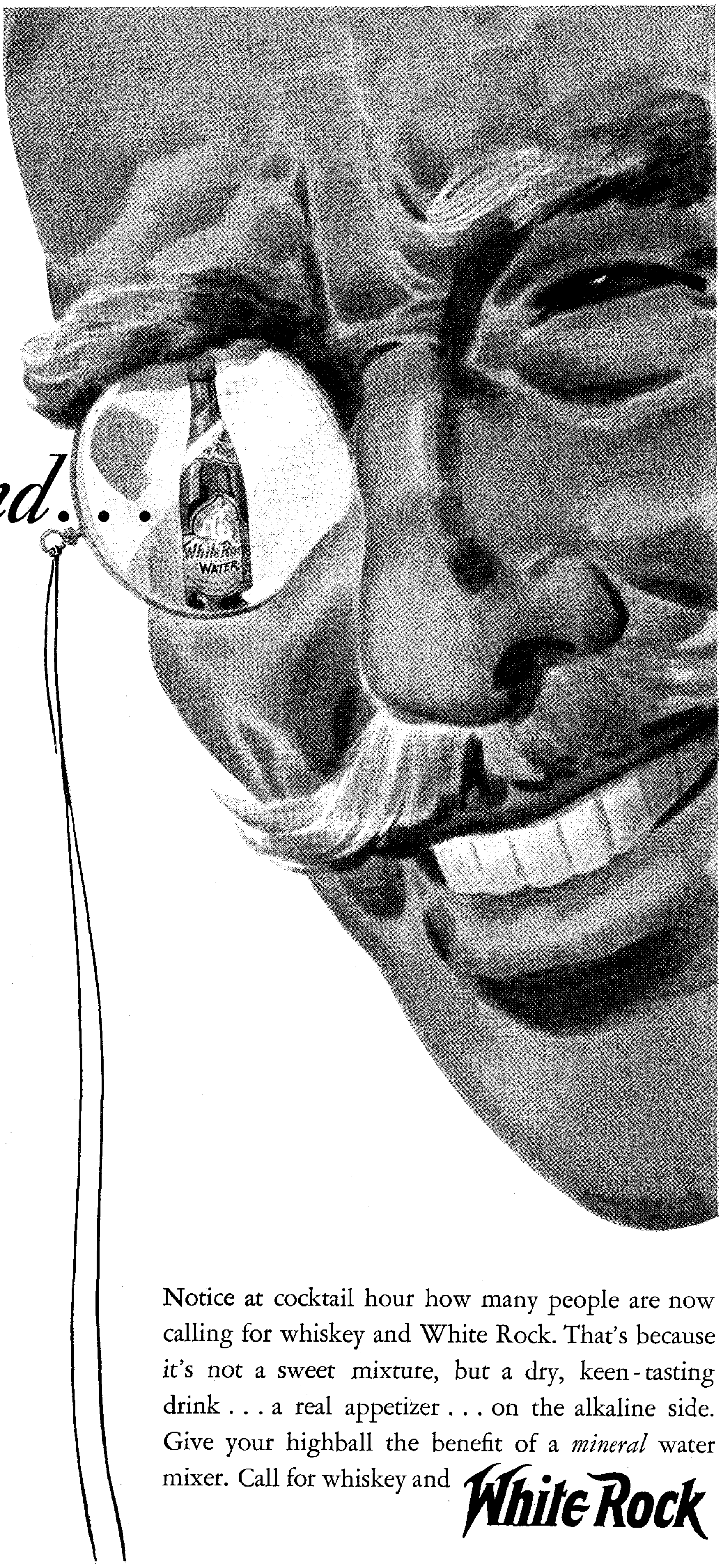
A LESSON IN ENGLISH

BY W. L. GORDON

Words often misused: Do not say, "seven-naught-six," for seven hundred and six. Say, "seven-naught-six."—*From an upstate newspaper.*

And be done with it.

By Jove!
I'll have
whiskey and. . .



Notice at cocktail hour how many people are now calling for whiskey and White Rock. That's because it's not a sweet mixture, but a dry, keen-tasting drink . . . a real appetizer . . . on the alkaline side. Give your highball the benefit of a *mineral* water mixer. Call for whiskey and **White Rock**

Only in du pont rayon

SCATTER YOUR FIELD FLOWERS *on a black or white strap décolleté gown, topped recklessly with a poppy red jacket—Best & Co., Fifth Avenue*

the Flutter-Cool Prints

THERE'S A NEW CREED IN PRINTS. Particularly in summer, loads of women prize above all others cool, clear, fluttery prints woven of pure Du Pont Rayon. Now Mallinson fans the devotion with a new print series. Colors as clear as an artist's originals. Touch as cool as a morning flower. Unweighted drape with dalliance and swing. Fine Du Pont Rayon yarns take extra-clear color—feel cool—require no weighting for beautiful drape. *** Good shops everywhere will show you spring charmers to prove it. The ones we picture are from

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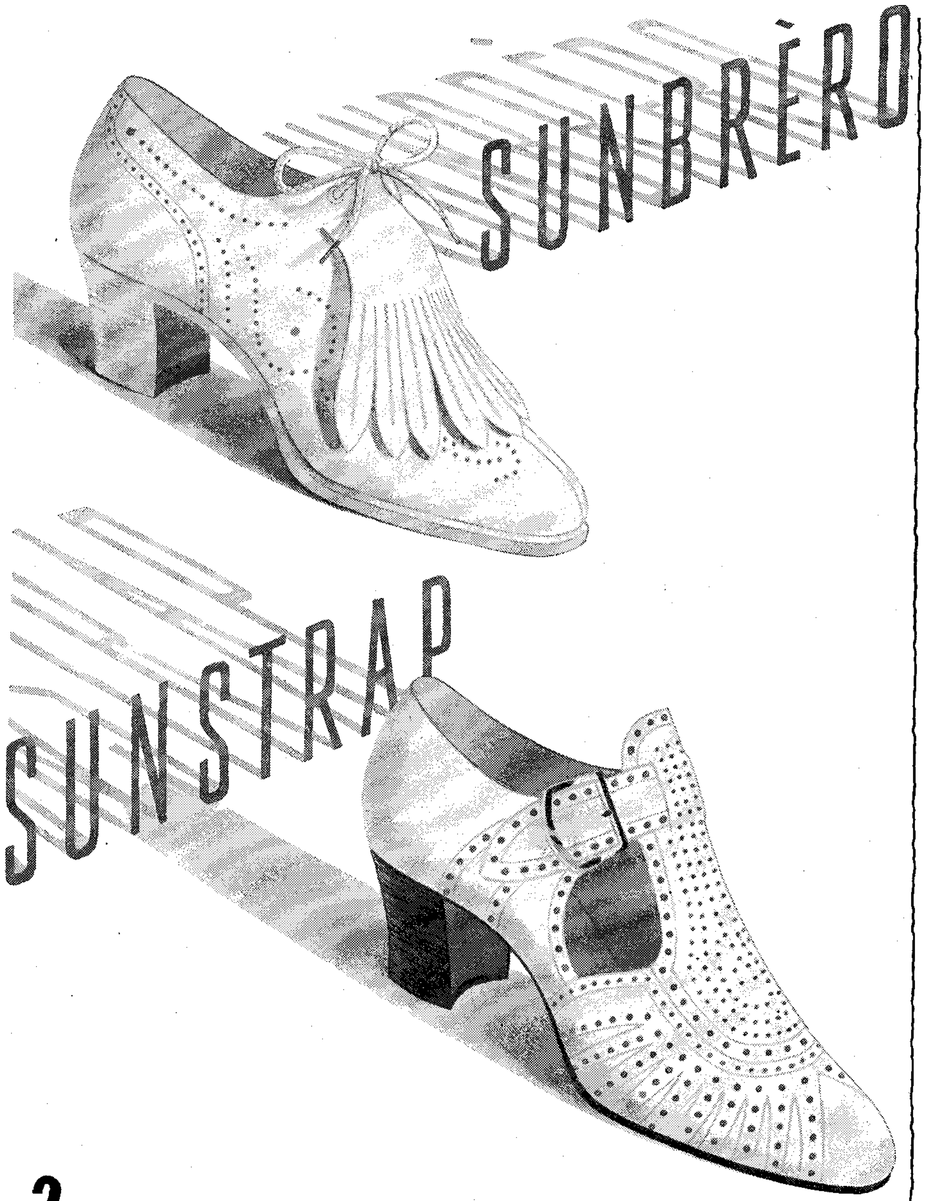

2 NEW, WHITE, LIGHT AND AIRY STYLES FOR SUMMER

THEY are light on your feet, and breezy, these modish new Arnold Authentics. For the perforations which add so much to the looks of SUNBRÈRO and SUNSTRAP are coolly practical as well as decorative. SUNBRÈRO is shown here in genuine white buck; SUNSTRAP in a soft, all-white, pebbled calfskin. (Both come in other smart summer colors, too.) And both are made with the Arnold Glove Grip that hugs your heel and fits your foot like nothing else you ever wore.

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE CO.
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OF ALL THINGS

OUR usually alert President missed a fine opportunity to make a talk on Easter. It was practically a perfect day for a fireside chat.

•

New York is happy about the conviction of the restaurant racketeers. Old-timers say we haven't had such a Dewey victory since the Battle of Manila Bay.

•

Il Duce is embarrassed by the poor performance of the Italian soldiers in Spain. The boys do not seem to have the stuff they showed in the Ethiopian training camp.

•

Kansas has passed a bill legalizing 3.2-per-cent beer. The State found that it could not run a successful desert in such a vast oasis.

•

The Social Security Board refuses to tell people the addresses of missing husbands, wives, and children. In this free country, family reunions are legal but not compulsory.

•

Nebraska's unicameral Legislature is giving general satisfaction. One house is less costly than two, and only half as foolish.

•

As the Quintuplets approach the million-dollar mark, there is a good opening for a new kiddies' book: "Five Little Economic Royalists and How They Grew."

•

It is Secretary Roper's opinion that we can escape a dangerous boom condition by psychological means. For instance, the White House might announce that depression is just around the corner.

•

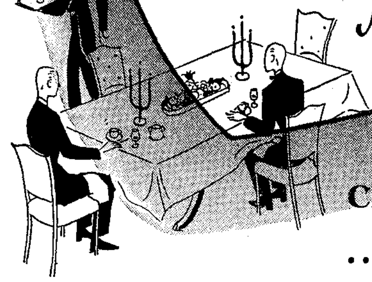
The Fusion managers expect a vote of 2,600,000 next fall. Now all they have to do is keep LaGuardia out of war.

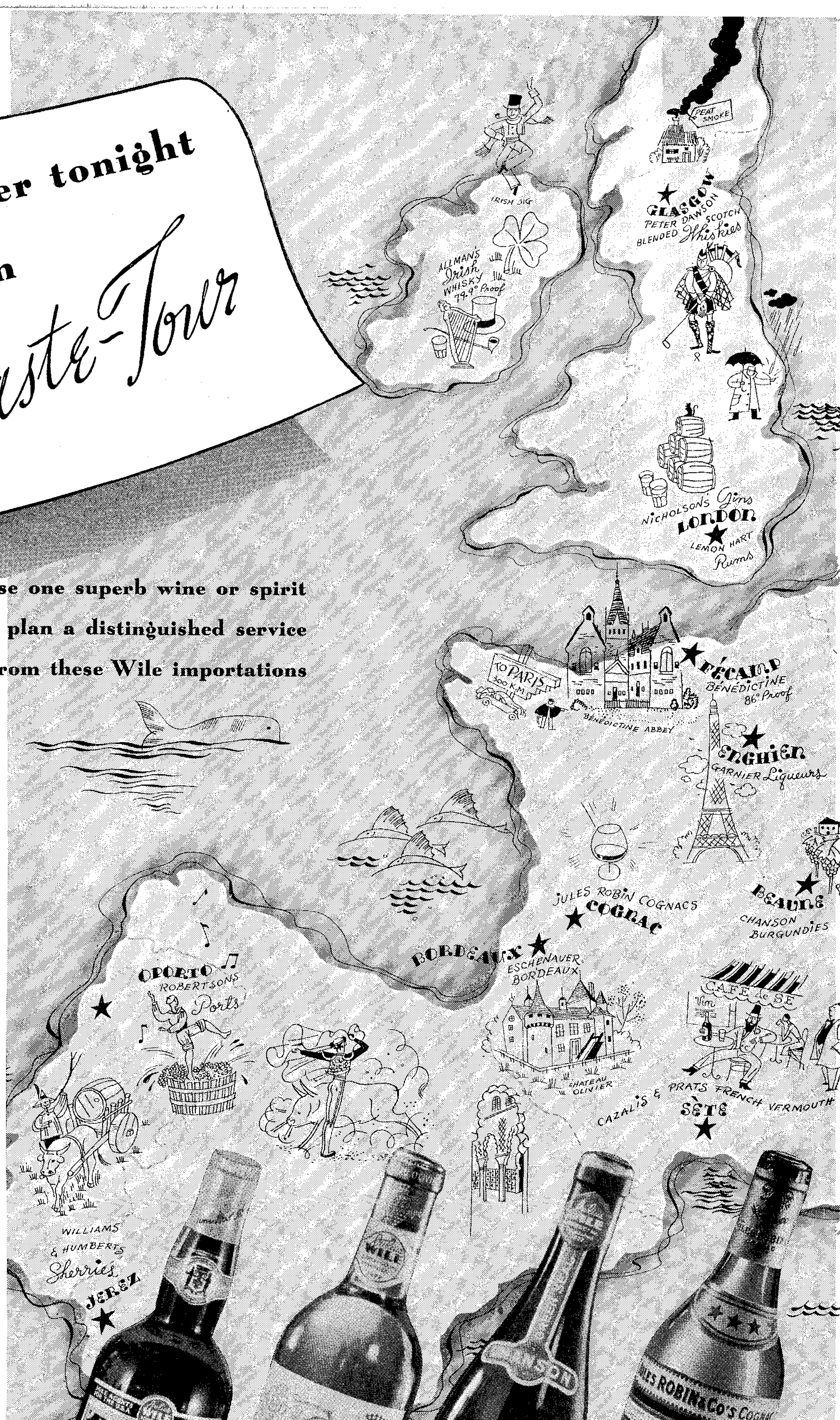
•

An attempt is being made to line up the Roosevelt electors for his Supreme Court proposal. But what would happen to the American system if Electoral College students started thinking?

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Make dinner tonight a European *Taste-Tour*

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GLASGOW
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NICHOLSON'S Gins
LONDON
LEMON HART Rums
TO PARIS 300 K.M.
FÉCAMP
BENEDICTINE 86° Proof
BENEDICTINE ABBEY
ENGHIEN
GARNIER Liqueurs
JULES ROBIN COGNACS
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BEAUNE
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BORDEAUX
ESCHENAUER BORDEAUX
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Choose one superb wine or spirit
. . . or plan a distinguished service
from cocktails to liqueurs . . . from these Wile importations

Just one of these fine imports will add smartness to your hospitality. When you serve two or more your dinner takes on a truly lavish and memorable quality. May we suggest: a delicious Lemon Hart Rum cocktail . . . one or more fine table wines —perhaps Eschenauer's light, delightful Chateau Olivier or Chanson's full-bodied Pommard. And with the coffee—a magnificent Robin Cognac.

These products, of ancient and honorable fame, are imported by Julius Wile Sons & Co. This firm was founded in 1877. Ever since, Wile representatives have "Taste Toured" Europe . . . that you may enjoy great wines and spirits at your own dinner-table.

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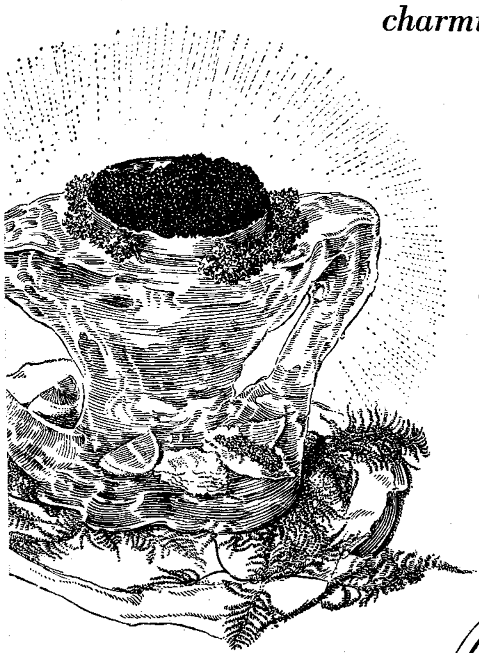
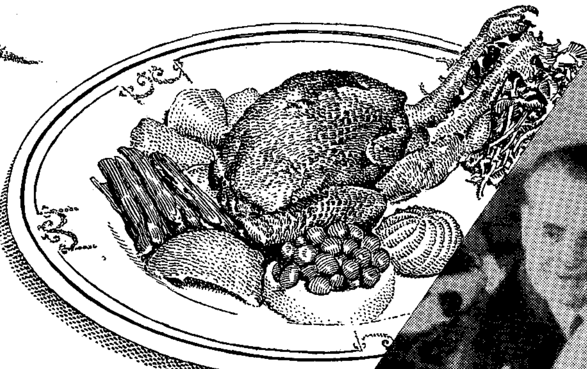
Marguery

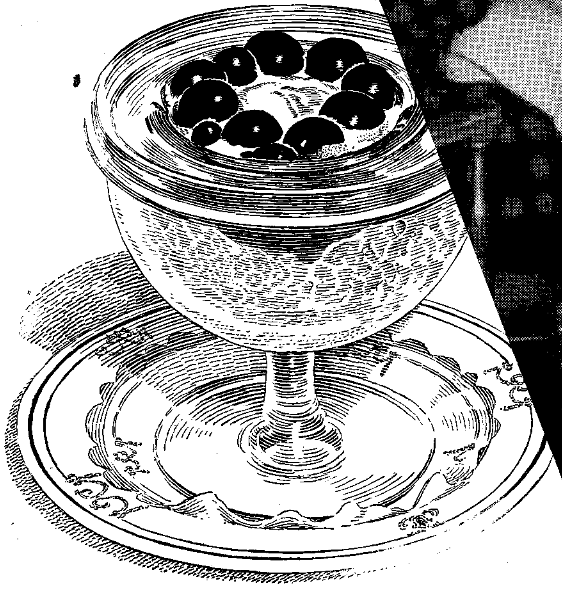
. . . Twenty years on Park Avenue have made this charming French restaurant a New York institution



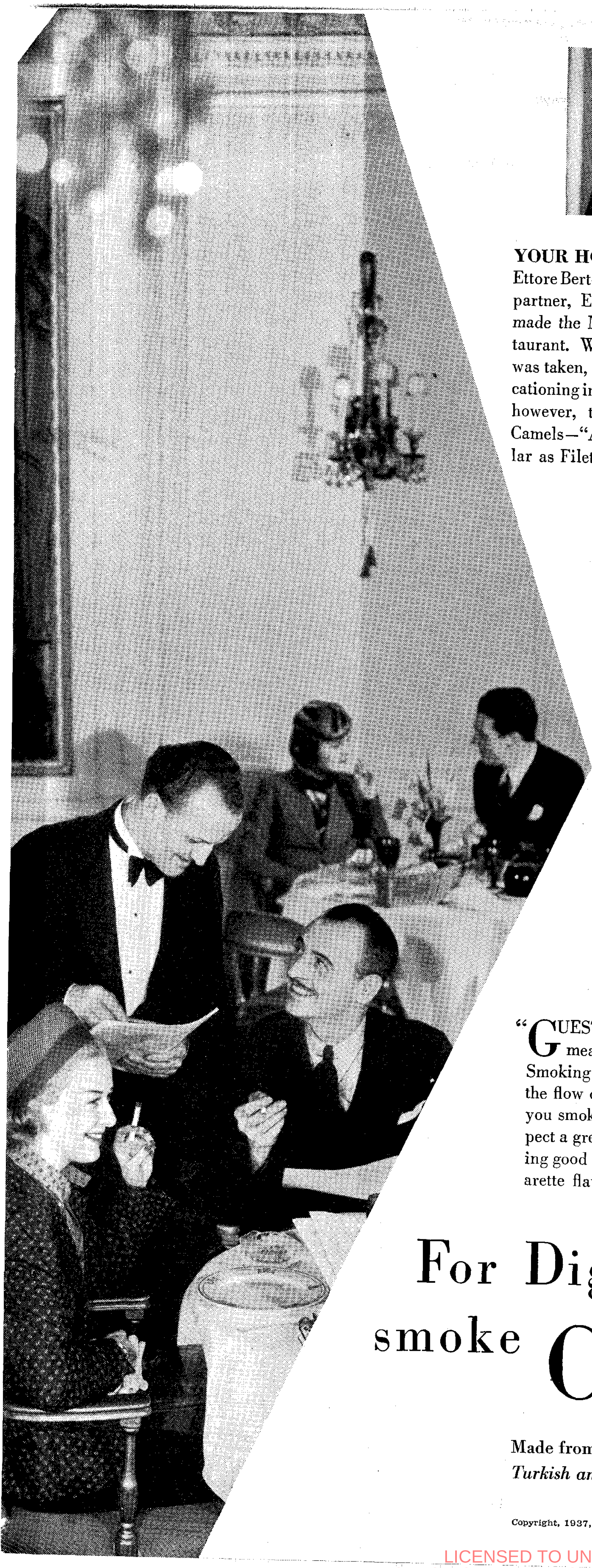
LUNCHEON at the Marguery *(viewed at right)* offers a study in contrasts. Chattering debutantes. Experienced travelers. An occasional retired British officer, over for a bit of a look at the States—military, even in mufti. The Met's newest lyric soprano. Dinner sees the arrival of others whose names make news on the society pages — Morgans, Van Rensselaers, Carnegies. Says the host: "Camels are the favorite here, during both luncheon and dinner hours." Outdoor note: The Pavillon Marguery, with its charming Park Avenue rusticity, opens in May.



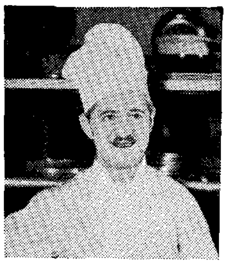
"CAVIAR Socle de Glace, Madame?" A noble beginning *(above)* for a luncheon that will linger in your memory. Or perhaps you prefer a sizzling hot hors d'oeuvre. If so, order Canapé Marquis. Then —just a suggestion, of course —Squab Bouquetière *(as garnished at right)* or the famed Filet of Sole, Marguery. The sole that is glorified by white wine, mussels, and truffles!



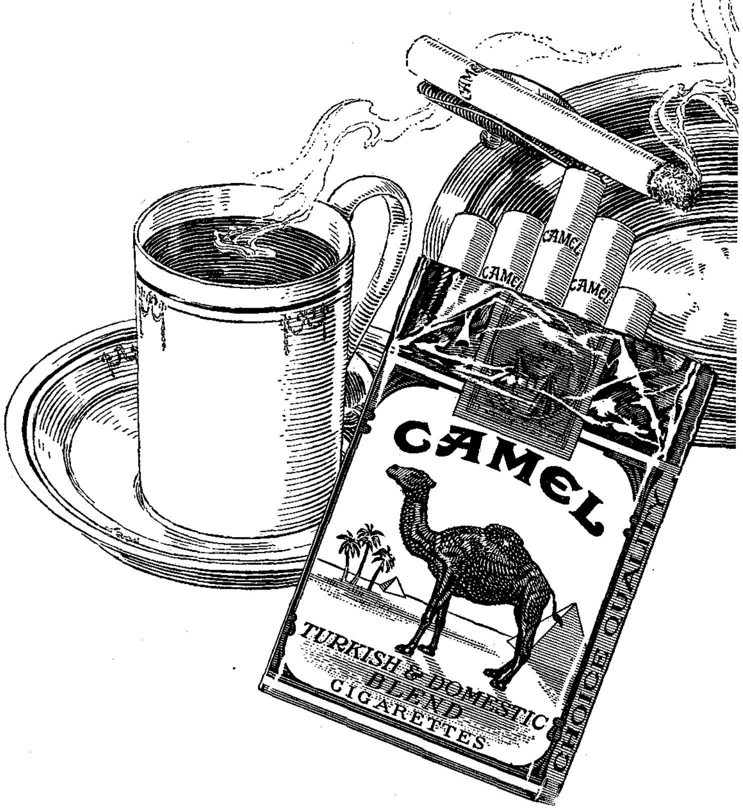
BETWEEN COURSES, pause and smoke a Camel. Camel's costlier tobaccos fit right in with your epicurean mood. And the delicate flavor of the fine tobaccos in Camels accents the delicate flavors in fine foods. So, when your Cherries Jubilee arrive *(as at right)* your sense of taste seems quickened, more appreciative of black cherries, white ice cream, with the flame of brandy playing over all!



YOUR HOST at the Marguery, Ettore Bertona. He and his famous partner, Ercole Marchisio, have made the Marguery a noted restaurant. When this photograph was taken, Mr. Marchisio was vacationing in Florida. He sent word, however, that he agrees about Camels—"As unanimously popular as Filet of Sole, Marguery!"



CHEF ALEXANDER. Since the turn of the century, he's been peering into ovens. When he retires, he's going to let his wife do the cooking. So he says. You get the feeling, however, that there won't be any retirement for this artist whose medium is fine food. Like his father before him, his name is synonymous with fine cookery.



"GUESTS say smoking Camels adds tremendously to mealtime enjoyment," says Mr. Bertona. True. Smoking Camels helps digestion right along. Speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity. When you smoke Camels during meals...and afterward...expect a greater sense of personal well-being. You're giving good digestion a helping hand. And so, for finer cigarette flavor, and for digestion's sake—smoke Camels.

For Digestion's Sake...
smoke CAMELS

Made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—*Turkish and Domestic*—than any other popular brand

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ONWARD & UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

PROGRESS OF AN INFANT INDUSTRY

A BILL has just been passed by the House of Commons in Ontario providing that nobody in Canada may use the term "quintuplets" or the abbreviations "quins" or "quints" in connection with any commercial product without first obtaining the permission of the guardians who look after the rights of the five little Dionne girls. In his New York law office, Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays, the babies' American legal representative, is waiting anxiously for the proclamation which will make the bill law. As soon as the word is flashed to him, he is prepared to go into the American courts and ask for restraining orders to prevent anybody in this country from using "quintuplets," "quins," or "quints" commercially without permission of the guardians. Nobody, of course, has been able to use the name Dionne commercially in the past without paying royalties to the babies. The international plot now hatching will, if it is brought off successfully, make the babies' commercial position practically impregnable.

All this may come as something of a surprise to people in this country who have not been accustomed to thinking of the Dionne girls as a business enterprise, but in Canada, where the newspapers refer to them as "Canada's greatest tourist attraction," "Ontario's most important industry," and "Callander's billion-dollar asset," it is no surprise at all. The last financial statement of the quintuplets' guardians shows that they have already put by $573,000 in bonds and may pass the million-dollar mark some time in 1938.

It is difficult now to realize what an appalling liability these million-dollar babies must have seemed to their father when they were first presented to him. People around Callander, however, remember well those anxious days three years ago, before the world woke up to what had happened and help from outside began to roll in. The problem of financing the babies became urgent almost the moment they were born. Money was lacking for necessities, and some necessities—mother's milk and an incubator, among other things—were simply not to be had in the country around Callander. Help was slow in coming because the newspapers were surprisingly blind to the news value of the story. When the North Bay correspondent of a Toronto paper wired his editor the news, the order that came back was "Send two hundred words including interview with parents." New York papers weren't any better. The Chicago *American's* editor was the first to recognize the importance of the event. He stirred up the other Hearst papers, and together they organized a national hunt for an incubator that could be used in the Dionne farmhouse, which had neither gas nor electricity. A thirty-year-old museum piece, made of copper and heated by hot water, was finally discovered in Philadelphia and was flown to Callander by an *American* reporter. He had to pay duty on it entering Canada.

The first cash contribution came from Mitchell Hepburn, who was then campaigning for the Premiership of Ontario. Mr. Hepburn sent Mrs. Dionne a new $10 bill, with this message: "I hope those five cute little youngsters grow up to be intelligent Canadian citizens and that they vote Liberal." Mr. Hepburn is Premier now, and the five cute youngsters are not doing badly themselves.

EVEN after the arrival of the incubator and Mr. Hepburn's $10 and good wishes, things did not look any too bright to Oliva Dionne, and it is not to be wondered at that he jumped at the first chance to make a little money. The day after the babies were born, he received a long-distance phone call from Chicago. It was Ivan I. Spear, president of the Century of Progress Tour Bureau, and he wanted to exhibit the babies at the World's Fair. (The Tour Bureau, incidentally, had no connection with

"*And this is our game room.*"

Glamourous Entertainment

in the

SERT ROOM

☆

LEO REISMAN

and his famous orchestra

☆

Songs by

EVE SYMINGTON

☆

Dances by

GEORGES and **JALNA**

☆

EDGAR BERGEN

Ace of Ventriloquists • (Commencing April 9)

☆

XAVIER CUGAT

the Tango-Rumba King

☆

Two Performances:
about Nine and Midnight

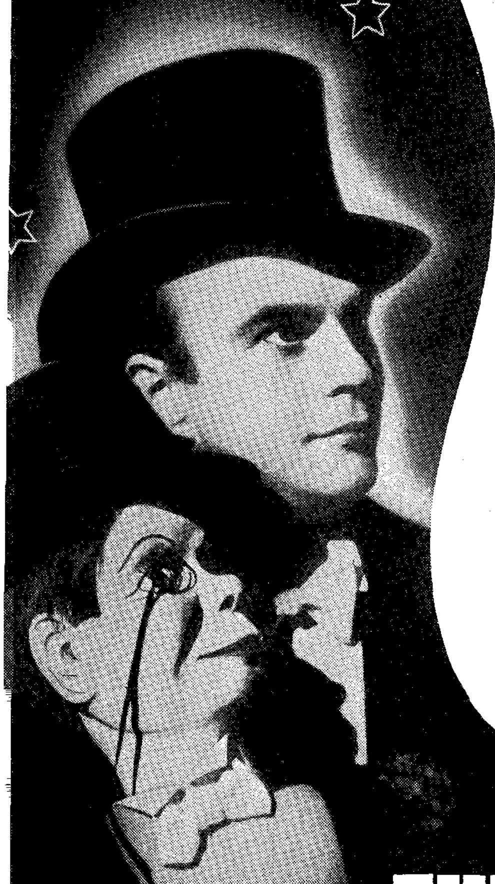
•

Dinner and Supper Dancing

Couvert from 10:30 P.M. • Reservations: ELdorado 5-3000

Starlight Roof ☆ *Opening May 6*

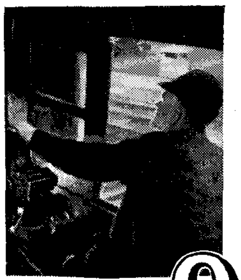
with LEO REISMAN and XAVIER CUGAT.
Beginning July 1: GUY LOMBARDO and
his Royal Canadians.



THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

PARK AVENUE · 49TH TO 50TH · NEW YORK

Let's keep the



ONE of the brightest records of 1936 was the progress of railroads toward recovery.

Freight tonnage registered a notable advance. Passenger travel stepped ahead. Railroad purchases of new equipment were greater. Employment increased. Payrolls increased.

In part, credit for this improvement goes to the upswing of general business conditions.

But in part this advance of the railroads comes as the reward of hard work and resourcefulness of the roads themselves—their determination to go ahead.

Thus they went after and won increased freight with faster schedules, and such special services as collection and delivery of less-than-carload shipments. They attracted greater passenger traffic with faster schedules, courteous service, a steady improvement in comfort, as well as lower rates.

From these betterments in service and economies in operation everyone benefits—the railroads, railroad employes, travelers and shippers, other industry — the public at large. For prosperous railroads mean a prosperous nation.

One hundred thousand railroad men have been put back to work within the past twelve months, with the average earnings per hour of railroad employes at their all-time peak.

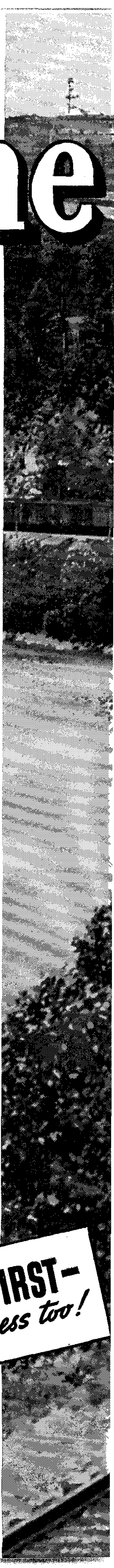
Thoughtful Americans must welcome these signs of recovery after so many lean years. To insure the continuance of this progress they will study carefully all proposals affecting transportation—supporting those which give the railroads freedom to meet competition on an equal basis—discouraging those which will add to the cost of rail operation, impair the standard of service or reduce efficiency.

Let's give increasing business a chance to bring more jobs, as well as better service and fair earnings.

Let's keep the throttle open!

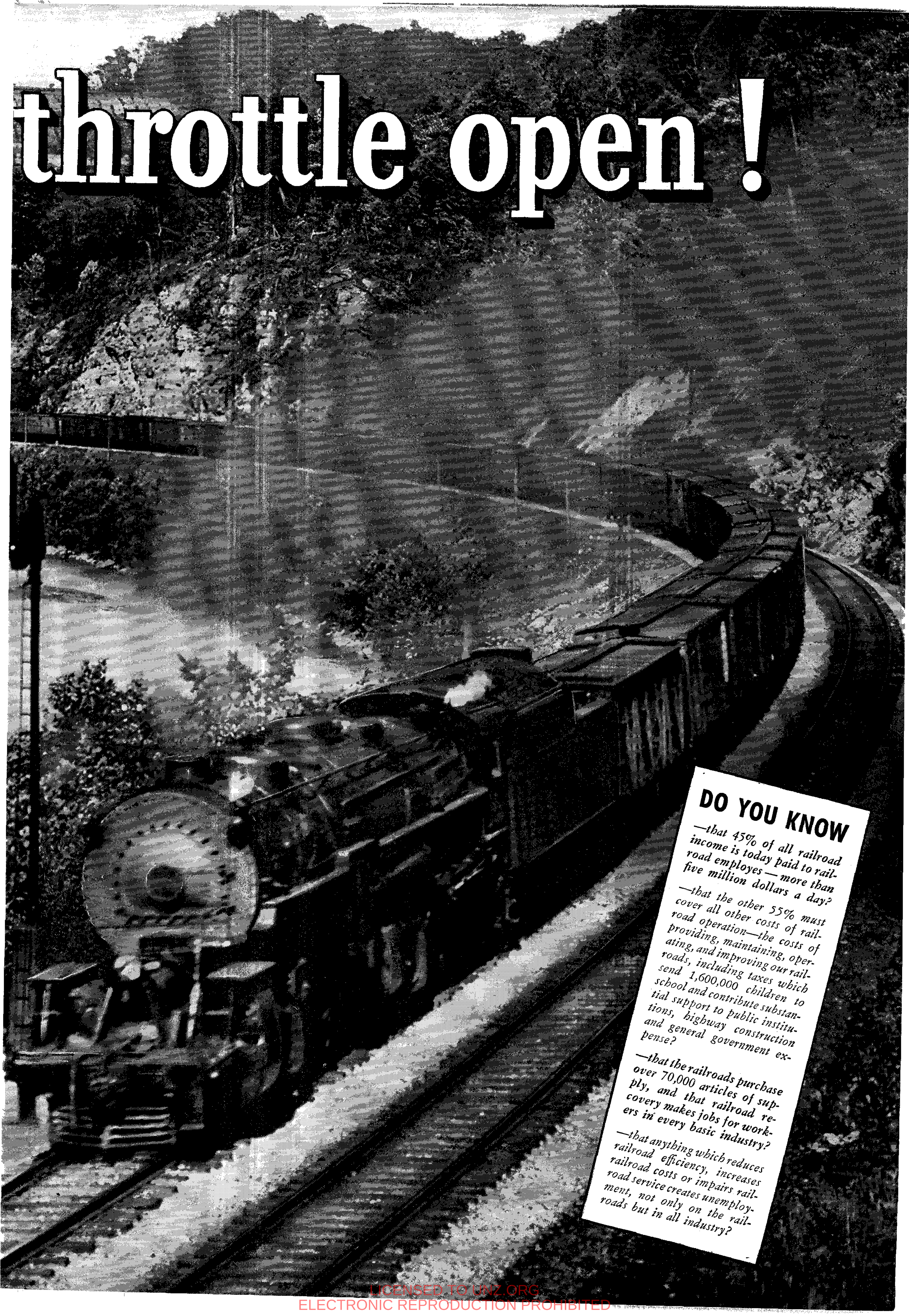
PIONEERING IN SAFETY

The railroads inaugurated the Safety First movement in America and have constantly practiced safety for over 25 years. Their record so far as passengers are concerned is too well known to need comment. The record as to employes is no less notable. Thanks to remarkable cooperation in a steady campaign to maintain safety practices, and to the introduction of countless devices to promote safety in all branches of railroad service, employe accidents have been reduced by more than 80 per cent in the past twelve years.



SAFETY FIRST—*friendliness too!*

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS



DO YOU KNOW

—*that 45% of all railroad income is today paid to railroad employes — more than five million dollars a day?*

—*that the other 55% must cover all other costs of railroad operation—the costs of providing, maintaining, operating, and improving our railroads, including taxes which send 1,600,000 children to school and contribute substantial support to public institutions, highway construction and general government expense?*

—***that the railroads purchase over 70,000 articles of supply, and that railroad recovery makes jobs for workers in every basic industry?***

—*that anything which reduces railroad efficiency, increases railroad costs or impairs railroad service creates unemployment, not only on the railroads but in all industry?*

the management of the Fair.) Mr. Dionne went to his parish priest, Father Dan Routhier, for advice, and two days later signed a contract with Spear. It stipulated that the whole Dionne family was to be placed on exhibition at the World's Fair, or anywhere else the Tour Bureau might decide, for the rest of that year. In consideration of this, Papa Dionne received $100 in cash and was guaranteed twenty-three per cent of the net profits. Seven per cent of the takings was to go to Father Routhier for his managerial services. No profits were allotted to the children. The bewildered father regretted his hasty action as soon as Dr. Dafoe pointed out to him that there was no chance of his infant daughters' surviving the proposed tour. Oliva returned the $100, but Spear held grimly to his bargain, and by doing so did much to force the babies' adoption, later, as wards of the King. Spear is still suing everyone in sight and Father Routhier has been removed to another parish by his superiors.

Even before the signing of the Spear contract, the babies had become front-page news, thanks in part to the impassioned dispatches sent to the outside world by the Chicago *American* reporter, but more to the arrival of Fred Davis, a news photographer sent up by the aggressive Toronto *Star*. Next to Dr. Dafoe (and, of course, the parents), Davis has probably played a more significant part in the lives of the Dionne babies than any other person. Alarmed by the conditions in the Dionne homestead, he telephoned his paper, explained the urgent need for money and supplies of every kind, and suggested that he be authorized to negotiate for the right to photograph the brood. The *Star* coöperated, sending complete layettes and three specially built incubators. Negotiations for the exclusive photographic rights were held up temporarily by the Spear contract. On the third day, the Canadian Red Cross and the provincial government rallied to the call for help and the Junior League in Toronto organized a pick-up service for collecting mother's milk. Offers of assistance from all over crowded the wires into North Bay and Callander.

After help began coming through, there was quite a carnival air about the Dionne home, though no one, especially the Doctor, expected the babies to live. The Doctor used to come out on the veranda, puffing his pipe, and hail the reporters: "Do you want to see the babies? Come on in!" They would all crowd into the little bedroom to observe and marvel. Nothing untoward seems to have happened during the brief period of open house except the bursting of a flashlight bulb, but on the fourth day, conditions changed abruptly. All cameras were barred and reporters were no longer permitted to enter the house. There were two reasons for this: the Spear contract excluded photographers, and since the five babies seemed determined to go on living, in defiance of all medical experience, Dr. Dafoe decided that their best hope of survival lay in complete isolation. Nurse de Kiriline of the Red Cross arrived the next day, and the reign of antisepsis began.

FOR a period of two and a half months there was a hiatus in the financial progress of the quintuplets. The Red Cross, the government, and the daily contributions of milk, equipment, and money were taking care of the babies' immediate needs. During that time the outside world was denied access to the little room in the frame farmhouse where the babies were making a name for themselves. Meanwhile, hordes of promoters were arriving in the north country, bent on exploiting the darlings of the universe. Only Dr. Dafoe and the Spear contract stood in their way. Out of the uproar grew a public demand that the government take a hand in the strange three-cornered fight between the parents, Dr. Dafoe, and the promoters. The Attorney General of the Province responded by acting in his legal capacity as *parens patriae* and instituting a temporary guardianship. With Mr. and Mrs. Dionne's consent, a district court named as guardians Dr. Dafoe, W. H. Alderson of the Red Cross, Kenneth Morrison, proprietor of Callander's general store and a friend of Oliva, and Grandpa Dionne. The Spear contract was regarded as void after that by everyone but Spear, who carried on his fight in the courts.

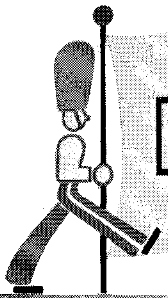
In the first months of the guardians' administration few contracts were made. The first was an arrangement with the Toronto *Star* granting it exclusive news-picture rights on a royalty basis. Another was for a year's endorsement of Puretest Codliver Oil. It netted only $500, and has been deplored ever since the guardians got $25,000 from Quaker Oats for the same privilege. Disturbed by the increasing expenses of their young charges and the fact that the girls were piling up debts, the board of guardians got into a panic when the *Star* contract was drawing to its close, and wanted to bundle up all the rights to the services of the children and sell them for the round sum of $50,000, allowing the purchaser to exploit the various lines as he saw fit. The guardians made the proposal first to the Newspaper Enterprise Association (the Scripps-Howard newspaper syndicate) and Hearst. A week of lively bidding followed between Scripps-Howard and Hearst, during which the bid was run up almost to the sum fixed by the guardians. The Toronto *Star*, however, suggested that many a future headache might be avoided if still-photograph rights alone were purchased. A compromise was finally struck on the basis that N.E.A. should pay $10,000 a year for the rights to make still pictures for newspapers, magazines, and other commercial users, giving the Toronto *Star* exclusive Canadian distribution, and allowing Hearst a call on all the pictures he wanted for one Hearst paper in each city, at the usual syndicate rates. When the terms of the contract became known around Callander, all the *Star* men, including the zealous Davis, were vilified for having scuttled the negotiations for the omnibus contract, thus selling their five little compatriots across the border for an insufficient mess of American pottage. No one realized then how many angles of the quintuplets there were to be exploited. Later it became obvious that an omnibus contract would have been the worst thing that could happen to their finances.

From the time the N.E.A. contract was signed to the present day, the only person who has made a still photograph of the Dionnes is Fred Davis. He has lived in Callander for most of the past two and a half years, spending an hour a day in the nursery, snapping all the pictures you've seen and thousands more that have never appeared in print. Everyone is required to speak French in the presence of the babies, and this put Davis at a loss at first, but he has memorized a speech which he uses whenever he comes into the nursery: "*Parley-voo francey? Oolie oo, bon ami? Boom! Oui!*"

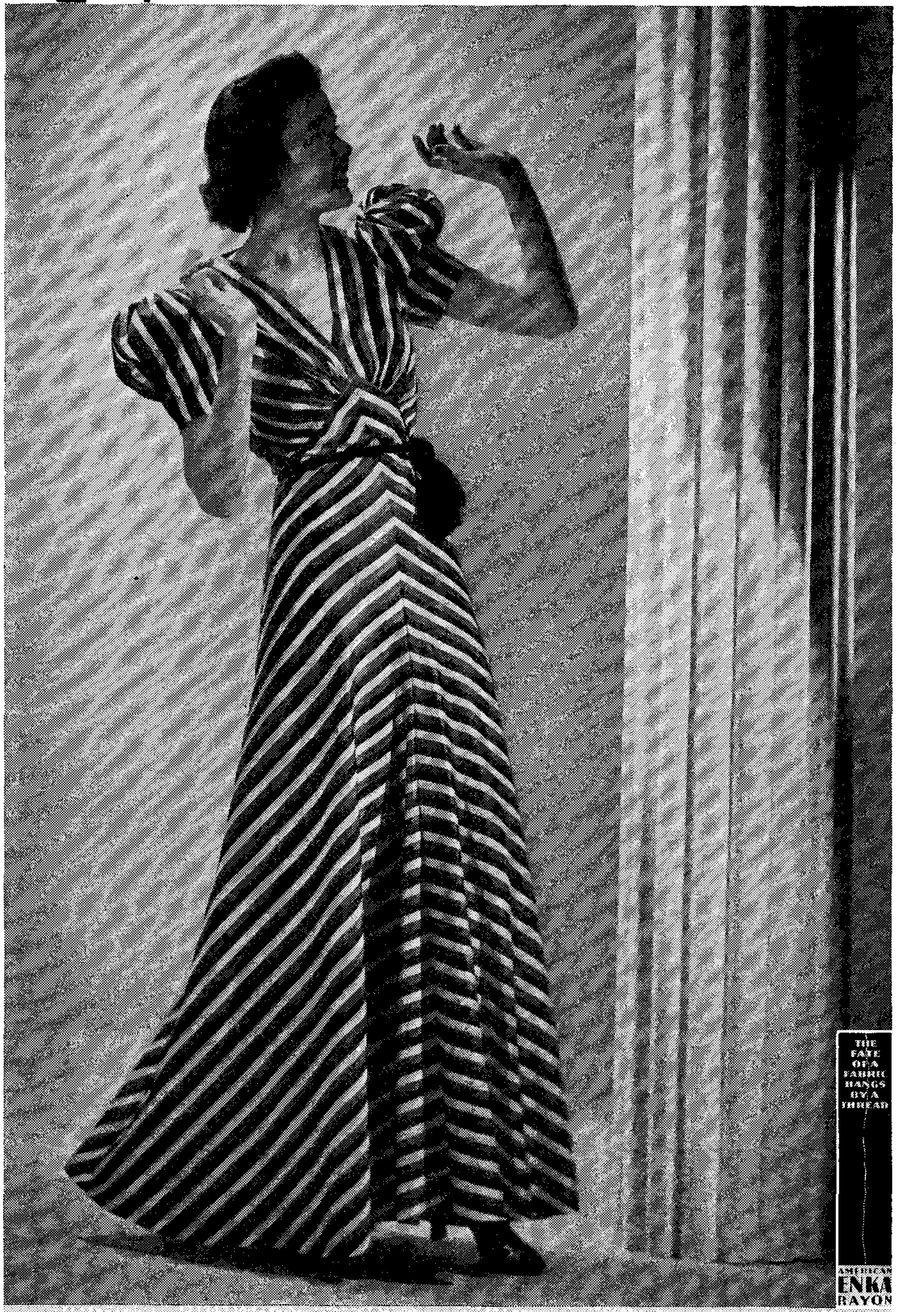
The quintuplets' pictures have appeared in every country, and probably every city, on earth. The two countries where they have received the biggest play, aside from the United States and Canada, are just the ones you would expect if you stopped to think about it—Germany and Italy. The N.E.A. contract was renewed in 1936 for a second $10,000, but when it came to talking about 1937, the price moved up to $50,000. Hearst thought this made the syndicate rate too steep, and N.E.A. had to get busy and hunt up new clients. The most impressive one they've landed so far is Time, Inc., which has bought the exclusive United States magazine rights. The price has not been made public.

THE present guardians are the second lot the quintuplets have had. The first guardianship was adequate until the babies reached the status of a big business, and such complications as a million-dollar lawsuit and a contemplated kidnapping made obvious the necessity of permanent protection and competent business management. Papa Dionne added to the confusion about this time by entering into another independent business deal. He appointed his brother Leon and Leo Kervin, a resident of Callander, as his own personal managers and agreed to give them each twenty per cent of all profits from contracts which he proposed to sign. Under their management, he and Mrs. Dionne made a week's appearance at the Oriental Theatre, in Chicago. Their performance was an embarrassing flop. The Dionnes returned to Callander, by some strange rationalization blaming the Ontario government for the humiliation they had suffered. When the Dionnes appeared in Chicago, Ivan Spear filed suit for a million dollars. The case has come up in court several times, but is still undecided.

About a month after the Dionnes got back from Chicago, the Ontario Legislature passed an act constituting the Minister of Public Welfare of the Province guardian of the "quintuplets' persons and estates," and making them wards of the King until they are eighteen. Welfare Minister Croll appointed to the board of guardians Dr. Dafoe, Judge J. A. Valin, and Oliva Dionne. Oliva has petulantly ignored his appointment from the beginning. In almost every attempt he has made to cash



Darling of the Regiment


THE FATE OF A FABRIC HANGS BY A THREAD
AMERICAN ENKA RAYON

Regimental Stripes swish into Spring. Young dance dress in a tie fabric woven of Enka Rayon. Blue or Red in Misses sizes . . . $29.95

Franklin Simon's
FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET

AMERICAN ENKA CORPORATION • 271 CHURCH STREET • NEW YORK

SWINGING
HITTING
FOR THE SWINGER
FOR THE HITTER

whichever your stroke Kroydon makes a club to fit it!

Are you a "swinger"? Here's good news! Now you can have a club that's made to order for your style of play — one that will give you a well-grooved, rhythmic stroke. It's Kroydon's GRIP-ACTION Hy-Power with the Rhythmic Grooving up near the handle where it increases leverage, and mechanically improves your timing and control!

Are you a "hitter"? Do you like to wallop it for all you're worth? Then Kroydon's HEAD-ACTION Hy-Power is the club for you. It's grooved just above the hosel to carry the feel down near the head and automatically help you with your timing. Result: straighter, longer balls than ever!

See your Pro or Dealer. For FREE BOOKLET write Dept. 447, The Kroydon Co., Maplewood, N. J.

Hy-Power Shafted Irons..............$5.50 up
Hy-Power Shafted Woods............$7.00 up
Rhythmic Hy-Power Shafted Irons $10.00 each
Rhythmic Hy-Power Shafted Woods $10.50 each

Kroydon CLUBS
with the New **HY-POWER RHYTHMIC SHAFT**

in on his unique position, Oliva has succeeded only in being taken for a ride, yet he still resents the restrictions the provincial government has placed on his freedom to get himself involved. At one time he even resorted to the right of every British subject to appeal to the Throne, in an effort to get around the restrictions set up by Welfare Minister Croll. What happened to that appeal is typical of the fate that has pursued Oliva, as well as of the efficient organization of the British Empire. Oliva wrote to King Edward, who referred the letter to Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor-General of Canada, who sent it to Lieutenant-Governor Bruce of Ontario, who gave it to Premier Hepburn, who passed it on to Croll.

When the first guardianship ended, the quintuplets' estate was valued at $151,186. This consisted of cash in bank, $15,728; the Dafoe Hospital, $9,112; Province of Ontario bonds, $10,000; gifts, $1,596; and current contracts amounting to $114,750. For his services covering the period from the babies' birth in May, 1934, until the end of April the following year, Dr. Dafoe was paid $2,200, and he was granted $200 a month for his services thereafter, to continue as long as he is in attendance. Dr. Dafoe, of course, has a supplementary income from radio and from articles he writes about the babies for newspapers and magazines. The parent Dionnes were also granted $200 a month—for what, was not stipulated.

THESE generosities are not reflected in the guardians' dealings with outsiders. All existing contracts were taken over by the new board, and advertisers seeking contracts with it found in Welfare Minister Croll and his departmental counsel, Solicitor Sedgwick, a pair of hardboiled traders wise in the ways of publicity and capable of wresting the last possible nickel for their little charges in any deal. In a short time they managed to build the estate up to twice its former value, without paying anything out in commissions to agents or managers. The fund is still mounting steadily, and when the time comes to split up the jackpot, on the girls' eighteenth birthday, it will probably be up in the millions. The money in the hands of the guardians will be divided equally among the five, of course, and then each quintuplet will be on her own—maybe on her own million.

The Province of Ontario is sometimes embarrassed by its unexpected rôle of artists' manager, and by its success in this rôle. To strike a perfect balance between decent security and unseemly affluence has become a nice problem. The Minister of Public Welfare has denied the repeated rumor that five million is the ultimate objective of the guardians of the quintuplet fund. "This is not an age for running fortunes into the millions," Mr. Croll said. "The whole trend is in the other direction—toward a levelling out of wealth instead of concentration in the hands of a few." In a coöperative, levelling-out spirit, the United States is suggesting that the quintuplets pay income taxes on their American earnings, but the Dominion government doesn't think much of this idea, and the matter is still up in the air.

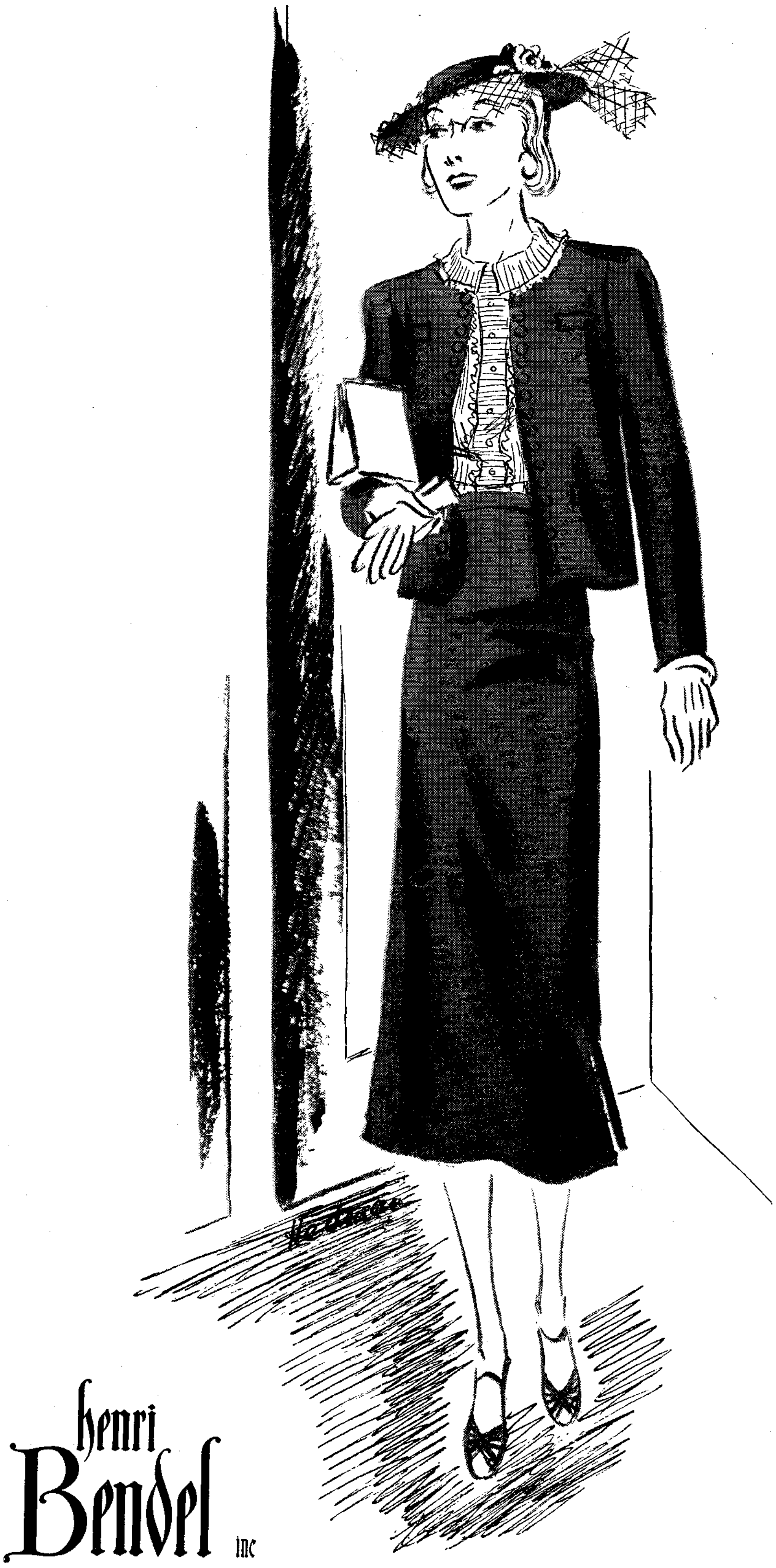
So far, the largest single contribution to the quintuplets' nest egg has come from the movie-makers. Twentieth Century-Fox, which paid $50,000 for the right to make the first feature film, "The Country Doctor," paid $250,000 for the right to make "Reunion" and two other pictures within two years, and undertook further to pay an additional $50,000 at the end of 1938, plus ten per cent of the net proceeds of the three films. Pathé pays $10,000 a year for exclusive newsreel rights, and there have been rumors that Walt Disney may buy the right to make animated cartoons of the children.

Second to the movies as a revenue producer comes the sale of rights to use the names and photographs of Yvonne, Annette, Emilie, Marie, and Cécile, singly or en masse, for advertising purposes. Right now their pictures and proxy endorsements are being used to boom sales of Palmolive Soap and Colgate's Dental Cream, Lux Flakes, Hind's Honey and Almond Cream, Quaker Oats, Carnation Milk, Puretest Codliver Oil, Karo Corn Syrup, Arrowroot Biscuits, Vitamin Pops, Tinytown Togs, a line of snow suits and overcoats, hair ribbons, and Lysol. The Dionnes are also involved in the marketing of quintuplet dolls and calendars, on which the manufacturers pay a royalty, and at one time they

were prominent in the diaper field, but dropped out of that, naturally, as they grew older. They are unusually scrupulous, and never endorse anything which they do *not* use. Usually, too, they restrict their endorsements to one product in each field, so that there will be no conflicts.

Don't imagine, though, that the dignity and restraint which characterize the business dealings of the quintuplets prevail also among rival firms competing for their favors. A good example of the passions they have aroused is the feud that has been going on between two Canadian manufacturers of corn syrup. That trouble goes back to the first meal given the infants after their birth—a mixture of seven parts cow's milk and thirteen parts water, with a little corn syrup and a few drops of rum mixed in. There has been no unseemly controversy between rum distillers over that meal, but the St. Lawrence Starch Company and the Canada Starch Company, manufacturers of corn syrup, went to court about it. The question was: out of whose can did those few drops of syrup come? In May, 1934, a few days after the babies were born, the St. Lawrence Company shipped a case of syrup bearing its proud Beehive label up to Callander and advertised throughout Canada that to Beehive belonged the honor of having been the first food to pass the babies' lips. The response to this announcement is said to have been prodigious, the sales of Beehive zooming, while those of the rival Crown Brand, manufactured by the Canada Starch Company, dropped in a discouraging manner. So discouraging, in fact, that the Crown Brand people sued the Beehive people for $150,000 damages, and asked for an order restraining their quintuplet advertising, on the ground that there had been a can of Crown Brand syrup in the Dionne household before, during, and after the momentous births. (The evidence disclosed that Beehive's advertising expenditure had jumped from $12,000 in 1933 to $246,000 in 1936, and that sales had risen proportionately.) Both factions produced in court some witnesses with astonishingly vivid memories for detail. The decision was in favor of Beehive, but meanwhile the quintuplets had sold exclusive advertising rights to Karo Corn Syrup, of which the manufacturers of Crown Brand are a subsidiary. The Beehive people are still sulking about this.

On all American advertising offers, the guardians consult Mr. Fred S. Ferguson, of New York, who is a sort of



Two-piece Wool Suit with Handmade French Batiste Blouse . . . the feminine version of the suit mode—and charming! The Suit, $75. The Blouse, $20. The Sailor, $20.

TEN WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET ⚜ NEW YORK

This is th

Crown that circles the globe

WHEN a King of England is crowned, the whole world takes notice. It's an event second to none in the history of the world's mightiest empire and in the lives of a half-billion subjects in both hemispheres. And England crowns a new King with the pomp and ceremony that is so traditionally British.

America, too, looks with keen anticipation to the Coronation of George VI. There is such a bond of good will between the two great English-speaking countries that Americans have a natural interest in the forthcoming Coronation ceremonies.

Because of the wide-spread attention this important event will attract in the United States, The Sun will publish a CORONATION ISSUE on Saturday, April 10. This will fill the need in America for an authentic and descriptive presentation covering the Coronation of George VI. It will provide the most complete source of information available in this country. Sun writers have been abroad for months to obtain authentic material and unusual photographs for this issue. A glance over the following partial list of contents will give a fair idea of how interesting it will be to everyone.

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

The life story of King George VI.

Complete details of the Coronation plans, with a map of the route which the procession will take in London.

The Coronation festivities which will continue throughout the Summer in England.

Photographs of the Coronation of the new King's father, George V, and of other famous English Kings and Queens.

An interesting general description of the British Isles from the point of view of the tourist.

Separate, illustrated articles on the dominions and colonies, showing their part in the Empire and historical growth.

Outstanding travel attractions of the British dominions and colonies, together with the Coronation celebrations being planned.

Coronation Issue

SATURDAY APRIL 10th

The Sun

The Newspaper of Distinction in its Readers, its News and its Advertising

NEW YORK

Copies of The Sun's "Coronation Issue" will be mailed at 10c per copy for each paper. This covers the cost of postage, wrapping and handling. Clip and mail this coupon at once with remittance to insure prompt delivery.

THE SUN, CIRCULATION DEPT.
280 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

For the 10 cents enclosed, to cover cost of postage, wrapping and handling, please send a copy of The New York Sun of Saturday, April 10, containing the "Coronation" section to this address:

NAME ....

STREET & NO. ....

CITY .... STATE ....

N. Y.

GLASGOW
BELFAST
LIVERPOOL
SOUTHAMPTON
CHERBOURG
1927 MILES OPEN OCEAN
3175 MILES OPEN OCEAN
QUEBEC
MONTREAL
ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY
NEW YORK

"Let's go the way that has a third less ocean!"

TWO DAYS AFLOAT before you reach the ocean. 1000 miles of sheltered water with lovely French-Canada on either side—time enough to get your sea-legs before you reach the sea. That's the way to sail to Europe!

The *Empress of Britain* crosses in 5-day speed—with *only 3½ days of open ocean!* Or choose the *Empress of Australia*—from Québec to Cherbourg and Southampton. More leisurely crossings from Montreal and Québec to British and Continental ports on the lower-cost *Duchesses* and *Mont* ships.

And remember—it's Coronation-Paris Exposition Year in Europe. Get "39% Less Ocean" booklet and reservations from *your travel agent* or Canadian Pacific: New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Montreal, or 31 other offices in U.S. and Canada.

39% Less Ocean to Europe

Canadian Pacific

unofficial commercial godfather of the quintuplets. It was he, really, who got them their first big contract, for when he is not attending to the babies, he conducts the affairs of the N.E.A. newspaper syndicate, of which he is president. Mr. Ferguson deals with the hundreds of press agents who want to send the babies toys or clothes or lion cubs in the hope of getting publicity out of it. He even censors the advertising in which use of the babies' photographs or endorsement has been authorized, with an eye to keeping it dignified, for on this score the five little Dionnes are as inflexible as Yale. "They could be bigger than Shirley Temple in an advertising way if we wanted to sacrifice dignity," Mr. Ferguson once remarked. Though N.E.A. has no direct interest in the returns from advertising, Mr. Ferguson thinks that if the babies were cheapened, their news (and news-photograph) value would be impaired, and that is why he has volunteered to keep an eye on it.

As the girls grow, their advertising possibilities expand. Two years ago, when they were on a milk diet, it would have been impossible for their guardians to interest a dry-cereal firm in them. Toothless, they held few charms for the promoters of dentifrices. But soon they will be ready to endorse sleds, juvenile books, and bathing suits, and by the time they are eighteen they may attain Camels and, possibly, Calvert. Who knows? The commercial vistas, as one follows them through girlhood, maturity, middle and old age, are staggering.

—MERRILL DENISON

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Error: A statement was printed Wednesday that Paul Willet, president of the Oxford University Press, now visiting the United States, would be guest of honor at a reception to be held this afternoon at the English Book Shop celebrating the opening of an exhibit of Oxford Press books. It has been learned since that, first, the name is Paul Willert; second, he lives in the United States and is, therefore, not a visitor; third, he is not president of the Oxford Press, but vice-president and manager of the New York office, and fourth, he will not be guest of honor this afternoon, nor will he be at the reception, as he is in Boston.—*The Herald Tribune.*

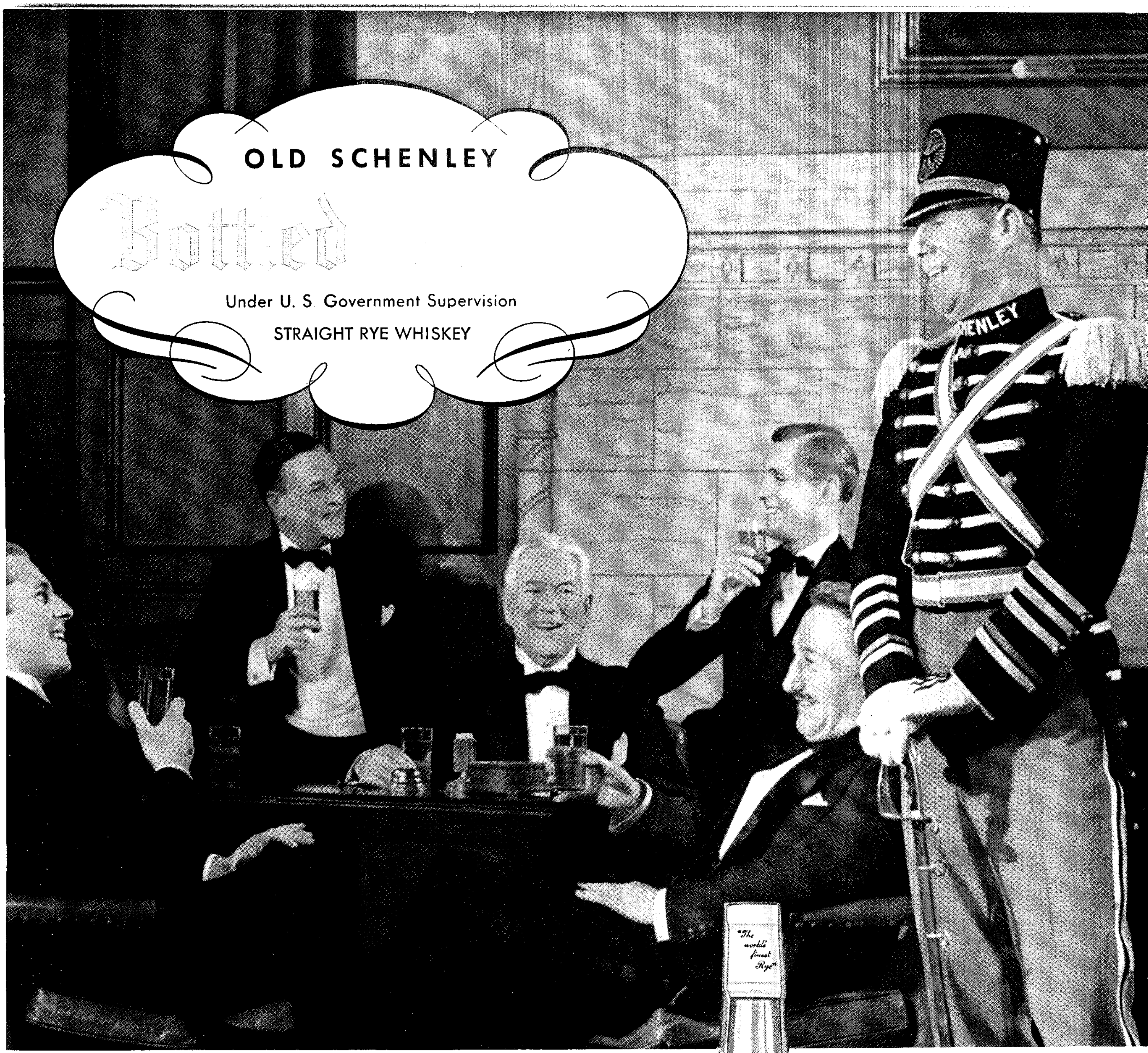
In a way, it's too bad the subject ever came up.

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*From Spur*]

No wonder that in such surroundings Mrs. Brooks can bring aviation into her painting. She has even tried doing water colors while flying her own plane, and intends to perfect this form of art.


OLD SCHENLEY
Bottled
Under U. S. Government Supervision
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
SCHENLEY

Company at Ease!

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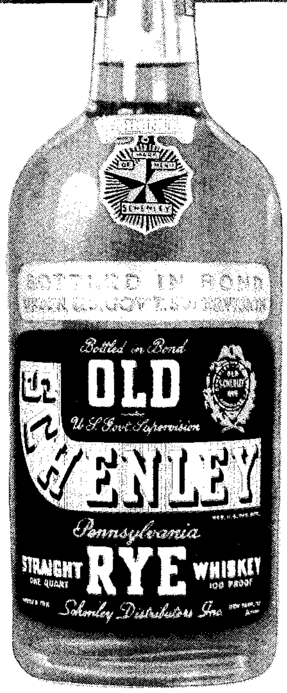
Rich with the flavor of golden fields of grain . . . mellow as an old man's memory . . . carrying easily the authority of its full 100 proof . . . spreading its soft spell over hearts at ease . . . here's the kind of whiskey that gave whiskey its good name.

Company at Ease. You're favored guests tonight. Old Schenley is the Name—for your protection.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The straight whiskies in this product are 3 years and 4 months or more old. 30% straight whiskies, 70% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 10% straight whiskies 3 years and 4 months old. 10% straight whiskey 5 years old. 10% straight whiskey 8 years old. 90 proof.

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OLD SCHENLEY *is the name!*

AUDIENCES!

WE haven't seen such audiences since the best days of Diamond Jim Brady.

They've made this season a sensation. They've filled the box-offices with money-bags. They're jamming the supper clubs, the late spots, the hot spots. They're festooned in furs and finery that set the town aglow.

In this season, of all seasons, the audience has played a star role in the Comedie Humaine of after-dark entertainment.

They are giving more generously than ever of their dollars and their applause.

They find their actions chronicled, their night-going itineraries planned, their most pleasurable memories refreshed, and their anticipations keyed to a high pitch in the pages of

STAGE

The Magazine of
After-Dark Entertainment

50 EAST 42nd ST. **NEW YORK**

THE BLUE PACIFIC

ON the third day out from San Francisco, as I stood near the bar mechanically feeding nickels into the slot machine, she tapped me on the shoulder.

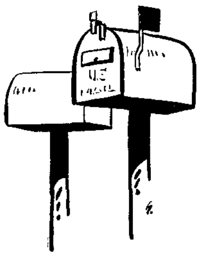
"That ain't the way to play it," she said gutturally. "You put your coin in, and then you walk away like you don't care what happens."

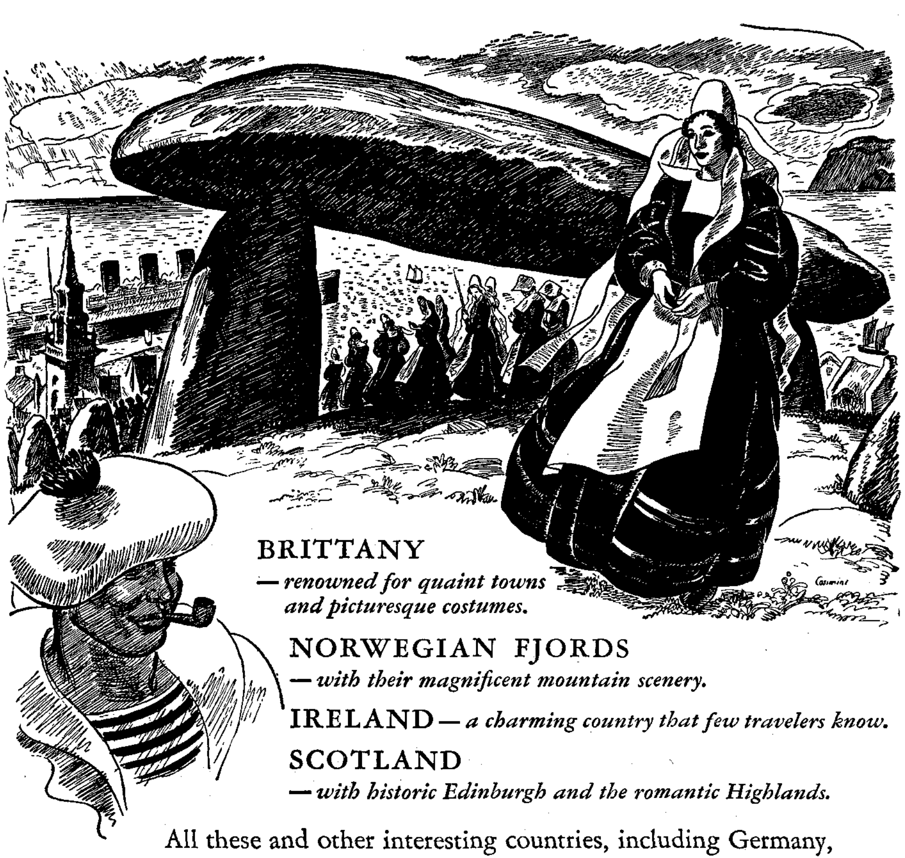
"Is that right?" I asked. I put in another nickel and turned to look at her. She was enormously fat, gray-haired, bronze-skinned, with great liquid brown eyes and broad, thick features. Her English, fluent and ungrammatical, was elusively alien. Together we gathered in the shower of nickels that rewarded my indifference, and when I asked her to have a drink she nodded gravely.

She was from the Hawaiian Islands, she said. Maiki was her birthplace. There, thirty years before, at the age of fifteen, she had met and married a young lawyer from Maine who had come to the Islands in search of health. Their marriage had dispelled the lingering remnants of his intent to return to a political career already auspiciously begun in Maine. She smiled sadly. "I was a pretty girl," she said.

When she spoke of Hawaii, her eyes filled with tears. This was her first time away from the Islands, and the trip around the world she and her husband were just completing had been a nightmare of nostalgia for her. Even now, Honolulu-bound, a great melancholy still possessed her.

"I am worried," she added, tears streaking her cheeks, "about my girls. With the Navy people they run, and I don't like it. Ideas they get. They drink and they dance all night. It ain't good. So thin they are, and they won't eat right. So afraid of getting fat like me. The Islands boys ain't good enough for them; always they want boys from the States. All right, my oldest girl married a fella from the mainland, and what is he? A brute. He drinks, he don't come home nights, he don't support her. What kind of life is that?" She sucked moodily on a piece





BRITTANY
— renowned for quaint towns and picturesque costumes.

NORWEGIAN FJORDS
— with their magnificent mountain scenery.

IRELAND *— a charming country that few travelers know.*

SCOTLAND
— with historic Edinburgh and the romantic Highlands.

All these and other interesting countries, including Germany, Holland and Denmark, are on the program of the Raymond-Whitcomb

Northwest Europe Cruise

Sailing June 26 in the French Line S.S. "Paris"

A new summer cruise along the shores of Northwestern Europe and the British Isles, from France to the Fjords of Norway. With stops at twenty historic, picturesque and important ports in eleven countries, and excursions to many other notable places that ordinarily it is impractical to visit.

This is an exceptional opportunity to visit, with all the traditional comfort of Raymond-Whitcomb cruises, a famous and fascinating section of Europe much of which is not on the usual travel routes or on the programs of other cruises.

At sea, the luxuries and the delightful holiday atmosphere of a great French liner that is an authentic bit of France . . . and the largest ship to make a cruise to Europe this summer. 32 days from New York over the 8000-mile cruise route to Southampton and Havre, with return passage to America by French Line steamships through the year.

Rates, including return, $565 up

NORTH CAPE — RUSSIA CRUISE
The annual Raymond-Whitcomb summer cruise to Iceland, Norwegian fjords and cities, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Danzig and Russia. To sail June 26 in the Cunard White Star liner "Franconia." Rates, $525 up, including return passage to December 31.

CORONATION OF GEORGE VI
Accommodations from May 11 to 14 in the "Orion," largest of liners to serve as floating hotels in the Port of London during the Coronation . . . Rates, May 11 to 14, $75 up.
Choice seats for the Coronation Procession on May 12 in Westminster Abbey Stand. Prices, 18 to 50 guineas.

INDEPENDENT TRIPS IN EUROPE
Independent trips that are especially planned to meet the wishes of the traveler in date, places visited, program and other matters. The cost is also directly in his control, for he can set his own total figure or specify a rate per day. Send for the new Raymond-Whitcomb European folder, "*Europe on Your Own,*" containing a useful, color travel map of Europe.

For particulars see your local travel agent . . . or

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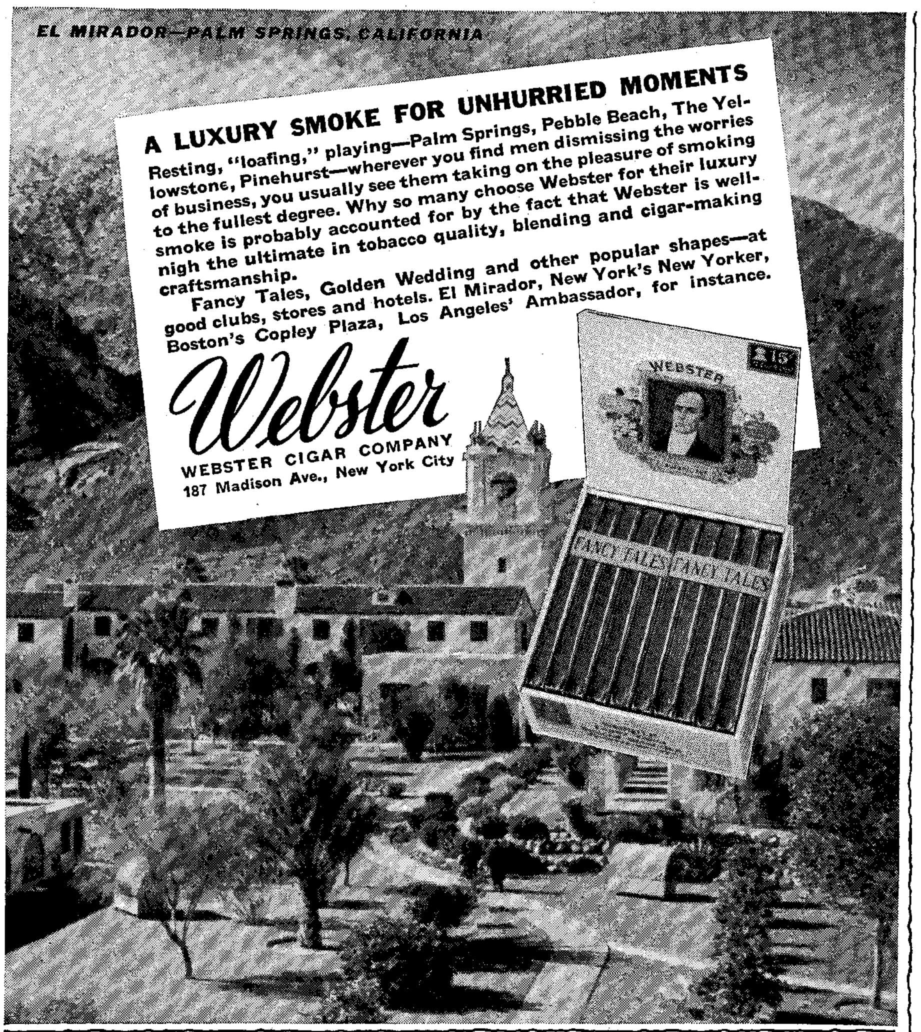
EL MIRADOR—PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

A LUXURY SMOKE FOR UNHURRIED MOMENTS

Resting, "loafing," playing—Palm Springs, Pebble Beach, The Yellowstone, Pinehurst—wherever you find men dismissing the worries of business, you usually see them taking on the pleasure of smoking to the fullest degree. Why so many choose Webster for their luxury smoke is probably accounted for by the fact that Webster is well-nigh the ultimate in tobacco quality, blending and cigar-making craftsmanship.

Fancy Tales, Golden Wedding and other popular shapes—at good clubs, stores and hotels. El Mirador, New York's New Yorker, Boston's Copley Plaza, Los Angeles' Ambassador, for instance.

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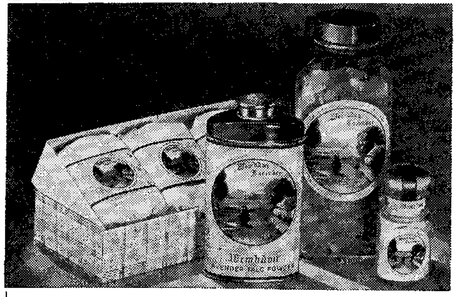
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THE MAGAZINE OF
AFTER-DARK
ENTERTAINMENT

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50 EAST 42 ST., NEW YORK

of ice, and I suggested another drink. "Sure," she said, and her slow, warm smile was charming. "And this time I pay."

SHE was silent until our drinks arrived. Then, abruptly, she interrupted my embarrassed flow of small talk. "My other girls," she continued, "they kill themselves; they won't eat right, they take things to make them thin. I'm their mother, but they won't listen. They never tell me nothing; to their father they tell things, but not to me. I got a good man, but with his girls he is too easy. I tell him a girl's mother should know their friends. I say to my girls, 'Bring your friends home, so I shall meet them,' and they say they will, but they don't. My second girl goes now with a man and we think maybe they will marry, and I don't even know him. I say, 'Bring him here and let me meet him,' and she says, 'Sure, sometime,' but she don't. Is it right a mother don't know her girls' young men? We got a fine house; two bathrooms and a radio we got. I say, 'Why don't you bring your friends home and have parties here, instead of running around outside?' Always away from home they meet their friends. I tell them someday they are sorry, but—" She broke off to greet a woman and a young girl just entering.

"See those two?" she asked heavily. "They're mother and daughter. I couldn't hardly believe it when they told me they're mother and daughter, but they are. They told me so."

"Why are you so surprised?" I asked curiously.

"Don't you see?" she explained impatiently. "The girl travels with her mother. She sits with her. She ain't ashamed. Such friends they seem. I was surprised, I can tell you, when I heard those two was mother and daughter."

—G. SCHWABE

•

Some other topics discussed in the February "Antiques": How to tell genuine Sheffield plate. Modern art and fantasy. Biedermeier—an era and its furniture, finely illustrated. George Washington crossing the Delaware in stitches.—*Adv. in the Sun.*

You mean the time he pulled that killing joke on the Hessians?

•

TOWN OF THE WEEK CLUB

Cheesequake, N. J.
Alternates: Greasy Ridge, O.; Pimento, Ind.; Running Water, Tex.

IMPORTANCE

National Affairs is the most important subject in America today . . . . . it involves everybody, is important to everybody. . . . . . But while everybody is involved and everybody is interested, it is the most important people who are the most excited and interested, the ones most importantly involved.

Important people have important interests. Their position is important. Government action affects them at every turn. So, to important people nothing is more important today than the news of National Affairs.

One publication—The U. S. NEWS—devotes all its time, all its attention to National Affairs—exclusively, completely. In the thinking of many important people, therefore, The U. S. NEWS becomes the most important publication in America today.

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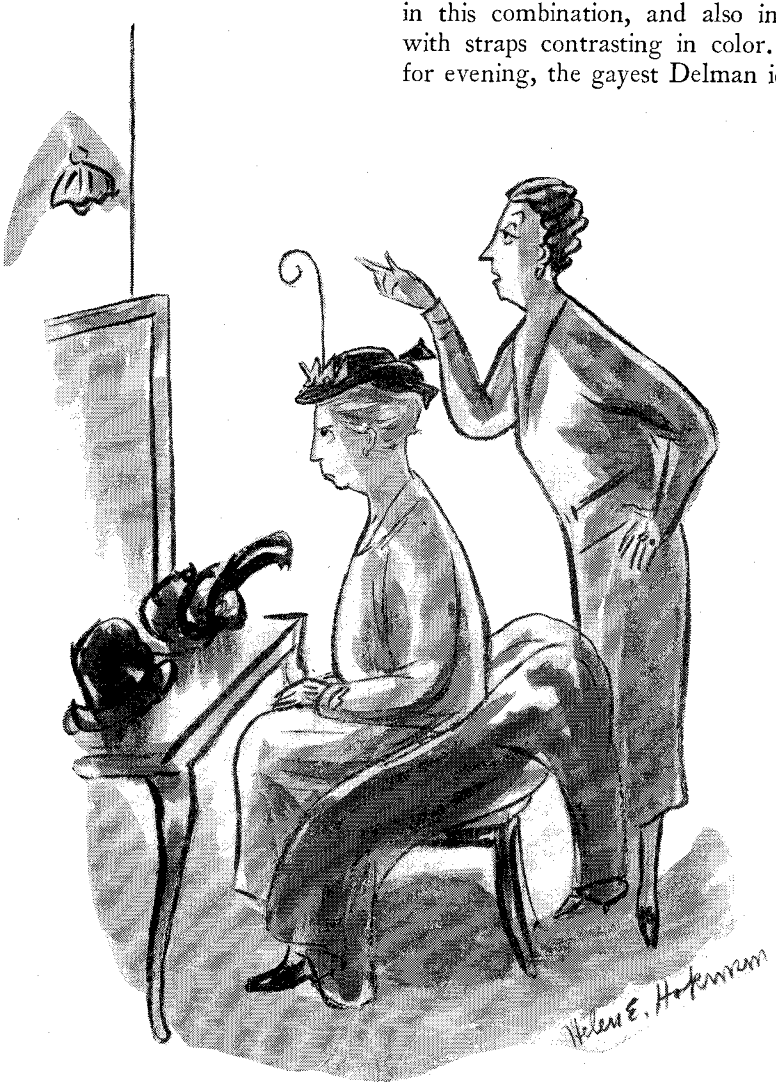
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THAT spring in which tailored suits will be smart has whipped around again, as it does so regularly every year, and this time brings with it more temptations than formerly. Bonwit Teller, for instance, are fully equipped at the moment to deal with every possible requirement in this line. Naturally, classic tailored suits are in abundance, but the gayest new models scoff at traditional navies, grays, and browns in favor of color as brilliant as it is artful. Well in advance of summer, a dusty pink with a distinct lavender cast crops up, as in a Digby Morton suit of rough linen with a brown tie at the throat. And in his suit with a brown skirt and an abbreviated mauve jacket, tied at the waist with a string-leather tie. A similar *dégagé* tie decorates the lapel. This suit is utterly beautiful, whether you have it like the original or with a jacket made of printed suède. Lachasse offers a dusty-pink tweed affair with a short-sleeved jacket that has deep tucks around the waistline to make it blouse like a windbreaker, and darts spread out from the round, collarless neckline. Wherever you go in quest of a suit, it is considered clever to ask to see the Creed models. At Bonwit, you'll behold a red-and-blue-and-beige checked jacket in a new length (fitted, and longer—to the widest part of the hips), with a navy skirt built very high up the diaphragm, and interesting as all the Creed skirts are. Peter Russell's pet combines a yellow-beige-brown color with duck-egg blue. The latter makes the jersey blouse and gloves; the former the skirt and sleeveless vest, which is authentic even to the silk back, and is worn under a checked jacket in that new, longer length. Dashing is the word. Patou's Stop-Go suit has a bright-green tweed coat over a two-piece jumper dress in green and red stripes, with the green stripe whipping the edges like lacing. There are any number of vividly patterned jackets with plain skirts, and many examples of the Schiaparelli technique—plain, heavy, broad-shouldered jackets in brilliant color over patterned skirts, notably those striped in a diagonal line. Fox heads or mermaids (one of Schiaparelli's trademarks this season, and already tiresome) clamp the jackets together at the centre-front. And while you tailored types are up and about, look at the suède creations: the Leathercraft blouses in pastel colors, with all kinds of dressmaker detail—scallops and tucks and shirring and lacings—and the Hermès hip-length coat in bright-yellow soft leather with black saddle stitching outlining the many gores. Similar saddle stitching emphasizes the deep inverted pleats that give an angular flare to a knee-length Alix coat and point out the intricate seaming of the huge sleeves.

Items: Worth's black street dress with white stitching in up-and-down stripes, and the taut red jacket of a material that looks like sacking. . . . Paule Valence's knitted things—his white double-breasted coat that gives the effect of a terry beach affair, and his sombre, clinging dinner dress, with a meshy crochet at the circular hem and on the shoulders of the long sleeves.

I AM one who fought the open-toed sandals for street wear, but the smartest people wore them and looked right in them. The same thing is happening to the open-heel shoes for the street, so I have stopped whining feebly that, to me, there is a feeling of clatter about them that doesn't seem appropriate. Maybe it was Delman's shoes at Bergdorf Goodman that made me quit, for he has the most beautiful oxford, laced all the way up the instep, and the open heel looks charming on it. This and a pump with a discreet open toe and a blatant open back come in alligator in various colors, including "red-head" alligator (which is golden rust, just to add to your confusion). Aside from these, which will knock your eye out, there are perforated calf walking shoes with square toes and heels, and a flat pyramid up the back of the heel. Then, there are sandals of dark mesh, high on the instep, and trimmed with patent leather, or lots and lots of dark gabardine and patent leather in holy union joined together. A shoe with contrasting crisscross bands up the instep comes in this combination, and also in kids with straps contrasting in color. And for evening, the gayest Delman idea is



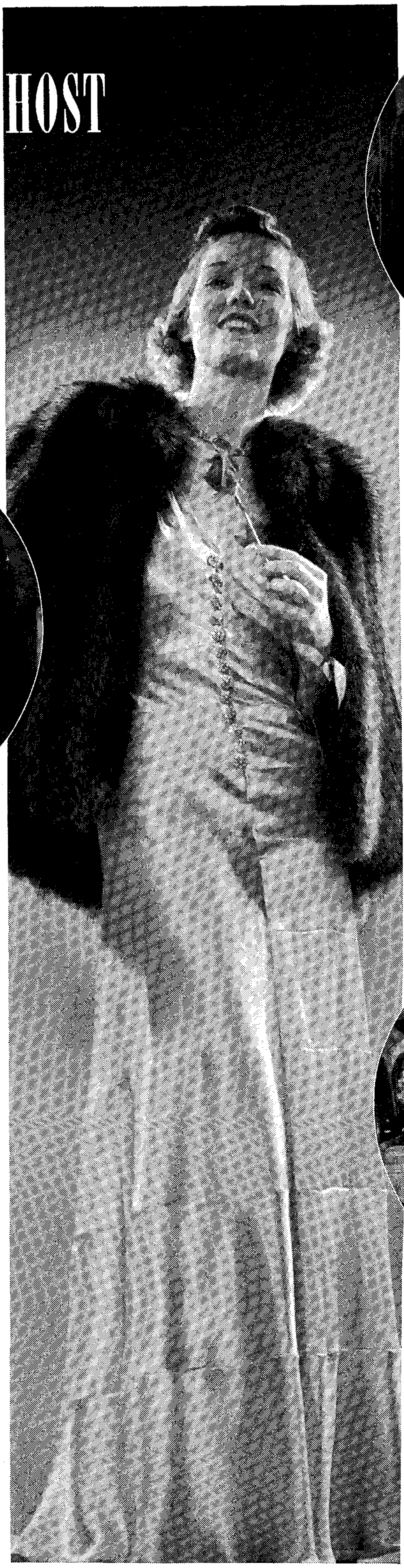
"Of course, it shouldn't be taken too seriously."

PACKARD PLAYS HOST TO THE LADIES*

April 5th to 17th

We're brightening up our showrooms with gay floral displays—planning things of special interest to your charming sex. We've even arranged a special kind of demonstration without the slightest obligation. Won't you R. S. V. P.—in person?

**Oh yes, the men are welcome, too!*



You'll make some delightful discoveries in the Packard showroom. You'll find there the ideal car for a woman's personal use. You'll discover that in most cities you can have a Packard for as little as $35 a month, or less. You'll see a Packard that challenges *any* car for economical operation.

Packard has always been first in the affections of the women of America. So, in grateful tribute to this long-standing preference, Packard turns over its showrooms to the ladies, April 5th to 17th.

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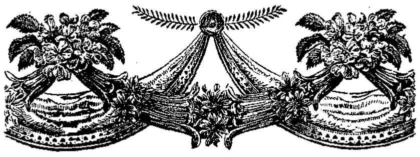
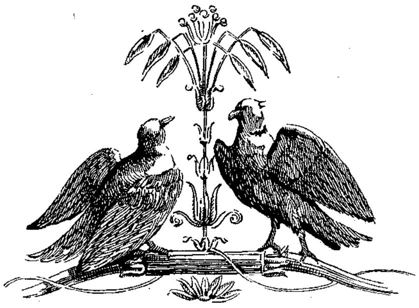
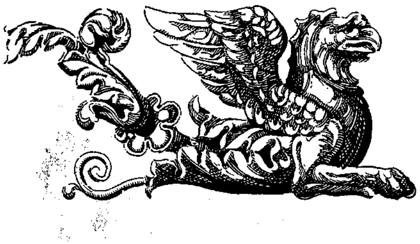


SWAGS



PIGEONS
AND PLUMES



GRYPHONS

and other typical
designs now on
view at

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NANCY
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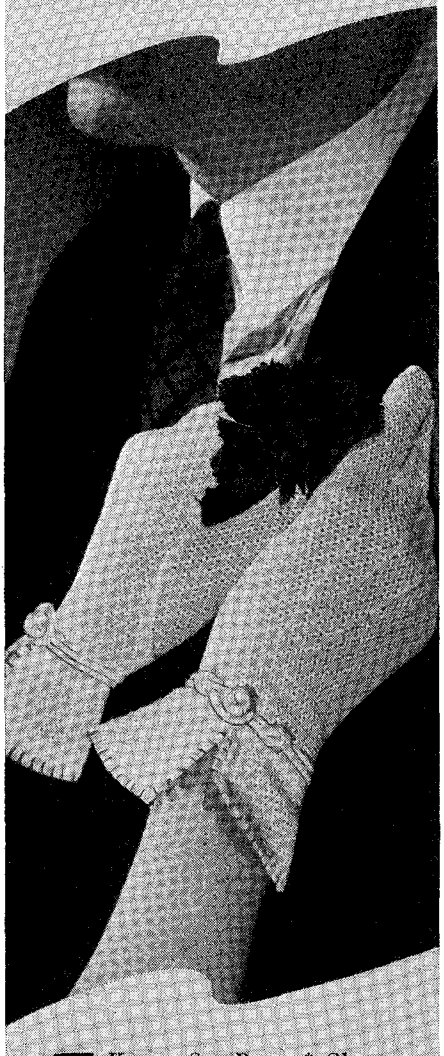
the bandanna boot. Which is misleading nomenclature again, for the "boot" consists of one wide band of flowered crêpe across the toes, and an infinitesimal back that comes around to tie in an angry bandanna knot in front of the ankle.

AT Hawes, 21 East 67th Street, the peasant influence is rampant. She loves full, gathered hippy skirts and tiny waistlines, and the bodices of her dresses are truly bodices, sometimes with Jeanne d'Arc lacing up the centre-front to a deep, square neck. There are two suits here that I wanted for my very own—one of black broadcloth with a very full gathered skirt and a tight, waist-length jacket. The jacket has bands of natural Rodier linen on it to match the full, square-necked blouse beneath. Another tight, short jacket, with a zipper all the way down the front, is of navy wool, with orange suède bands curving over the shoulders. This time, the skirt is made full by stitched godets in front, and the hippy look is emphasized by two huge patch pockets dangling from the belt on each side. Pockets also are hitched to the belt of an elegant tweed coat-dress in a green-and-brown check. The dress is very tight and buttoned to the waistline, and flares in an enormous circle below.

Like every other couturier, Hawes is linen-conscious. A full-skirted black linen dress, with fullness pulled toward the front by a wide suède belt, has a cocoa-colored beige silk coat, also very full and folded in front, over it. And a long fitted coat of natural linen has dark-green woollen bands down each side of the front and part way around the waistline. This covers a dress of a dirty dark-green wool, with lighter shades of the green making a tri-shaded band that wraps round and round the body. The lines of that dress are indeed a beautiful thing. For evening, color, in inspired combinations, runs riot through the collection. Brilliant yellow, with bright-red bands and a hunk of olive green here and there, makes a swaying dress and a short, circular cape. A brilliant chartreuse, combined with red-brown crêpe and silver lamé, fashions a buttoned-down wrap on Renaissance lines (it's got a hostess-gown look) and a trailing dress, tight and décolleté in the bodice. If Hawes goes in for black and white, she uses the wrong side of satin, so that the white flowers are blurred, like a batik. She also makes an utterly lovely all-white dress of chiffon with deep cowl drapery at the neck, and a full-length hooded cape of white satin,

THIS *Spring*

THE LOVELIEST HANDS
WILL WEAR KAYSER
SEA BREEZE GLOVES



Kayser Sea Breeze* Gloves will enhance every gesture... their perfect fit will flatter every hand. Knit of Enka Rayon for elasticity, wear and washability. White and spring colors. $1.00. At Kayser Stores, Inc.

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[From the letter of a working man who paid half-a-week's wage for his shaver, and wouldn't sell it for $100 if he couldn't buy another]

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We thought at first that only men with money would buy the Schick Shaver. To our astonishment we found that working men—truck drivers, policemen, postmen, laborers—insisted on giving up the old lather-and-blade method of shaving to use the Schick.

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More than a million men are daily Schick users. Every day brings new users by the thousand. Doesn't this convince you that it is only a question of time when all men will use a Schick Shaver?

Why do you put off another day the joy of comfortable, painless shaving without lather and blades?

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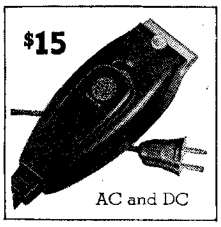
Any Schick dealer will demonstrate the shaver to you, explain the advantages of electrical shaving, and tell you how you save enough on blades, soap, creams, etc., to pay for the Schick over and over again.



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WAKE UP the sleeping beauty in your eyes with a few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara. Transform sleepy, scattered, scanty lashes into long, dark, curling fringe. And presto!—your eyes are ready to work wonders when you're dressed and ready for the day's task, shopping or pleasure.

Avoid any possibility of the hard, "made-up look" given by ordinary mascaras. Use only the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the ever-popular Solid form—for the *natural* appearance that reveals your individual charm. Not lumpy or gummy. Non-smarting, tear-proof, absolutely harmless. Only 75c at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Form your brows into the graceful, expressive curves most becoming to your individual beauty—with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Blend a soft subtle shadow on your lids — with the most becoming shade of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow. See how much it adds to the charm of your eyes!

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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline Cream Mascara, in Black, Brown or Blue, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c.

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Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

with a wide band of chiffon inset down the back in an unexpected sort of way. It's for dream-girl evenings, this one. You will always find certain favorite ways of handling the figure in her designs. She likes to show lots of the chest, so wide square necklines or deep oval ones appear often. The lines of the bust are always romanticized, and she cuts a dress with a view to making every waistline look tiny. The monkey "at home" dress this year goes the whole hog on peasant lines—full skirt of white voile, tight basque of brown linen with green sailcloth trimmings. And with it you are supposed to wear some divine slippers of suède, knotted around the ankles, and saddle-stitched.

WHATEVER Mary Chess does is perfect with me, and her new perfume, Elizabethan, is no exception. It is a luxurious and lovely blend, with a mystic overtone that prevents it from being labelled as floral, and makes old friends ask you where you have been all their lives. . . . Abercrombie & Fitch have a Coronation charm bracelet in 14-carat gold, dangling a gold crown set in tiny diamonds and rubies, and two gold-and-enamel Guardsmen. This is $50. They have Coronation playing cards, too, embellished with pictures of George VI and his Elizabeth, at $3 a pack. The dogged British will still win that War of '76. Wait and see. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Seasonal Fancies

ANOTHER month like the last one, and a great many people who are proud of their reputations for keeping up with things will be panting on the verge of a collapse. All in a few weeks' time, 1937 editions of the House of Years, the Bride's House, and the Flower Show were opened to the public, half a dozen department stores, in a competitive frenzy, put on elaborate new home-and-fireside exhibitions, and the Women's National Exposition of Arts and Industries came back to the Grand Central Palace (until April 3rd) for its sixteenth annual session, this time with two full-sized houses set up on the main floor, each furnished and decorated by members of the American Institute of Decorators and landscaped by Garden Club ladies from New Jersey.

Taken all in all, there was a very decent percentage of good decoration to be found in these various displays, as well as two or three shockers, put in more or less for the purpose of setting

Gervais

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Mansfield

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Quality Shaving Needs—Shaving Bowl, Shaving Cream and Brushless Shave. Talcum, After Shave Lotion, etc.

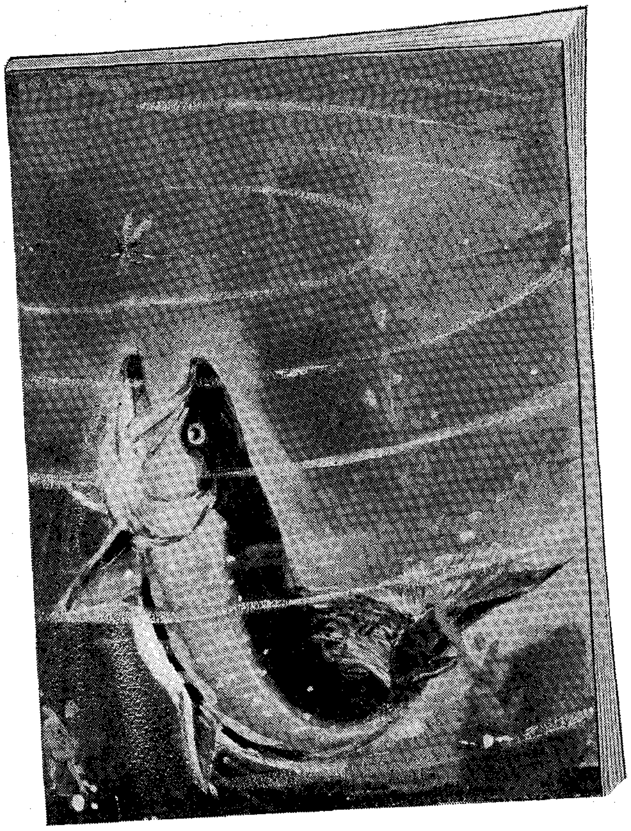
BOURJOIS

you back on your heels (after all, even a decorator has to have a little fun). Two of the shocks were—still are, for that matter—in the House of Years at W. & J. Sloane. They're bathrooms: one done in that beautiful marble paper which Thibaut makes (it's so real you expect it to be cold to the touch), with the tub in a niche lined with padded turquoise velvet, like a stage set; the other papered with Katzenbach & Warren's Constellation in silver and white, and curtained at tub and window with shining metal mesh from Whiting & Davis. People look at this mesh stuff, scurry downstairs to Sloane's Bath Shop to ask how much, find out it's $27.50 a square yard, and then scurry right on out the door.

Lord & Taylor's Tyrolian living room, although several touches closer to earth than the Sloane bathrooms, makes a possible third in the group of shockers. It has horizon-blue walls with a splashing painted panel at one end, great, crude, raw-wood chests and things with the same kind of painting all over them, and tweedy upholstery in stripes. They'll sell you a maid's uniform worked out to go with the room—a pretty, striped cotton thing with an apron-and-cuff set, not too fancy-dress to take the dear's mind off her work. However, Lord & Taylor, a sensible store, don't expect you to be too serious about all this.

The current decorating news isn't entirely in shows and exhibitions. There's the Flower Club, newly organized, earnest, and ambitious to please. You become a member by subscribing, at fifty cents a week and up, for your money's worth in fresh flowers. Truly your money's worth, and truly fresh, for Mr. Paul Tharin, who runs the thing, doesn't keep an icebox. You telephone him at Ashland 4-3424, give him some idea of your rooms' color schemes, name the day of the week you wish to have flowers delivered, and your choice of seasonal blossoms arrives like clockwork thereafter. Right now you may have daffodils, snapdragons, sweet peas, tulips, narcissus, forsythia—great, long-stemmed, dewy beauties in bouquets, or arranged for the table, or even done as a corsage. Mr. Tharin knows flowers, and will be glad to call on you for consultation if you are doubtful about what you want or ought to have around. He is also good at remembering people's likes and dislikes; never will send you anything pink if the sight of it makes you ill.

No season ever gets under way, either, without L. Blau & Sons' com-



To the eyes of an angler

Surely there is no more thrilling sight to an angler than the rising of a trout to the fly! Through a long winter of dreams of fishing, all his thoughts have looked for this supreme moment.

Soon the song of the reel will be heard along the streams. Already members of the unofficial Brotherhood of Anglers are coming to our Fishing Tackle Room—*their headquarters*—and are looking over the world's choice of rods, reels, lines, flies and all that a man needs for any kind of fishing.

Send for 1937 "Fly Fishing Catalog"

Payne Fly Rods (Exclusive New York City Agents)	**$55.00 to $70.00**
Other Fly Rods	**$4.75 to $67.50**
Hardy Fly Reels	**$10.50 to $24.50**
A&F Monogram Fishing Lines	**$11.00 to $13.50**
Scotch Wet Flies	**per dozen, $1.20 to $3.00**

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK

CHICAGO STORE: Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 So. Wabash Avenue

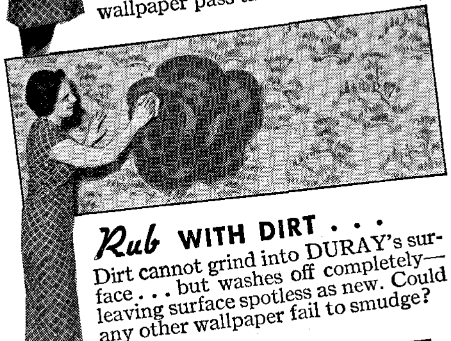
WALLPAPER MIRACLE!

Lovely Dull Finish DURAY *Washes Like Tile!*

GET FREE SAMPLE

Make These Tests!

Smear WITH BUTTER . . .
Rub butter or any grease on DURAY. See how it washes off without a stain or blemish. Could any other washable wallpaper pass this test?



Rub WITH DIRT . . .
Dirt cannot grind into DURAY's surface . . . but washes off completely—leaving surface spotless as new. Could any other wallpaper fail to smudge?

Scrub WITH BRUSH . . .
DURAY's rich, full finish comes clean without "fuzzing," water marks, rings or streaks. Could any other washable wallpaper take this punishment?

No Grease Spots . . . No Finger Stains . . . No Water Marks

● Revolutionary DURAY has the soft dull finish of finest wallpaper. Grease, fingermarks, grime can't stain it. Vigorous soap and water washing won't "fuzz" its surface or leave streaks or "rings"—that's why your rooms keep that "newly papered" look. Test it yourself . . . mail coupon for free samples. Let your decorator, paperhanger or wallpaper store show you DURAY's smart, beautiful patterns and make the startling "Prove It Yourself" tests. Mail the coupon below to CLOPAY CORP., 1273 Dayton Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DURAY
THE "SCRUBBABLE" WALLPAPER

Clopay Corp., 1273 Dayton St., Cincinnati, Ohio
Gentlemen:
I want to *prove it myself!* Please send me free test samples of new, revolutionary DURAY.

*Name*____
*Address*_______________________________________
*City*______________________*State*___________

ing through with some new kind of household service which is just what you need at the moment. Unfailing as ever, they are now ready with a foolproof, non-streak method for dyeing lace tablecloths, towels, spreads, house linens of all kinds. Your wildest color fancies are possible, regardless of the original shade of the linens or laces; if necessary, they'll bleach out a dark color, then tint to any delicate pastel. They won't balk at dyeing a discolored lace tablecloth Kelly green, or plum, or any of the spectacular colors that Leila Ranger used to do so well and that practically no one else ever has been willing to undertake since; and their work on bath towels is sensational: miscellaneous leftovers bearing no relation to each other become sets overnight. Blau headquarters in New York are at 754 Madison Avenue (65th).

IN time to take the early-morning spring chill out of bathrooms and dressing rooms, the Burnham Boiler Corporation has brought out a little portable steam radiator, electrically worked and thermostat-controlled. It comes in five- to ten-section sizes ($40 to $60), looks like any apartment-house radiator, heats up fast, and, if you walk off leaving it plugged in somewhere, the thermostat stops the current before things go too far. You can see and try this at the Burden Industrial Appliance display rooms, 30 Church Street, and at the Architect's Samples Corporation, 101 Park Avenue (40th).

Also valuable at this time, or any other, is Kent-Costikyan's contribution to the better life, a clear, almond-scented liquid called Dog-Tex, which you apply as fast as possible to carpets and upholstery after your household pet has broken training again. I am unable to give a first-hand account of the merits of this stuff, but the reports I get from the owners of pets with minds of their own are that, provided you work fast, all traces of an accident disappear entirely after liberal applications of Dog-Tex. It doesn't do much for old, established stains, but seems to be effective as late as twenty-four hours after new ones, which isn't bad. Works with cats, too. Kent-Costikyan's service division, 711 Fifth Avenue, will mail a pint bottle to you for $1.25. It is also sold in department stores.

A GREAT many people have tried their hands by this time at Mr. Ree, the murder board game, without any urging from me. A great many more, however, may be interested to

Beau Bacchus
SAYS:

There's never a horse that can't be rode, and never a man that can't be throwed, but I've never been throwed by **MOËT.**

MOËT & CHANDON
ESTABLISHED 1743
Champagne
IMPERIAL CROWN WHITE SEAL
LABOURDETTE IMPORTING CORP.
745 Fifth Avenue, New York

After the theatre in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar
THE INIMITABLE
DWIGHT FISKE
IN HIS STORIES AT THE PIANO
●
EMILE PETTI
and his Cosmopolitans

THE COCKTAIL HOUR
Dancing Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE • 58th TO 59th STREETS

know that this concrete version of the parlor game that turned countless parties into a shambles some three or four years ago is fun. The board has a cross-section of somebody's Aunt Cora's house and grounds, the latter fearsome and mysterious with potential murder spots called the Well, the Woodshed, the Pergola, the Gate. Character pawns, guests at Aunt Cora's houseparty, move about the board on the drawing of secret instruction cards, carrying out a murder-mystery plot which has a different solution every time you play. One point of strong appeal about Mr. Ree is that not only is it difficult to solve the murder after it has been committed, but it is a hard job to get your murdering done in the first place; whoever is elected murderer by the cards has to plan like mad. Another point is that Mr. Ree has the advantage of being played with fascinating little weapons (hatchet, gun, knife, poison flask) which, in the course of the game, are concealed inside the character pawns, made hollow for the purpose. You need a good man for the Mr. Ree, or detective character. For that matter, you need four to six good, alert players for the whole setup, or it's not much use playing.

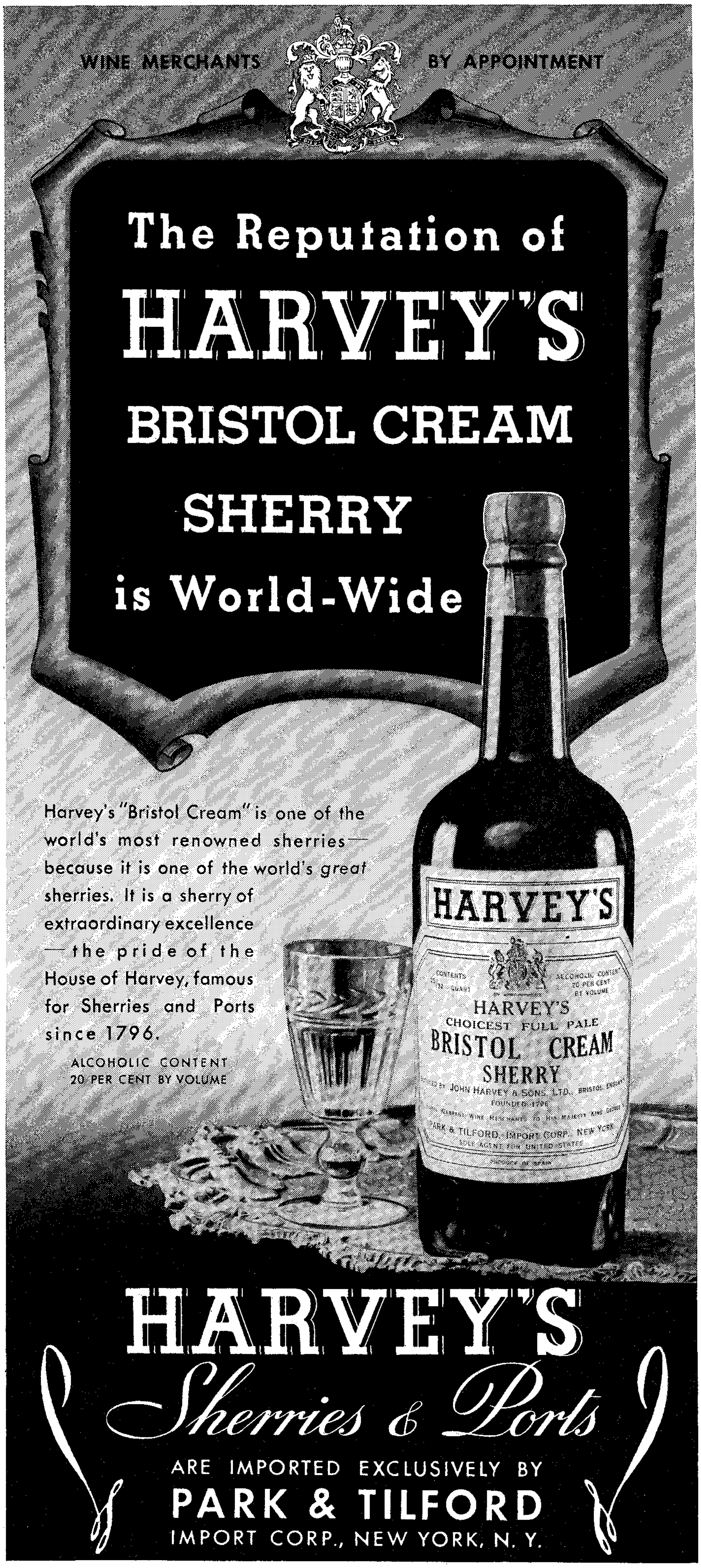
Jury Box, a second current best-seller in the mystery-thriller line, isn't so demanding and can be played by any number of people. Jury Box tests your observation—gives you a set of envelopes, each containing a transcript of the evidence presented by witnesses at a murder trial, together with photographs which either corroborate or refute them. The players are the jury; no advance peeking at the right answer to see whether or not you are hanging an innocent man.

Any store that sells adult games has these two. —B. B.

WINES AND LIQUORS

Tokay—Timely Reminder —A Palatable Domestic

MOST of us think of Tokay, when we think of it at all, as exclusively a sweet wine. Actually, there are three important types of Tokay: Szamorodni, which comes dry or semi-sweet; Aszu, a great dessert wine; and Essencia, the sugary soul of the Furmint grape, which really isn't a wine at all. A long summer, abnormally sunny, produces *Trockenbeeren*—grapes that have burst and healed again. In the vat, these puckered grapes are allowed to press down of their own weight, and from as much


HARVEY'S
CONTENTS
QUART
ALCOHOLIC CONTENT 20 PER CENT BY VOLUME
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD., BRISTOL
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

The Reputation of
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
is World-Wide

Harvey's "Bristol Cream" is one of the world's most renowned sherries—because it is one of the world's *great* sherries. It is a sherry of extraordinary excellence—the pride of the House of Harvey, famous for Sherries and Ports since 1796.

ALCOHOLIC CONTENT
20 PER CENT BY VOLUME

HARVEY'S
Sherries & Ports
ARE IMPORTED EXCLUSIVELY BY
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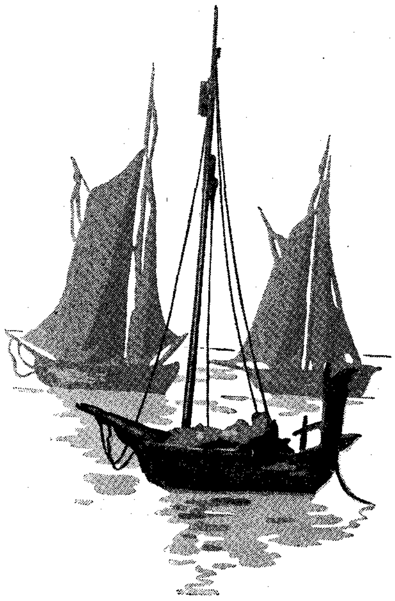


SHOES and SHIPS

and SEALING WAX

THERE are many motifs among the hundreds of new Imperial *Washable* Wallpapers...all of them engaging, all of them destined to bring new smartness and romance into the home. And every one is as practical as it is beautiful. Because back of each paper are the tremendous facilities of Imperial ...facilities which include the largest laboratories in the world for wallpaper development and color research. In sample books look for the silver label which identifies Imperial paper and guarantees it washable and fast to light. Ask your paperhanger or decorator to show you Imperial.

Copr. 1937—Imperial Paper & Color Corp.
Glens Falls, New York

IMPERIAL
Washable
WALLPAPERS

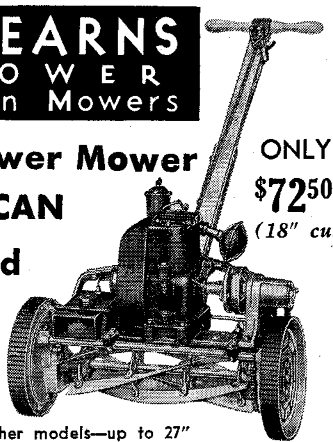
**Franchised Distributors,
Dealers and Registered Craftsmen Everywhere**

as a gallon only a few syrupy drops of Essencia will seep out. Literally, it shouldn't be drunk—only licked from a spoon, a gold spoon.

Probably the best-known Szamorodni and Aszu in this country are the Royal Tokay brands. The authenticity of all genuine bottled Hungarian wines is vouched for by the Hungarian government's seal. This practice was started in 1934 and is a safeguard that shouldn't be ignored. A lot of Tokay leaves Hungary in bulk for bottling elsewhere, and you can't be sure what happens to it on its travels. No real Tokay is bottled till it is at least four years old, and even the less expensive Royal Tokays for sale over here have an average age of eight years. They range in price from $1.25 to $2.25 a bottle for non-vintage years and are sold by Julius Fischer, Monro, Lehmann, and H. H. Burns. Macy lists three Szamorodni, including one from the vineyards of Baron Waldbott, an outstanding Hungarian grower, and half a dozen or more Aszu of various years and sweetnesses. Burns, Lehmann, and Monro offer Essencia as well. Burns has six bottles which are, perhaps, the only six of their kind. Three, dated 1874, come from the vineyards of the Bishops of Szepesvàralja and three, dated 1901, from the estate of Baron Francis Dalwigk of Erdobenye. Respectively, $18 and $16 each.

THE Bordeaux and Burgundies of 1933 and 1934 were splendid, and the finer reds are just right for laying down. If you rate your stock of beverages as a financial asset, opportunity is knocking at your cellar door. For instance, an upper-bracket Burgundy, Romanée Conti 1934, is now selling for $50 a case, and when you come to think of it, that's not a bit high for Romanée Conti. The 1929 brings approximately $15 a bottle today, and you can take almost any dealer's word for it that in four or five years the 1934 will be as much, and maybe more, depending on how the wine develops from now on. Château Ausone 1933, the St. Emilion first, a Bordeaux in the medium-price group, sells for around $25 a case; the 1929 fetches $38. Good stocks of 1933 and 1934 can't be found everywhere, but most of the ranking establishments have worthy listings.

YOU'VE probably noticed that some of the imported sherries, such as Harvey's and Williams & Humbert's, are now available in magnums—about twice the quantity of the usual fifth.



STEARNS
POWER
Lawn Mowers

A Power Mower You CAN Afford

ONLY $72.50 *(18" cut)*

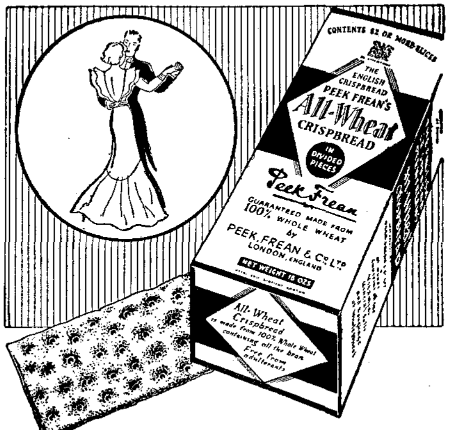
Four other models—up to 27" cut. Prices $89.50 to $235.00.

This is truly an unusual value—with all the tested and proved features that have made Stearns Power Mowers famous. As outstanding in quality, performance and operating economy as it is in price.

Simple and easy to start and operate. Free from complicated mechanism. The perfect balance of design assures a greater ground coverage than the 18 inch cut would indicate. Equipped with the nationally known Briggs & Stratton motor.

Ask your dealer or write us for descriptive folder No. 2.

E. C. STEARNS & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1864
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



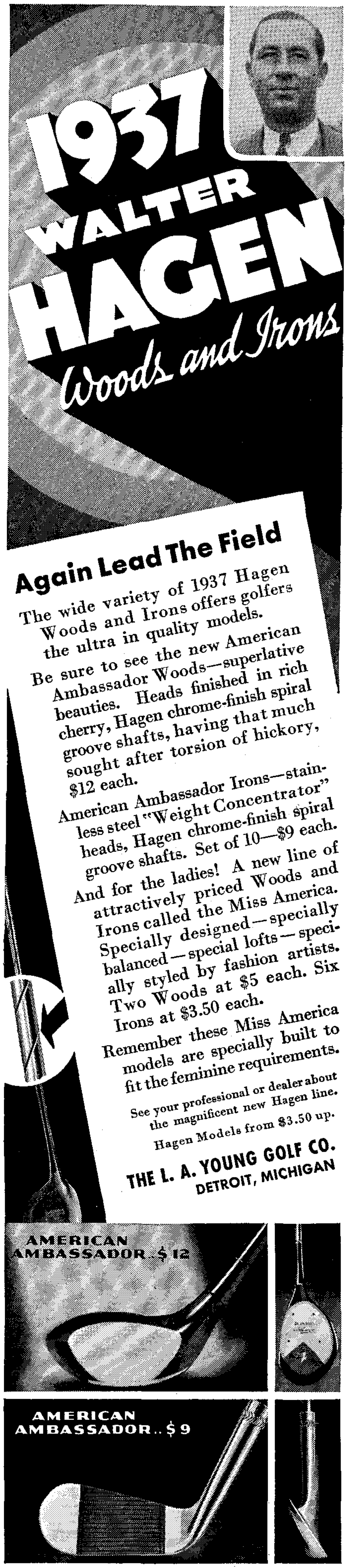
"All-Wheat"

IS SO GOOD FOR YOU!

'All-Wheat' is bread, but with a difference. It is made from whole wheat, baked into delicious crisp slices at Peek Frean's famous bakery. 'All-Wheat' has no unconverted starch to affect the system. It takes the place of toast and ordinary bread at mealtimes. Get it at your grocers or stores.

PEEK FREAN
"All-Wheat"

*Distributors: Renken & Yates Smith Corporation
99 Hudson Street, N. Y. C.*


1937 WALTER HAGEN Woods and Irons

Again Lead The Field

The wide variety of 1937 Hagen Woods and Irons offers golfers the ultra in quality models.

Be sure to see the new American Ambassador Woods—superlative beauties. Heads finished in rich cherry, Hagen chrome-finish spiral groove shafts, having that much sought after torsion of hickory, $12 each.

American Ambassador Irons—stainless steel "Weight Concentrator" heads, Hagen chrome-finish spiral groove shafts. Set of 10—$9 each.

And for the ladies! A new line of attractively priced Woods and Irons called the Miss America. Specially designed—specially balanced—special lofts—specially styled by fashion artists. Two Woods at $5 each. Six Irons at $3.50 each.

Remember these Miss America models are specially built to fit the feminine requirements.

See your professional or dealer about the magnificent new Hagen line. Hagen Models from $3.50 up.

THE L. A. YOUNG GOLF CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR..$12

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR..$9

Just to look at a bottle makes you feel opulent, but otherwise the notion doesn't make much sense. A magnum that does make sense, though, and plenty of it, is a 1933 Bâtard-Montrachet, at H. H. Burns, for $6.50. Only one cask was so bottled, and it was a very special one. That's something to put away till the big party comes along.

Cork & Bottle has introduced the twenty-five-bottle case of wine in a current sale of regional Bordeaux priced at $19.75 for the twenty-five. It might be worth your while to look into this, but in general it's a mistake to waste your time experimenting with regional wine you don't know anything about. The odds are against you. The thing to do is to pick a dealer who does the experimenting for you, and stick to him.

ALTHOUGH it's an affectation to say there are no palatable domestic table wines, it is still difficult to find them amid the bewildering and uneven array of American products. So when we come across something that's adequate, we hasten to pass the word along. Recently we tried a bottle of Shewan-Jones "Burgundy," and can recommend it as a clean, drinkable *ordinaire* which doesn't pretend to be anything more than just that. A good proportion of the wine is six years old—enough to overcome the youthful bitterness of most California products. S.-J. "Burgundy" took first place in the 1936 wine rankings in California, and of the six judges, only two were connected with the industry. It's seventy-nine cents a bottle at Bates & French, and can also be found at Kavanagh.

NOTES: Schloss Johannisberger 1929 Gold Seal sells for $475 a case. A man in Colorado has some, and it's supposed to be the finest wine of the entire German vintage. It had better be. . . . Monro has some 1811 brandy from the famous cellars of the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo—alcoholic content, 38.4 per cent. . . . When you think of Sandeman, you think of port, but the firm has produced its own blend of Scotch these many years, and very good it is, too. . . . We hope you don't need to be reminded that the bock-beer season is open.

—T. H.

•

Beneath her clothes was her body and the realization came to him like a shock.—*From "The Mountain and the Plain," by Herbert Gorman.*

Funny, it's when the body *isn't* there that we're startled.

HAGEN VULCORD Golf Balls

TOUGH?

You don't know the half of it!

When you play the new Hagen Vulcord golf ball you'll discover real golf ball *toughness* for the first time.

A continuous toughening cord is embedded in the vulcanized cover. No other ball like it! The same principle as the modern automobile cord tire. And you know how tough and lasting that is.

Here is a ball as tough as sole leather yet it possesses all the distance-getting qualities for which Hagen is famous.

It goes out there—way out there—with just that sweet feel and perfect click off the club head. Almost impossible to cut through.

A swell money ball to play, for it will go farthest from every standpoint! Try one!

From your professional or dealer 75c each
Other Hagen golf balls 25c—35c—50c

THE L. A. YOUNG GOLF CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

American Luxury in old Mexico

HOTEL

Playa de Cortés

The newest place to go

NEAR GUAYMAS, on the beautiful West Coast of Mexico, Southern Pacific's luxurious resort Hotel Playa de Cortés is the newest and smartest place to go . . . for relaxing under a friendly foreign sun, swimming in a magnificent outdoor pool, riding, tennis and the FINEST DEEP-SEA FISHING IN THE WORLD.

Hotel Playa de Cortés is just a step from America, a night from the border. It is most easily reached by train on Southern Pacific's West Coast of Mexico Route (Tucson, Nogales, Guaymas, Mazatlan, Guadalajara, Mexico City). Take Southern Pacific's *Sunset Limited* (New Orleans-Los Angeles) or *Golden State Limited* (Chicago-Los Angeles) to Tucson.

For folders describing Hotel Playa de Cortés, or for reservations, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. NY-4, 310 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Southern Pacific

West Coast of Mexico Route

MY AFRICAN POTENTATE

ACCRA, Gold Coast Colony.—Sir Ofori Atta, the blue-black ruler of one of Britain's African Gold Coast states, put justice above fatherly affection today and jailed two of his sons for stealing one of his golden crowns.—*Associated Press dispatch.*

I KNOW Sir Ofori Atta. Of all my acquaintances, I can truthfully say that he is the only African potentate—at least the only African potentate who rules 250,000 people in the state of Akim Abuakwa. I have known him for many years, but up to the moment have never been able to convince anyone of it. People just won't believe there is such a place as Akim Abuakwa.

Sir Ofori and I met nine years ago, when I was eleven. I was travelling in Europe with my sister, aged thirteen, and my grandparents. Our journey had taken us to Edinburgh, where it left my sister and me perched on a balcony of the massive North British Hotel, looking out over the broad course of Princes Street. Had we read the newspapers, we should have known that the long procession of cars that crawled up the concourse contained royalty. We should have known that the blanketed figures who stepped out of the first few cars of the cavalcade were members of the retinue of the short, stout man in the purple robe who ducked his head to keep his golden crown from hitting the roof of the car—Sir Ofori Atta.

But we didn't know. Being Americans, we guessed that it was part of a circus, or an initiation. Being children, we guessed that it was some personage from an imaginary world. Being curious, we went down to the lobby to investigate.

The hotel was in a flurry of excitement. Assistant managers in morning coats raced up and down the corridors, bowing and scraping and occasionally glancing apprehensively at their distinguished guest and his entourage. Uncomfortably dressed civic officials proudly cleared a way for their swarthy prize. The only person who didn't seem to care about the whole procedure was Sir Ofori. We decided then and there that we liked him.

My sister and I were not without experience in associating with the great. We cared not at all for the prestige that royalty bestows upon its acquaintances, and we had a healthy spirit of adventure that scoffed at social convention. Several weeks before, we had met Prince Henry of the House of Hohenzollern, a tired old man who talked of ships. Then we had spent a few hours with Gustav Stresemann—not royalty, but at that time a powerful figure in Europe. So, with typical American confidence, we decided to arrange a meeting with His Majesty.

Minor difficulties didn't faze us. We had no idea what language Sir Ofori spoke; we were limited to English and a smattering of French and German. We were not even sure where the Gold Coast was. But fortunately my sister had some reputation as an artist. She was always being commissioned to draw birthday posters and illustrate place cards; our house is filled with ungainly "Welcome Home" signs with which she has at some time or other greeted a homecoming aunt or uncle. So we got some paper and a bottle of India ink, and in no time we had produced a letter decorated with a wreath of marginal embellishments, most of them pictures of a boy and girl gazing wide-eyed at a huge man with a crown on his head, holding a spear in one hand as he sat on the back of a pigmy tiger. It was a pretty fine letter.

The next problem was that of transmission. We had no faith in the hotel employees, who would obviously be unsympathetic to our cause. We received no assistance from our grandparents. Grandfather, slumped in a chair, grumbled "What?," then "Who?," and then "Atta who?" After a while he got up and muttered "Attaboy!" and wandered chuckling into the other room. Grandfather, we decided, was not an adventurer at heart.

A call to the desk gave us His Majesty's room number. Stepping out of the elevator hesitantly, we walked down the hall toward his suite, losing confidence at every step. As we neared his door, from adjoining rooms appeared the largest Negroes we had ever seen. We were pretty small then, and everyone seemed unnecessarily big, but these men, clothed from head to foot in nothing but blankets, as far as we could see, were certainly larger than any normal six-foot American. They stared at us silently, without expression, and drew their doors shut. We stood in front of Sir Ofori's door for a moment, stooped and slipped the note underneath, and then ran down the corridor as fast as we could. We were appalled at our temerity.

A few minutes later there was a knock at our door and an assistant manager entered, informing us that His Majesty would be glad to give us an audience in half an hour. My grandmother, who had heard somewhere that cannibalism was not wholly extinct, was alarmed. Grandfather told her not to worry; he said that King George didn't go around knighting people who planned to eat American children in hotel rooms.

When we knocked on His Majesty's door, a voice said, "Come in." That was an encouraging note of civilization.

It is difficult to make a royal chamber out of a hotel room, but Sir Ofori's men had done their best. He was seated in the centre of the room, on a raised chair. His crown rested on a cushion nearby. His purple robe, girt at the waist by a sash, flowed to his feet, which were encased in golden sandals. Around him stood more of the blanketed figures, towering over him. In a corner of the room, dressed in a navy-blue suit, stood a little Negro boy. A couple of newspaper reporters were looking out of a window.

"How do you do?" said a cultured English voice. The voice was His Majesty's. We didn't know whether to kneel or to bow, so we walked up and shook hands.

Conversation was easy. Born in Africa, Sir Ofori had been sent to Oxford as part of his preparation for the post he was destined to inherit. He spoke English and German fluently, and told us of his plans to include both these languages in the curricula of his native schools. He was very much interested in our schooling; asked us what courses we took and how our schools were run, and told us that he had two sons of his own back home, whom he would like us to meet. We never suspected that they were plotting the whole while to steal his crown. Our manner of speech amused him. Our American slang was a distinct contrast to the courtly conversation of Buckingham Palace.

In its dispatch about the crown, the Associated Press also tells how the King, when he visited England, brought with him a deputy drinker, to help him out when there was too much drinking for even a King to cope with. He didn't tell us about that, figuring, perhaps, that we were too young to understand, but he did tell us about a much more interesting member of his troupe: the little boy in the corner.

Akim Abuakwa is probably a lot more civilized than the average African state, but many native traditions are still treated with the utmost respect. And one of these was responsible for the boy. He had no official title, but the natives looked upon him as the King's spirit. As soon as Sir Ofori ascended the throne,

"Bless me, Ma'am
I'se been 'round and 'round
an' they still want more!"

Of course they want more! You should expect that—with a juice like this.

See that satisfied look as your guests catch its fragrant bouquet. And those smiles of instant pleasure.

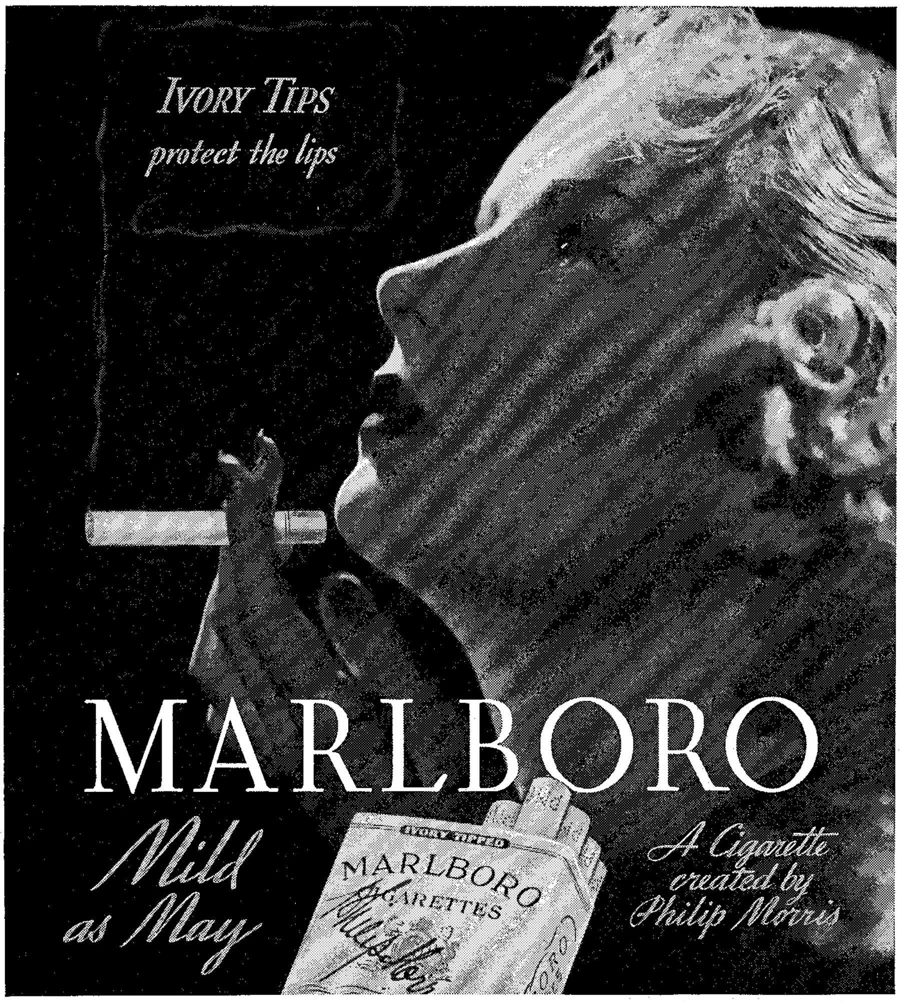
Here, indeed, is the answer to perfect hospitality. A juice as fresh and sparkling as the gayest conversation. The kind of juice you'd expect to get if you could pick a luscious, golden-ripe pineapple on some sun-flooded plantation, and drain it directly into your glass.

In short, a pineapple juice with all the fine family traits of all the other Del Monte Foods you like so much.

If you haven't discovered its matchless goodness yet—well, lift a glassful to your lips—and join the crowd in a toast to real enjoyment!

Del Monte Brand Quality Unsweetened Pineapple Juice

IT'S Del Monte
PINEAPPLE JUICE
PURE • NATURAL • UNSWEETENED



". . . and we'll start with UNDERWOOD BLACK BEAN SOUP"
UNDERWOOD
BLACK BEAN SOUP

ITS rich flavor and consistency — so hard to achieve in your own kitchen — has made Underwood Black Bean Soup the choice of hostesses for whom only the best will do.

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the boy was delegated to spend the rest of his life in the King's company. Should anything happen to the boy, the natives believed that the same fate would overtake their ruler, and consequently the boy's life was almost as precious to them as that of their sovereign. It was not an intolerable life for the boy; except for Sir Ofori, he was probably treated with more care and respect than any of his fellow-countrymen. We wanted to speak to him, but unfortunately Sir Ofori was the only member of his party who could speak English. During our visit with the King, the boy was up against one of the most difficult situations he had ever had to cope with. As a matter of fact, he was scared speechless, not of us, but of a danger he had never even dreamed of: a victrola. In some mysterious manner, music was being transmitted to him. He searched in vain for instruments, and was eventually reduced to glaring suspiciously at the box from which the sounds issued. The King knew what a victrola was, but his servants did not. They huddled around the boy, protecting him from any evil spirit the box might engender.

After a while Sir Ofori summoned Grandfather, whom we wanted him to meet. Grandfather came down grudgingly, took one look at the big black men who were standing around the room, and decided it was no fit place for us. He was somewhat placated by Sir Ofori's cultured speech, but was still uneasy. So we prepared to depart.

Sir Ofori had mentioned casually that his state contained a lot of diamonds for which he could find no use. We thought he wouldn't mind if we asked for one, and so we did. He was very nice about it; said we should write him when we got home, and he would send us one right away.

When we got to New York, we did write him, thanking him in advance for the diamond. But we never got an answer. We have always suspected that the Post Office threw the letter away, along with all the notes that our less fortunate contemporaries were sending to Santa Claus. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Macksville* (*Kans.*) *Enterprise*]

Anna Carlson is another woman columnist we like immensely. She lives at Lindsborg, is Swedish as her name implies, and we feel quite sure was the first woman columnist of Kansas. Her trite sayings appear in one of the McPherson papers.

THE ART GALLERIES

Prints and Paints

ABOUT fifteen years ago a hot battle took place in that long-lamented weekly, the *Freeman*, as to whether or not photography should be taken seriously as an art. It is doubtful if the present exhibition of photography at the Museum of Modern Art will raise a flicker in any of those dead embers of controversy. The museums have quietly been collecting photographs during the last twenty years, and though private collectors have not been quite so avid for prints as they might be, that is probably because the illustrated newspapers and magazines have made good photographs commonplace. While the dividing line between photography and the other graphic arts is perhaps more firmly defined now than it was a generation ago, scarcely anyone doubts that the best work has aesthetic validity. Fine photography remains scarce, just as first-rate painting is scarce. More than half the prints in the present show have greater significance as historical landmarks than as aesthetic achievements. A David Hill, an Atget, or a Stieglitz is a rare bird.

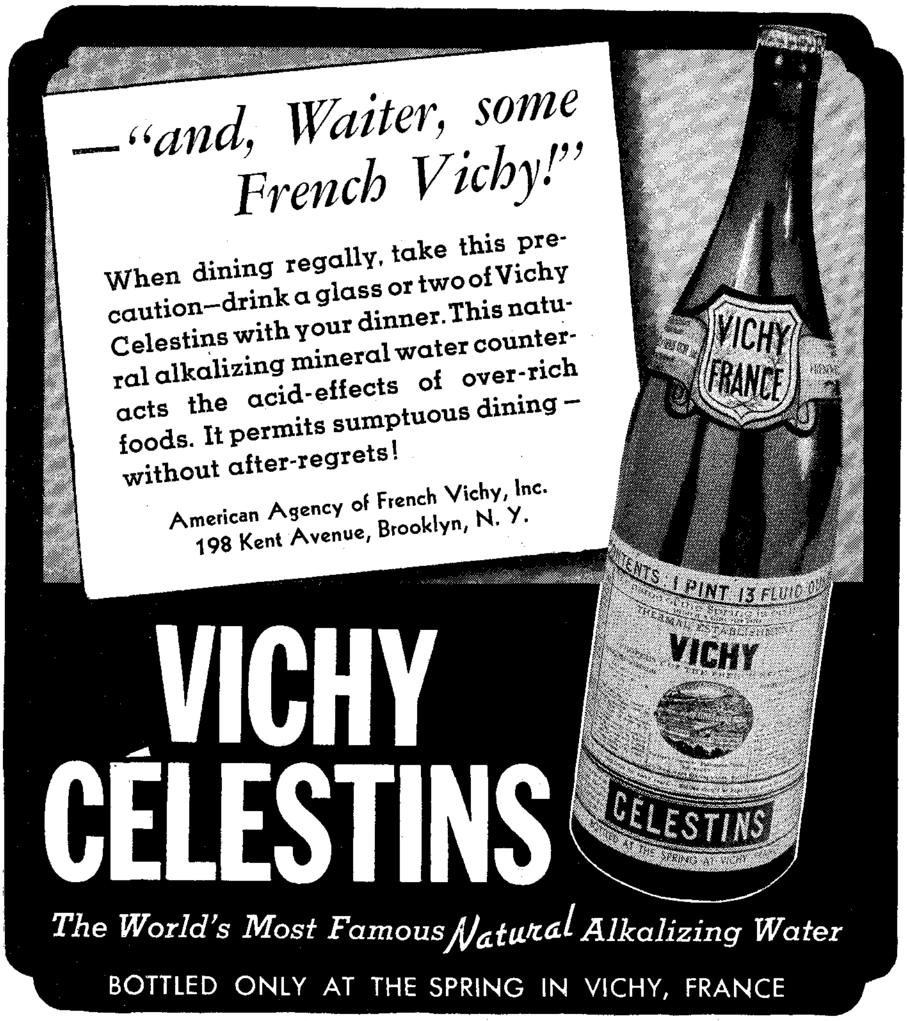
The present exhibition covers the entire history of the art on both its technical and its aesthetic sides; it begins with Porta's device, the camera obscura, and it ends with the microphotograph and the infra-red exposure. After Daguerre's demonstration of his perfected process in Paris in 1839, the world went mad about the new invention, for it made every amateur into a potential painter—to about the degree that the newly invented revolver turned every coward into a hero. The painters were not immune from this excitement. Delacroix was a charter member of the French Society of Photography, and it was David Octavius Hill, a mediocre portrait painter of Edinburgh, who made the finest calotype portraits, within a few years after Talbot had perfected the process of printing on paper.

Despite photography's slow development into an independent art, there has been a steady flow of interest back and forth between the darkroom and the painter's studio. Where, indeed, would photography have been originally without painting? Accuracy, objectivity, factualism, concentration on the external world, the fixed angle of vision, the translation of line and color into form modelled solely through light and shade—all these aims were pursued by painters from two to four centuries before the mechanical method of achieving the same results was perfected. The abuse of photography by "artistic" photographers, beginning with Salomon, came not through its intercourse with painting but through the attempt to dress and pose and light the subject so that the photograph speciously resembled an old-fashioned painting, which grew out of a different culture and a different consciousness of the world.

The long period of visual preparation for photography perhaps had something like the same effect that manuscript printing had on the invention of movable type. It may account for the fact that both arts achieved a high pitch of aesthetic perfection within a relatively few years after their invention. Later improvements in photography, which have made all its instruments more speedy, more sensitive, more wide-ranging, have done little to alter the *nature* of the image. David Hill's portraits, Charles Marville's studies of Parisian alleyways, and Matthew Brady's solid documents of the Civil War set a high level for their respective fields; these primitives have a sincerity and a forthrightness that their more facile successors, despite extreme technical adroitness, often miss. Not that stunning examples are absent from the prints shown by contemporaries. A landscape by Paul Strand or Edward Weston, a building by Steiner or Sheeler, a torso by Steichen, a portrait of Sinclair Lewis by Man Ray, a street scene by Berenice Abbott or Walker Evans are all significant contributions to the art. But to single out these American names from a much longer list is a little invidious, especially because the most important modern photographer, Alfred Stieglitz, is not represented in this show by any of the work he has done during the last twenty-five years. An amazing omission that at least called for explanation in the catalogue.

Mr. Beaumont Newhall, who assembled the photographs and instruments for the Museum, did an admirable job in ransacking the important collections for historic examples; his catalogue, too, is a very comprehensive and able piece of exposition—one of the best short critical histories I know in any language. So perhaps it is a little ungrateful of me to suggest that the Museum of Modern Art has begun to overreach itself in the matter of documentation: the precedent of the Surrealist show seems to be hardening into a permanent vice. For what is lacking in the present exhibition is a weighing and assessment of photography in terms of pure aesthetic merit—such an evaluation as should distinguish a show in an art museum from one that might be held, say, in the Museum of Science and Industry. In shifting this function of selection onto the spectator, the Museum seems to me to be unfairly adding to his burden, and to be reducing its proper sphere of influence.

EUGÈNE BERMAN, whose neo-romantic landscapes were haunted by a tender, melancholy fantasy that the original romantics of the nineteenth century did not always achieve, has been for the last two years in America. The sea change has brought an alteration in his work; but to judge from the examples now on view at the Julien Levy Gallery, the change is not a happy one. The sign of exhaustion in any art comes when the artist begins to feed on the debris of past symbols and dead aesthetic forms; witness the Pre-Raphaelites. In Berman, this apparent exhaustion has taken the form of copying the lame mockeries and practical jokes on the eye that the architects and painters of the seventeenth century sometimes practiced. One of Berman's paintings in this show consists of a frame painted to look like marble, surrounding a smeared brick-red panel on which fragments of spattered paintings are hung by illusory nails. Pierre Roy uses this sort of illusionism with a humor that remains fresh for at least the first view of his paintings, but with Berman the trick seems tedious, all the more because the painting, however trivial, never lacks his refined and sensitive touch. Once upon a time, Berman's spacious landscapes might have been peopled by princes; now the foregrounds are occupied by beggars in rags, crawling about under festoons of wretched cloths that droop like deflated balloons. What are these paintings, with their uneasy figures and their sense of being infested by some lower order of life, but the wreck of a nostalgic faery world that no longer believes in its own make-believe? Emptiness and the mockery of emptiness are the sum of Berman's present symbols: a sordid derision of the beauty he had once had the impulse to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make manifest. This deflation of neo-romanticism makes one doubly conscious of a weakness one had always suspected in the movement—its imaginative self-indulgence, and its failure to touch the vital core of contemporary experience.

NO one has yet successfully defined what modern art is or where it began, but one might make a good case for beginning it with Goya, and if one rejects such an early lineage, one might easily start with the Frenchman who studied him to such good purpose—Edouard Manet. The show now on at the Wildenstein Galleries is the best opportunity one has had to view his work since the comprehensive retrospective exhibition held by the French government in Paris in 1932.

Perhaps the easiest way to describe the profound change made by Manet would be to say that it rests upon the perception that much that had hitherto seemed indispensable in painting after the sixteenth century could be taken for granted, and that much that had hitherto been suppressed or subordinated could be emphasized. The word "impressionism" describes Manet's method far more accurately than it does Monet's; it was a method whereby the nervous sweep of the brush adds to the quivering vitality of the scene itself, as in No. 14, the crowd of people on a quay under a holiday sky. Manet himself, despite his many audacities in conceiving and interpreting his subject ("Olympia" and "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe"), did not arrive at his bolder formal departures without painting a great many pictures in the older tradition. Just as he had two palettes, one French, one Spanish, so he had two styles, a classic style that linked him with Velásquez and the more courtly Goya, and a "romantic" style that broke the shell of the old art.

In the present show, the "Guitar Player" is probably the strongest and handsomest example of the first style, while the portrait studies No. 10 and No. 28 are the most startling examples of the second. The first portrait, "Angelina," leads straight to Picasso and Derain, while the other, through its amazing background, jumps across the years to Matisse. Manet had a fine psychological flair, such as the good Parisian gets in his cafés, sipping his cognac quietly and making a private drama of the faces around him. The girl in pink (No. 24) painted with scarcely the trace of a shadow, but remarkably modelled for all that—with her ice before her on the table and her unlit cigarette—is the very essence of plaintive solitude.

If Manet's more classic studies rarely are as good as those of Degas or Renoir or Courbet, in his more personal manner he seizes one by his intellectual vivacity. "This is something," he seems to say, "that you have never felt sharply before. Look quickly—from here—now—or it will vanish!" And he puts it on his canvas in a dozen strokes before the moment has gone. It was precisely when he was breathless, agitated, impetuous that Manet was most himself. To have achieved these fresh forms in the tradition of European oil painting, with its complicated technique and its insistence upon palpability, was a feat. By now, his successors have gathered most of Manet's laurels; Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Matisse, Derain have surpassed him in their special departments. But he had this unforgettable distinction of the pioneer—he got there first.

OTHER GALLERIES: A number of shows going off on April 3rd are worth a last-moment reminder. If you did not see the brilliant water colors of a young Southern artist, Hardie Gramatky, at the Ferargil Galleries recently, you will want to make up for it by inspecting landscapes of Millard Sheets at the Milch Galleries. The horses and birds in Sheets' foregrounds are a little weak, but the skies are excellent. Note especially Nos. 10, 13, and 15. Ary Stillman's paintings of New York at the Guild Art Gallery, particularly two which he did for the Federal Art Project, "Sleety Night" and "Outdoor Theatre," show a sensitive and well-individualized hand; and if you missed the recent group show at this gallery, as I did, you had better seize the opportunity to catch up on the recent work of Joseph de Martini, whose landscapes now have a complexity and depth that put him very near the first rank. —LEWIS MUMFORD

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SPRING PEEPS OVER THE HILL

[*Notice on the bulletin board of a girls' dormitory at Duke University*]

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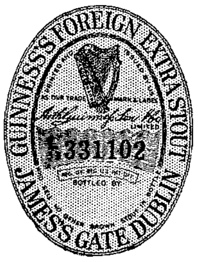

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Novelties, Passacaglias, and "Parsifal"

A COUPLE of American composers had hearings in Carnegie Hall last week. That's news, because many conductors still treat home-grown music as if more than a whiff of it would give them indigestion. The natives who made the news were Samuel Barber and Vittorio Giannini. Mr. Barber's "Symphony in One Movement" was produced by the Philharmonic-Symphony under the direction of Mr. Rodzinski. The piano concerto of Mr. Giannini had its first local hearing at the entertainment of the National Orchestral Association, Mr. Barzin conducting, and Miss Rosalyn Tureck playing the piano.

It would be simple to use the proximity of these concerts as an excuse for an easy and impressively scholarly comparative study of the Messrs. Barber and Giannini. Actually, there's not much more reason for measuring Mr. Barber against Mr. Giannini than there is for checking the intelligence quotients of any two men who happen to become fathers in the same week. Each of the young musicians has a style—or, at least, a style trend—of his own, and the compositions were quite Barber and quite Giannini, respectively.

Mr. Barber's symphony is built to a well-contrived pattern—"a synthetic treatment of the four-movement classical symphony," says the composer. Within his pattern, Mr. Barber moves skillfully, seriously, and with a feeling for latent drama. It's thoughtful music, but it has a certain eloquence that saves it from being All Brains. If you haven't already made a note of Mr. Barber, record him for further reference, because he's on his way.

The Giannini piano concerto is, as a neighbor assured me, "a real piano concerto." "Realness," in a special sense, is an eminent quality of Mr. Giannini's music. He likes real tunes, and he likes to let them ride. The piano concerto is too long—particularly in the first movement—but it's full of juicy melodies, and it has a healthy virtuoso bounce. Miss Tureck dashed it off brilliantly, and Mr. Barzin's young orchestra went at its task so enthusiastically that sometimes Miss Tureck seemed to be playing in pantomime.

A little chopping, lopping, and dropping will clean up the Giannini concerto, and pianists who want a "real concerto," one that comes off paper and gets to work on an audience, will find an answer in this composition.

LAST week may have established some sort of record for performances of passacaglias in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Barzin started his concert with a transcription of the Bach C-minor passacaglia by a Mr. Boessenroth of Minneapolis, who did his job reverently and noisily. To finish the program, there was Brahms' fourth symphony, which concludes with a passacaglia. Mr. Ormandy arrived on Tuesday with The Philadelphia Orchestra, and disgorged Buxtehude's "Passacaglio," arranged by Lucien Cailliet, official orchestrator to the Philadelphia ensemble. For passacaglia collectors, this pre-Bach demonstration of variations on a short theme was fascinating, and, thanks to the ripe playing of the orchestra, it was pleasant even for those who have no predilection for the involutions of musical form. Mr. Ormandy, like Mr. Barzin, wound up with Brahms' fourth symphony.

The next exhibition of a passacaglia turned up in Mr. Barber's symphony, whose finale is a passacaglia. Perhaps all of this may bring forward one final definition of what a passacaglia is. That, too, would be news.

IF there were honorary awards to musical institutions, one for the current season should go to the New Friends of Music, who announced that there would be good chamber-music concerts in the Town Hall on certain Sundays at five-thirty, kept their promise, and had sellouts or near-sellouts all the way. The New Friends were honest, efficient, and non-pompous about chamber music, and for this miracle they deserve a citation and complete sellouts all next season.

Speaking of sellouts, one of the prize box-office pieces of the season was the Metropolitan's Good Friday "Parsifal." Wagner's the vogue again, and when the productions are as good as the Metropolitan "Parsifal," there's more than a faddish reason for it. Everything was about as it has been for several years, except that Mme. Flagstad acted with more freedom than formerly. Mr. Bodanzky's pacing of the music was something of a masterpiece.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Women and Elephants

ROBERT FLAHERTY has now been to India. The results of this visit, however, will not seem to most of us moviegoers as sumptuous as those of his other trips—his travels in the sub-arctic regions, which produced "Nanook of the North;" his dalliance in the Samoan Islands, which led to "Moana;" or his interlude off the Irish coast, which bloomed in "Man of Aran." Possibly "Elephant Boy" isn't all that he will give us in due time of India and its ways, but at the moment it must satisfy us. There isn't anything the matter with "Elephant Boy" itself, except that it comes somewhat as a disappointment and as a slight and incidental affair after our expectations have been raised by memory of other Flaherty pictures. In fact, it's a very nice picture for the young people, who may like it best of the whole Flaherty series. There's a wonderful trick elephant in it, and the leading character is a little Hindu boy named Sabu who loves the elephant and whom the elephant loves, too, and the elephant swings Sabu high in the air and then safe on his back in wonderful style. And to set the utter seal of prestige upon the piece, it is taken from Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants." All the requirements of the schoolroom are there, you see, and the movie is ideal for the rainy recess period.

Young Sabu has shown himself an apt and agreeable performer. His Toomai is all that you could want. His accent is neat, pleasant, and natural. Also natural and full of ease before the camera is the elephant who plays the elephant. Iravatha is his name, or else his stage name—the name, anyhow, listed on my program. They make together, Sabu and Iravatha, an admirable team, and I can understand how Mr. Flaherty felt inclined to give their stunts and tricks practically all his attention. Some like myself, I imagine, will wish he had used his talent for more pictorial treatment of Indian jungles, Indian life, and given us even more, too, of the details of an elephant hunt than we find in the brief study here.

THOSE who make it a point to memorize this column word for word every week will recall that I

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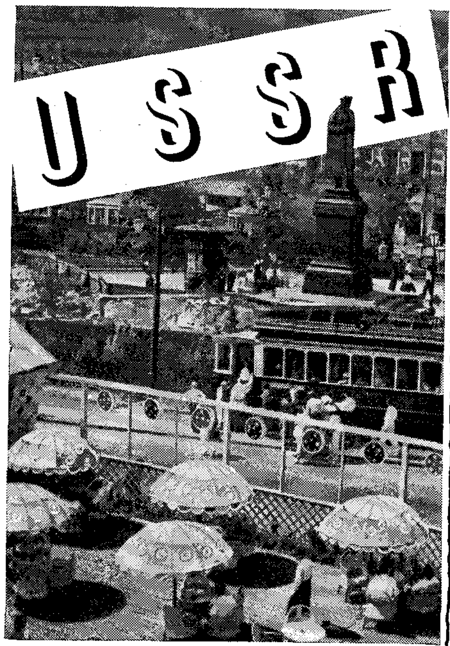

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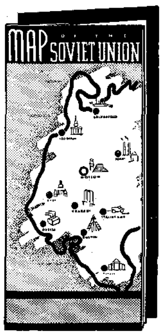

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didn't like "Amphitryon." I had occasion to make such a statement last fall. For some reason or other, involving, I believe, international relationships, the light little French item has been withheld from general observation until this last week. I must now confess that on seeing it again I found it far more agreeable than I had at first. The comic touch seemed about the same, but the music seemed more attractive. I loved the chantings of the four Theban ladies, and there were several pretty and well-managed songs. I rather suspect that the sound machinery has been oiled up a bit in this long period of waiting.

"The King and the Chorus Girl" is fun. It's a mild but fairly lively item about one of these abdicated, youthful, and amative kings who are so fashionable now. Fernand Gravet, just over from Paris, plays the sporting monarch and seems a likable boulevardier type. In the film, he is ensnared by a beguiling lady of the chorus, a part Joan Blondell manages easily enough. There's a magnificent final moment—almost as astonishing as the iceberg crash in "History Is Made at Night"—when the heroine finds herself the sole passenger on a big ocean liner. You can imagine what it would be like to wake up at sea and find that that had happened to you. Of course her royal lover—with the gesture of his class—had chartered the boat, by way of a surprise for her. As I recall, the maneuver was successful, and the lady condescended to become his consort, although not until he had had the ship moved on, somehow or other, to Niagara Falls. Perhaps the piece is a bit fanciful?

Some good-looking young people and Hugh Herbert—who is very handsome, of course—are busy to minor purpose in "Top of the Town." Easy gigglers will be happy with it. —JOHN MOSHER

•

Probably the most cultured and tiniest membership of any club in town is that of the Coffee House. It was the inspiration of the bon vivant Frank Crowninshield in 1915. Thousands pass daily without ever noticing it on West 54th st.—*O. O. McIntyre, in the American.*

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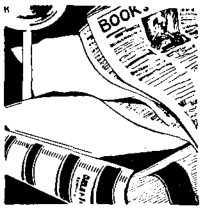
BOOKS

Current Italian Literature: A Survey Course



THOUGH there are some who might argue that Italy lives in Ignazio Silone, it is hardly necessary to point out that Ignazio Silone does not live in Italy. He and Italian literature are in exile together. Indeed—for the totalitarian state simplifies everything—merely by reading his three or four books you may obtain a pleasing mastery of that literature. He has produced, to my best knowledge, the only notable Italian fiction of our time, with the exception of Mussolini's bulletins on the Spanish Civil War.

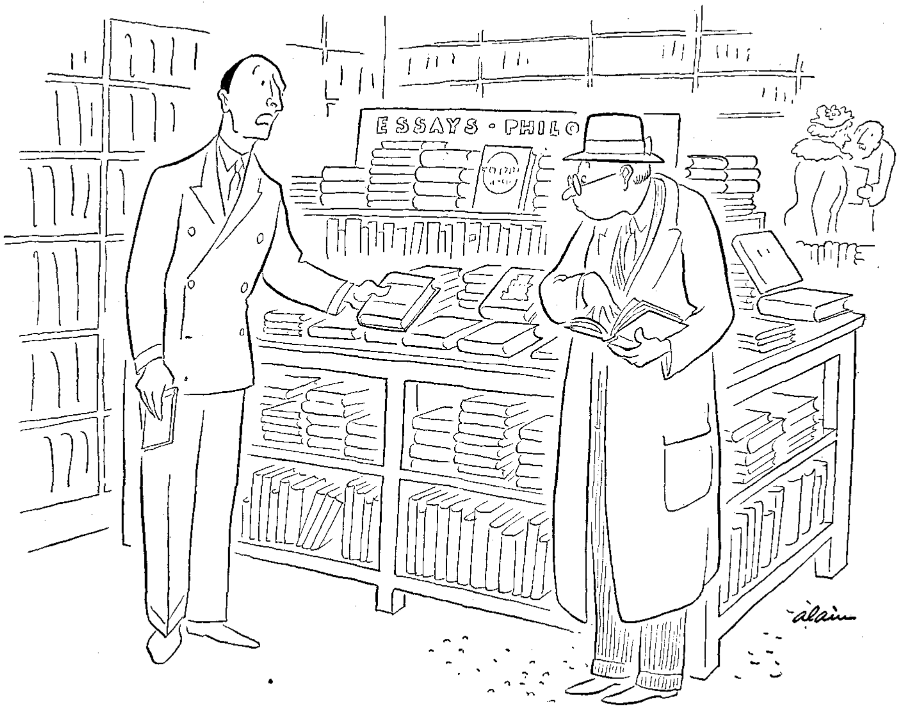
If you remember "Fontamara," you will want to read "Bread and Wine." Neither is a great book, but both are moving, both appear to deal glovelessly with the real life of the Italian peasant today, and both, despite the seriousness of their themes, are filled with humor. This humor is, if not exactly harsh, of a dry and puckery quality, and very attractive. "Bread and Wine" has plenty of technical faults but is a finer book even than its predecessor. I know of no better way of recommending it to Americans than to repeat Dorothy Canfield's tribute: "Throughout the absorbing, exciting plot of adventure, flight, pursuit, escape, what is at stake is not the life or death or happiness of any human being—what is at stake is the life or death of human freedom. The hero of this noble book is Liberty."

The titular hero is an exile, Pietro Spina, who returns secretly to his native land to sound out political feeling among the peasants of the Abruzzi. (For three years Silone lived an underground life among the peasants, sought by the Black Shirts, escaping at last to Switzerland, where he now lives.) Spina is no stock noble revolutionary. He is full of weaknesses, rather a fool in some ways, sorely divided between allegiance to himself and allegiance to his party. He makes speeches, but not from a soapbox, either real or figurative, and his passion for his fellow-Italians is more Christian than it is Marxist. As a matter of fact, the feeling for human beings that characterizes "Bread and Wine" makes one think of Tolstoy rather than the more programmatic revolutionary writers. It is flushed with the warmth of pity (remember pity?), yet redeemed from sentimentality by its acrid wit and its refusal to sentimentalize over the peasants, who are represented as ignorant, degraded, superstitious, and often unlovely. It is the work, to put it quite bluntly, of one who, whatever may be your political convictions, will probably seem to you a good man.

Pietro Spina goes about Italy, disguised as a priest, his face raddled with iodine to disguise his appearance. He makes very little headway. He finds the little mountain boys playing at war, imitating the drill of the Balilla, asking their schoolteacher "Who is the hereditary enemy now?" He finds his former classmates accepting the dictatorship, uneasily but without overt question. He finds the peasantry susceptible, not to propaganda, which they do not understand, but to facts, which they do. "I tend to my business," says the peasant, even though the bureaucracy seems to have left him precious little business to attend to. "The real organization on which the present system in this country is based," remarks one of the characters, "is the secret manipulation of fear."

Only here and there does Pietro find an Italian, a worker, a peasant, a student, who is willing to risk his life that man may still keep in touch with man. Among this pitiful remnant, the seventy-five-year-old priest, Don Benedetto, a true Christian, stands out as memorable. Don Benedetto is a remarkable creation, reminding one at times of St. Francis, at others of one of Anatole France's sweet, benign, ironical old men. His opening remarks are couched in a vein of mild and kindly wit. "Don't forget," he says, in response to a criticism of Italian cutlery, "that the razor blades you are talking about are Italian national blades, and therefore the wounds you receive with them are, in a sense, patriotic wounds." But the man who can think thus in Italy is bound to think more deeply, and step by step Don Benedetto is led at last to a condemnation, from the point of view of Christian principles, of the entire Fascist regime. At the end he is murdered by the Black Shirts, poisoned by the wine which he offers up in celebration of the Mass—a theatrical touch which, I must confess, I found a trifle unworthy of Silone, who is not given to melodrama.

Spina, with his self-questionings, his backslidings, his eventual hardening of will, is fully created; so is Don Benedetto; so are the peasants, presented largely in humorous terms, but with the humor in the peasant, not the author; so are the underground rebels, recalling forcibly the Rembrandtesque, chiaroscuro figures of pre-1905 revolutionary Russia. The two women—the



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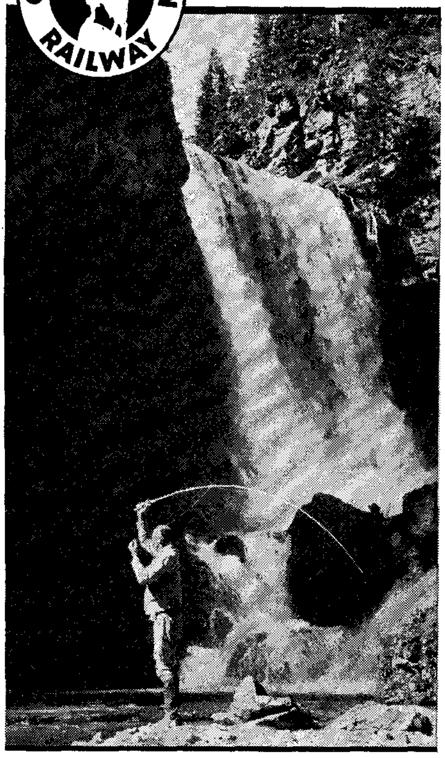

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lighthearted, wanton Bianchina, and Cristina, half prig, half saint—are much less successful. They weaken the book. Cristina's final gesture, as she follows Pietro over the Alpine passes to perish in the snow, is unconvincing and not particularly meaningful anyway. There are many other flaws, for Silone is still finding himself as a writer, but the essence of moving narrative is there. We, living far away from the tiny, forgotten hamlets of the Abruzzi, are in no position to assay exactly the truth of Silone's picture of a degraded and miserable peasantry. All we can say is that it sounds true, that Silone is enough of an artist to make it seem true.

Charles Dickens wrote a book called "A Tale of Two Cities." "Bread and Wine" might be called "A Tale of Two Races." On the one hand are those who, like Spina and Don Benedetto, love the realities of bread and wine, the simple things that bind man to man. They form one race, temporarily in subjection. The other race accepts the unrealities of blood and circuses. They have ceased, Silone says, whether they are masters or slaves, to be men. Only by becoming men can they set in motion the true revolution, which transcends the purely political one. That, I take it, is the moral of this book, which seems, without ever losing contact with the harsh realities of social and economic struggle, to touch matters lying profoundly beneath, though influenced by, these realities. It is basically a Christian book, but the Christianity it preaches is one "denud-

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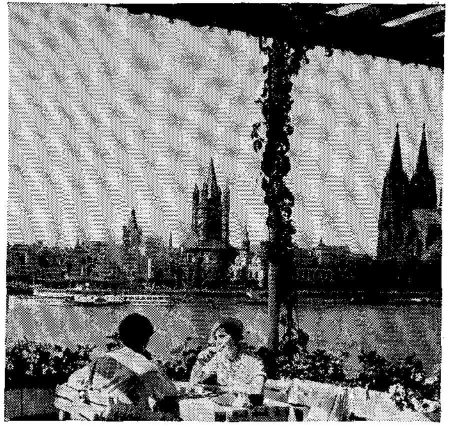

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ed of all mythology, of all theology, of all Church control; a Christianity that neither abdicates in the face of Mammon nor proposes concordats with Pontius Pilate, nor offers easy careers to the ambitious, but rather leads to prison, seeing that crucifixion is no longer practiced."

Though the issue of human freedom upon which it turns is no light matter, I do not wish to give the impression that "Bread and Wine" is a solemn or moralistic book. It has many pages that are satirical, exuberant, grotesque, even downright funny. Its very bitterness has a certain quality of stoic joy. And no book that aims to break down the barriers between one human being and another can be solemn. Sad as is the picture it offers of Italy today, it is not really dispiriting.

I should add that Signor Mussolini is never once named in these pages, but always referred to as "Etcetera, etcetera."

THE remainder of the week's fiction seems rather negligible in comparison with "Bread and Wine." Margaret Kennedy has a new novel called "Together and Apart." It tells you about the Cannings, who are driven to divorce because Alec is too successful and Betsy can't keep up with him. They're sort of unhappy about it all, and the children suffer, too. The book is clever but somehow pretty dull. In "The Constant Nymph," Miss Kennedy's people were amusing, and so the story was amusing. In "Together and Apart," the people are weak and spiritless, and so the story is weak and spiritless. Possibly it is intended as a study of weak and spiritless people, but if so it is far too good-natured and inconclusive to be particularly effective. There's some good dialogue here and there, and a couple of neat child characters, but on the whole it does not bear out the promise of Miss Kennedy's first great success.

A MUCH better job, but still nothing to shout about, is Valentine Kataev's "Peace Is Where the Tempests Blow," translated, not too satisfactorily, by Charles Malamuth. Kataev once wrote a very funny book, a satire on the Soviet bureaucracy, called "The Embezzlers." This is not as good. The best thing in it is the local-color stuff, descriptions of Odessa during the 1905 period, just after the Potemkin mutiny. The story deals with two boys, Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer in Russian blouses, who, in different ways, be-

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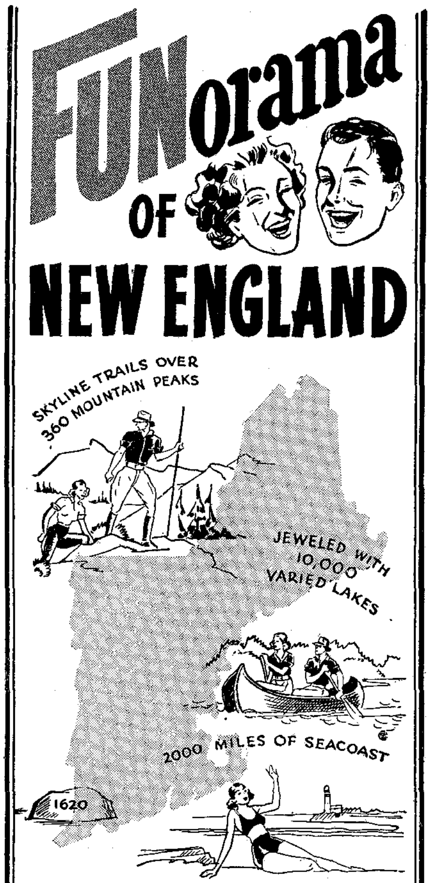
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come involved in the effects of the mutiny and finally in the 1905 revolt itself. The boys are well done, with humor and sympathy, and the best way to endear them to you is to state that in a film version of the book neither of them could possibly be played by Freddy Bartholomew. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

JORDANSTOWN, by Josephine Johnson. Having won the Pulitzer Prize for her first novel, "Now in November," Miss Johnson has turned to a passionate championship of the underprivileged in a small town, any small town. Perhaps this novel was done in a hurry, for while it has stirring moments and a number of characters drawn with beauty and insight, it is clumsily written, the argument is often confused, and the optimistic conclusion is vague. Not a prize-winner.

JUAN IN CHINA, by Eric Linklater. Rather a disappointment after the brilliant "Juan in America" and the bawdy "Ripeness Is All." Juan Motley reënters, still talking, amid the carnage and intrigue of Chinese-Japanese strife. The background somehow doesn't jibe with his persiflage, and the persiflage isn't as airy as it once was. Occasional oddments of witty writing pop up here and there.

QUEEN'S FOLLY, by Elswyth Thane. A prettily decorated historical romance about Queen Elizabeth, a faithful young man, and a Tudor house. Miss Thane is generous enough to carry you right down to 1936 and to provide a *deus ex machina* in the person of the fifth richest girl in America. By the author of "The Tudor Wench."

SON OF HAN, by Richard La Piere. China before the modern invasion by the West, when life, or some of it, was regular, traditional, and rather noble. Mr. La Piere writes well, with seriousness and humor.

DEEP SUMMER, by Gwen Bristow. The founding and development of Louisiana, worked in as a background to the romance and marriage of a New England girl and a South Carolina cavalier. Has a fresh charm.

TWILIGHT OF A WORLD, by Franz Werfel, newly translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. A collection of Mr. Werfel's novels and novelettes, some

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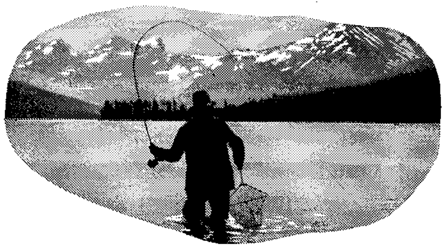

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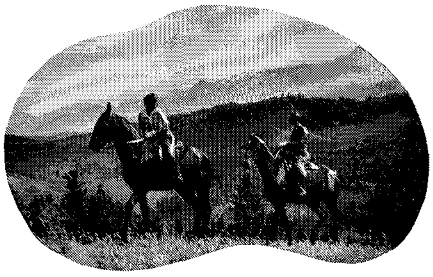

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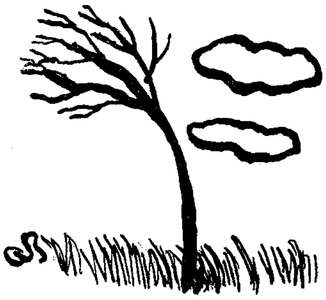
I WOULD BE PRIVATE, by Rose Macaulay. At her best, Miss Macaulay is a first-class wit. But in this tale of a London policeman whose wife gives birth to quintuplets, she is hardly more than whimsical and cute. It seems that if you have quintuplets you don't have any privacy any more. So you go to an island in the Caribbean and you don't have any privacy. As simple as that.

LIGHT WOMAN, by Zona Gale. Pleasant, but certainly not important, account of a nice upstate New York family visited by a sophisticated girl from the city. The sophistication doesn't go very deep and doesn't cover a great deal of brains. One of Miss Gale's lighter efforts.

ME AND THEE, by Robert W. McCulloch. A romance in the celibate Shaker colony at Mount Lebanon, New York, a century ago. The setting of Shaker bonnets and Shaker customs is pleasantly picturesque. A nice costume piece.

GENERAL

BONAPARTE, by Eugene Tarlé, translated from the Russian by John Cournos. Though somewhat unimaginatively written, this seems to be among the more sensible of the Napoleon biographies. The author, a recognized authority, rejects the "heroic" theory entirely. He pays tribute to Napoleon's intelligence, and particularly to his supreme military genius, and sees in him the "necessary" man of his time. "He did not so much 'complete' the Revolution as 'liquidate' it." Tarlé takes



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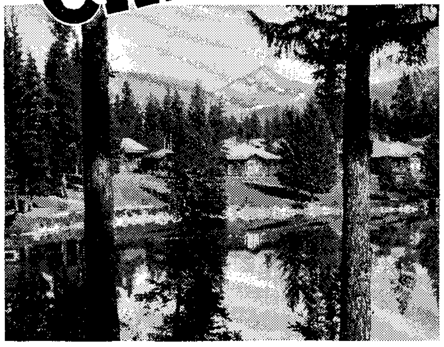

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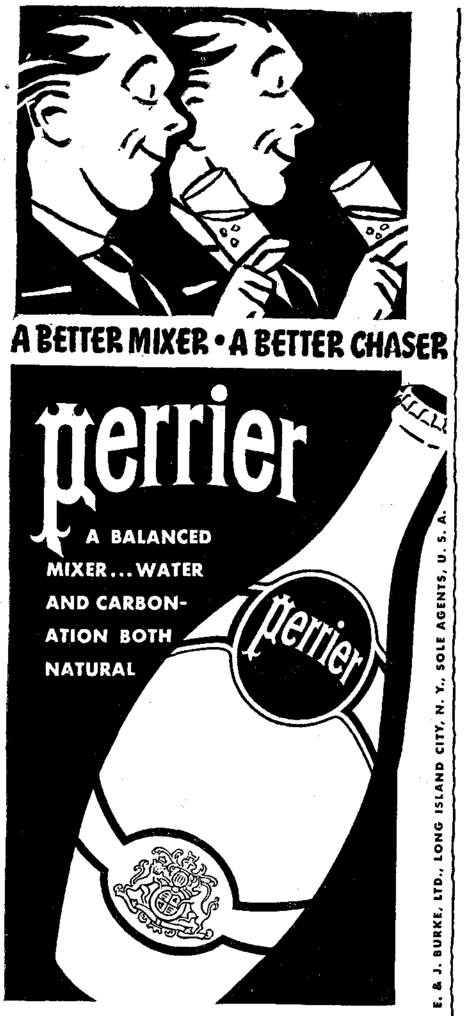

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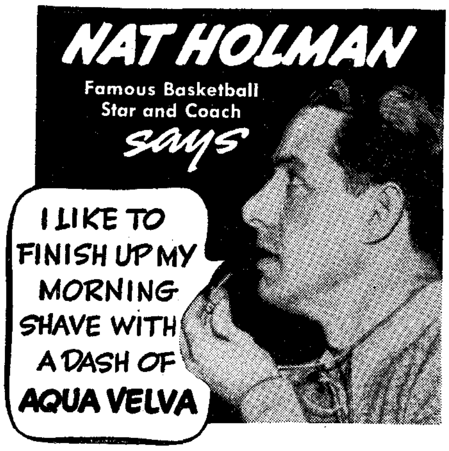

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the now more generally accepted view that Napoleon was the agent of the rising French middle class, and that his failure was due largely to the superior power of the English industrialist group and its supporters. An important study.

THE LETTERS OF LENIN, translated and edited by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Three hundred and forty letters, personal, political, conspiratorial, written between 1870 and Lenin's death. Serviceable editorial notes link the letters to the history of the revolutionary movement. An excellent selection.

THE EARLIER LETTERS OF GERTRUDE BELL, collected and edited by Elsa Richmond. Those familiar with Gertrude Bell's fascinating personality as presented in the "Letters" will want to read these additional ones, covering her career at Queen's College, London; in Oxford, and in Bucharest and Persia. Illustrated.

LIFE AND DEATH: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SURGEON, by Andrea Majocchi, translated by Wallace Brockway. The author is listed as the foremost present-day Italian surgeon. Doctors' shoptalk is always fascinating, and Dr. Majocchi's is, too. On non-shop subjects, he is less palatable.

SPAIN IN ARMS, 1937, by Anna Louise Strong. A rather hastily written, brief, interesting book by a passionate Loyalist partisan. Deals with the struggle as it appeared in the last months of 1936 and the early months of 1937.

PERUVIAN PAGEANT: A JOURNEY IN TIME, by Blair Niles. Brightly colored bits and snippets of Peruvian history, from the days of the Conquest to the present. Good photographs.

DAMIEN THE LEPER, by John Farrow. A fine and moving life of the saintly fanatic who endured the horrors of the "death before death" in order to help his stricken brethren.

THE DIALOGUES OF PLATO. Handsomely bound reprint of the unabridged Jowett translation, with a new introduction by Professor Raphael Demos.

NOT TO BE BROADCAST: THE TRUTH ABOUT RADIO, by Ruth Brindze. A piece of debunking that may startle you idle dial-turners.

VERSE

THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS, translated by Louis MacNeice. Agamemnon's murder, in a vigorously

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No, the Colonel isn't referring with disgust to his drive. His "topping" is high praise for the hotel Warwick in Philadelphia.

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Spring Reading

Letters from a Spanish Outpost
CILETTE OFAIRE

What Happens to a Party When It Makes a Sweep
JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

The Philippines Today and Tomorrow
STEPHEN DUGGAN

Memories of Maxim Gorki
IVAN BUNIN

Stories by
MAXIM GORKI & PAUL HORGAN

The Other Side of Progress
JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY

You Are Not Forgotten
JOHN HOLMES

Unemployment and Recovery
EDWIN E. WITTE

Labor Problems in Our Steamship Business
PAUL ELIEL

Verse by
HOWARD NUTT & DAVID McCORD

Busman's Workday
KARLE WILSON BAKER

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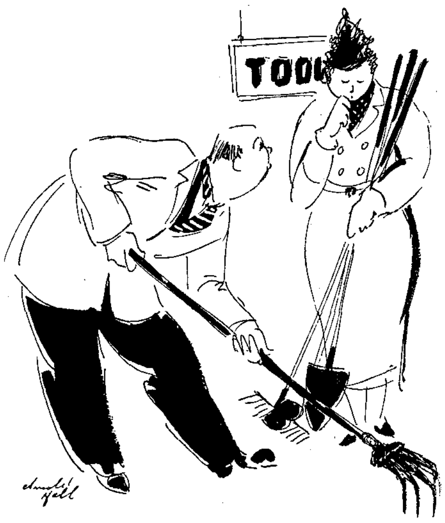
THE TINY DIAMOND, by Charlotte Murray Russell. One of the aspirants to the laurels of Mary Roberts Rinehart portrays some ghoulish goings-on in a Chicago apartment building. Jane Amanda Edwards, the spinster detective, runs pretty true to type, but her drunken brother, Arthur, is becoming, in a quiet way, a classic.

THE MOON SAW MURDER, by Gail Oliver. An expert examination of the motives which might have led any number of people to toss a beautiful blackmailer from the terrace of her hotel suite. The Newport manner prevails in this one.

THE DRAGON'S JAWS, by Frank L. Packard. The ever-popular triangle of boy, girl, and Chinese super-criminal, with all the atmospheric trimmings that could be desired, even down to the hidden temple where strong men are tortured.

HARNESS BULL, by Leslie T. White. Two days and a night in the life of a chief of detectives. The lowdown on police routine in a large city, done in the disillusioned manner of the author's first book, "Me, Detective."

FRENCH FARCE, by Edwin Greenwood. The author of "The Deadly



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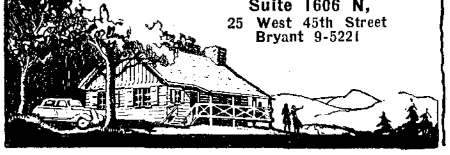


Dowager" misses his step when he tries to combine the strip tease with a mystery—fair warning to writers that they must be very expert indeed if they want to mix humor and horror.

THE MILL HOUSE MURDER, by J. S. Fletcher. The last story by the old master, left uncompleted at his death, and finished by a critic on the London *Observer.* Good, ponderous prying into the household of a murdered Yorkshire millowner, made to order for old-school addicts.

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

ST. GEORGE OF WELDON, by Robert Rylee. One of those Faulknerish novels about Mississippi, where health degenerates and men decay. Gloomily honest, but not up to Mr. Rylee's first book, "Deep Dark River."

THE OLD BUNCH, by Meyer Levin. The intertwined stories—about a thousand pages—of a score of young Chicagoans, most of them Jewish. Chaotic, formless, but sympathetic and impressive.

SPANISH PRELUDE, by Jenny Ballou. The world of Madrid intellectuals as they looked to the author in the fate-laden days of 1929, just before the fall of Primo de Rivera. A loose set of character sketches, rather than a novel, written with considerable wit and subtlety.

NIGHTWOOD, by Djuna Barnes. A brief, magnificent novel about some damned souls. A unique book, it requires considerable mental energy from the reader. Highly recommended by T. S. Eliot.

WE ARE NOT ALONE, by James Hilton. Concerns an angelic little doctor and the woman he loved, and how both of them were hanged for a crime they didn't commit. Not as good as the other Hilton best-sellers, but it will bring tears to the eyes—or some eyes, anyway.

VERY HEAVEN, by Richard Aldington. An English youth is disillusioned about things, but decides to face life bravely anyway. A few good bitter caricatures, but on the whole hasty, half-baked stuff.

THE ANTIGUA STAMP, by Robert Graves. An extraordinary quarrel between a brother and sister over an extraordinary postage stamp. Preposterous and amusing.

THEATRE, by W. Somerset Maugham. This is the one you may have heard before, about the aging actress and the young boy whose love she tries hard to retain. Stock materials, manipulated with easy skill and grace. Entertaining, civilized light fiction.

OF MICE AND MEN, by John Steinbeck. A tale, brief and pathetic, about two itinerant ranch workers, and the doom they met. It will probably give you a catch in the throat.

BETWEEN THE HAMMER AND THE ANVIL, by Edwin Seaver. A powerful and pitiful study of New Yorkers during the depression. Not without its happier moments, and worth reading.

THE CROQUET PLAYER, by H. G. Wells. A mixture of ghost story and parable done in the best early-Wells style. Short and shivery.

PARADISE, by Esther Forbes. A fine, rousing historical romance laid in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Religious fanaticism, fights with the Indians, and cleverly concealed research give it richness, dash, and variety. A first-rate book of its kind.

NONE SHALL LOOK BACK, by Caroline Gordon. Another Civil War novel, written, and very sensitively, too, from the viewpoint of the Southern gentleman. The battle scenes, starring the stern General Forrest, are tops. Try Miss Gordon if Margaret Mitchell has stimulated your appetite for Confederates.

EL INDIO, by Gregorio Lopez y Fuentes, translated by Anita Brenner, with illustrations by Diego Rivera. Brief, simple, almost abstract chronicle of the life and character of the Mexican Indian. Artless, yet curiously effective.

THE SEA OF GRASS, by Conrad Richter. A short novel, superficially recalling "A Lost Lady," about the old Southwest, a he-man cattle king, and the lady from the East he couldn't quite tame. Good romantic yarn.

GENERAL

MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT, by J. B. Priestley. A loosely connected series of acute and entertaining reflections on a number of matters, from the mysteries of Hollywood to the mysteries of Time. Mr. Priestley bolsters up a slightly dwindling reputation.

PRESENT INDICATIVE, by Noel Coward. Cheerfully egotistic autobiography, chockfull of celebrities, and departing only at widely spaced intervals from the world of the theatre.

AWAY FROM IT ALL, by Cedric Belfrage. "An escapologist's notebook," being the highly readable travel notes of an English journalist who writes in the Peter Fleming vein (but not as well), with an added note of social protest for ballast.

ANGELS IN UNDRESS, by Mark Benney. Unusual autobiography of a London burglar who happens also to be a good writer and a sharp observer of human nature.

MEN OF MATHEMATICS, by E. T. Bell. The lives and achievements of the great mathematicians from Zeno to Georg Cantor. Fascinating stuff, and you don't have to be a formulae shark to get something out of it.

THE OLIVE TREE, by Aldous Huxley. Sixteen essays, of which perhaps half are top-drawer or near it. If you enjoy the precise play of a beautifully balanced mind, this is your book.

THE HUMAN MACHINE, by John Yerbury Dent. A condensed, severely materialistic description of human behavior, based on what we know of experimental physiology. Will infuriate admirers of Dr. Carrel.

BELOVED FRIEND, by Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck. The story of Tchaikovsky's "romance" with Nadejda von Meck is the focus of an absorbing biography of the composer. Great for students, and equally great for those who don't even like music.

SOMETHING OF MYSELF, by Rudyard Kipling. Rather cold memoirs, throwing some, but not much, light on the sources of Kipling's work.

JUAN BELMONTE, KILLER OF BULLS. The autobiography of the great Spanish bullfighter, as told to Manuel Chaves Nogales. Very interesting if "Death in the Afternoon" wasn't enough for you. Good illustrations.

GOLDEN FLEECE, by Bertita Harding. Gossipy, readable, not overwhelmingly profound narrative of the long, ill-starred reign of Franz Josef and Elisabeth of Austria. By the author of "Phantom Crown." Illustrated.

THE NILE: THE LIFE-STORY OF A RIVER, by Emil Ludwig, translated by Mary H. Lindsay. Six hundred and nineteen pages of fascinating stuff about the greatest of rivers, with the information often lifted into poetry by the magnificence of Ludwig's central idea. His finest book in years.

TSUSHIMA, by A. Novikoff-Priboy. A thrilling eyewitness account of the great naval battle of 1905, in which the Russian squadron was destroyed and the foundations of Japan's imperialism were laid. Written from the crews' viewpoint, not the admirals'.

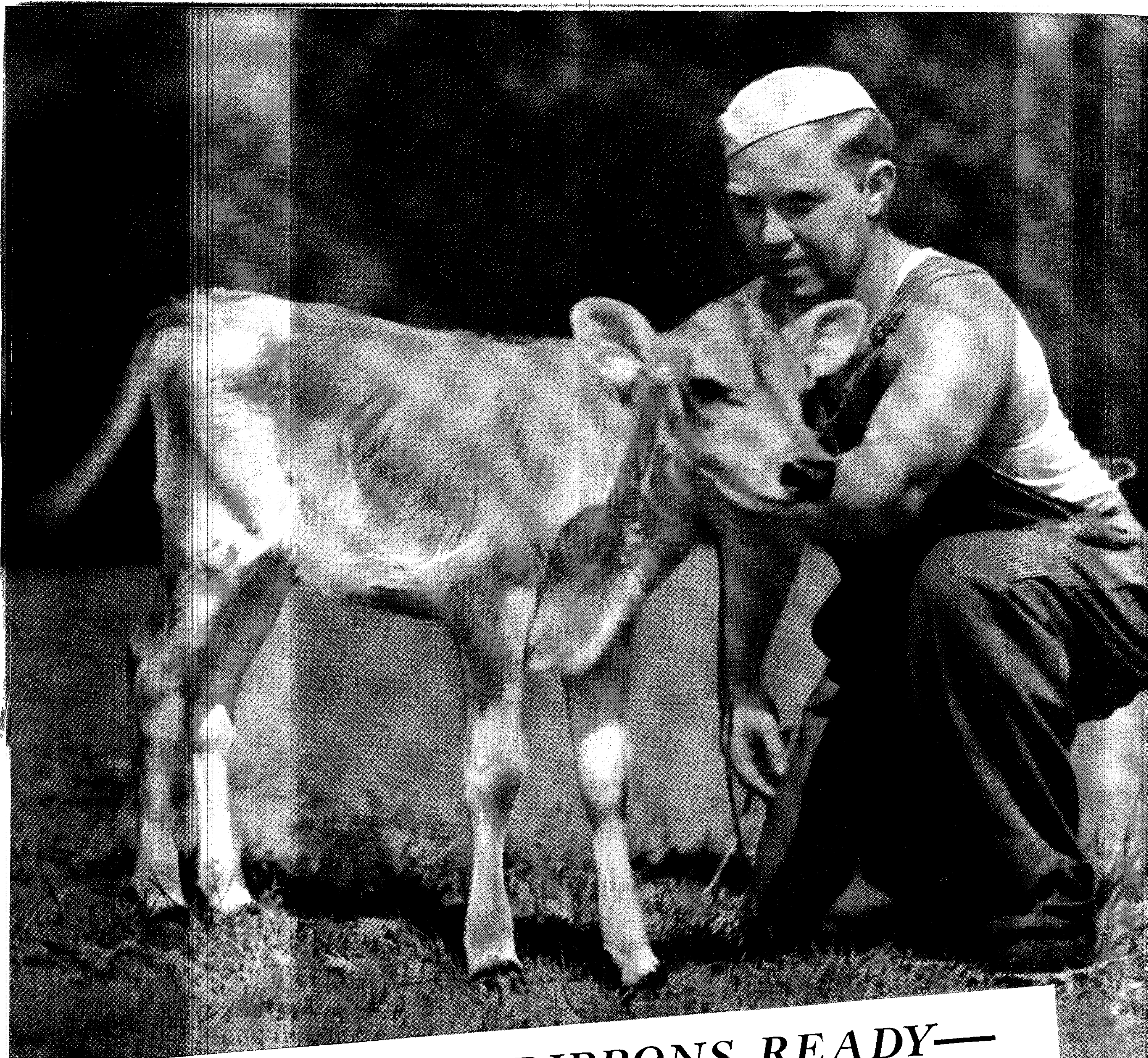
THE AVON FLOWS, by George Jean Nathan. Mr. Nathan, with the aid of the Bard, constructs a brand-new play by combining scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and "The Taming of the Shrew." Honest!

THE HUNDRED YEARS, by Philip Guedalla. A vivid, witty, impressionistic picture of some of the major historical moments of the century 1837-1936. Not great history, but delightful reading, and it animates, if it does not clarify, the past.

ON THIS ISLAND, by W. H. Auden. Auden's newest and best book of verse. Old forms revivified through great powers of language and imagination. Not to be missed.

THE SLEEPING FURY, by Louise Bogan. A slim volume of uncompromising and, we unashamedly believe, admirable verse by the poetry reviewer of *The New Yorker.* A few of the poems have appeared in these pages.

(*NOTE: This list appears in the first issue of each month.*)



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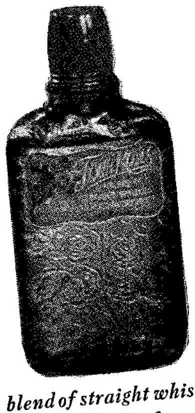

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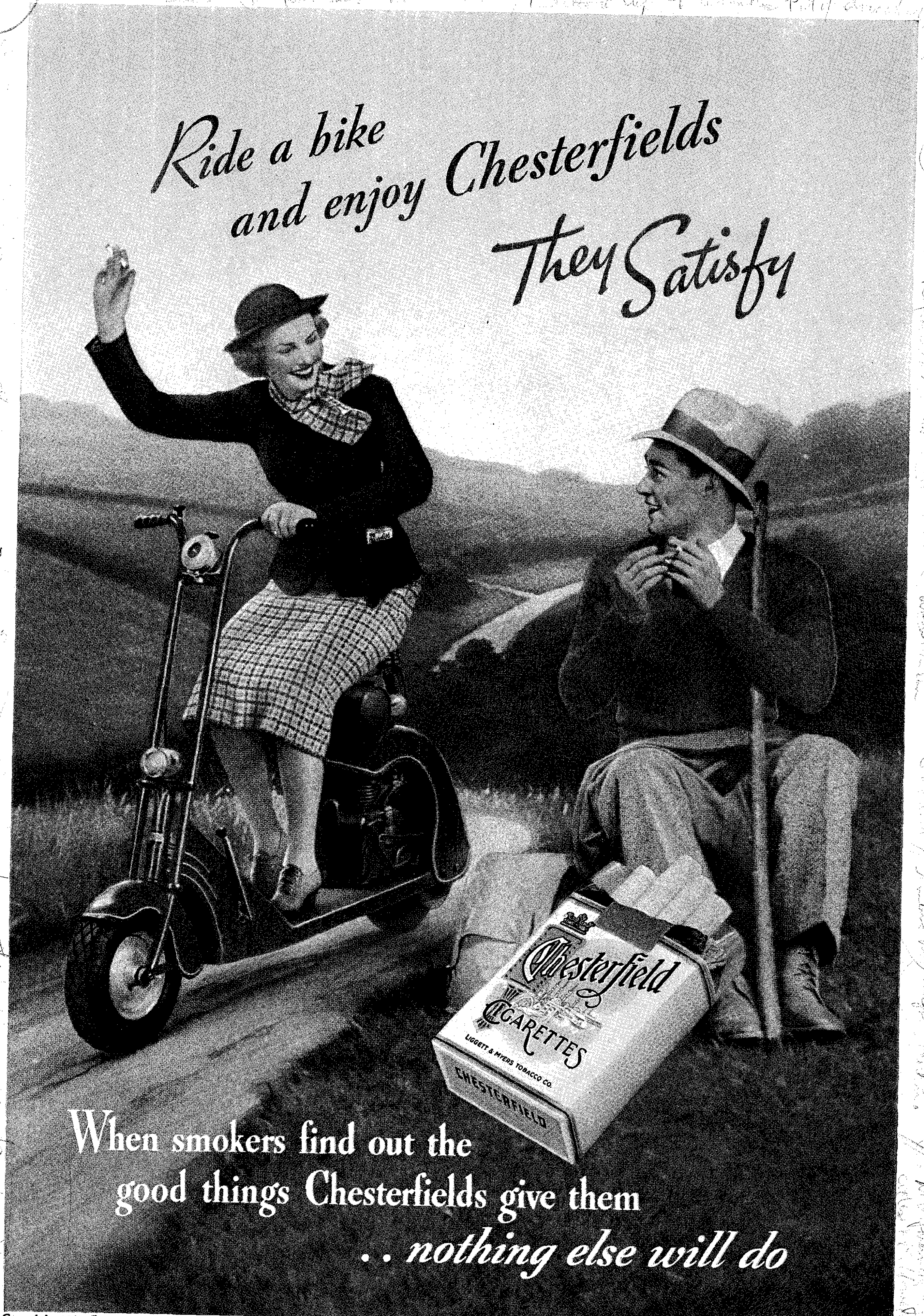
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